THROUGH THE BRITISH EMPIRE

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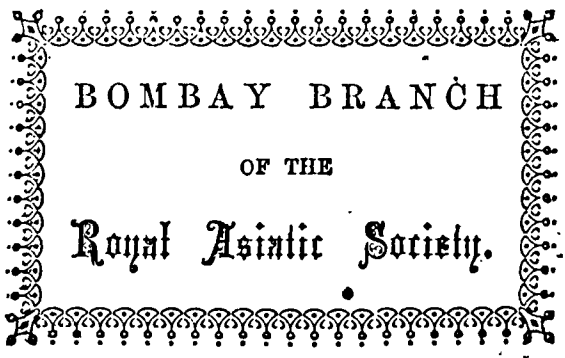

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THROUGH THE BRITISH EMPIRE

VOL. I.

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THROUGH

THE

BRITISH EMPIRE

83836

BY

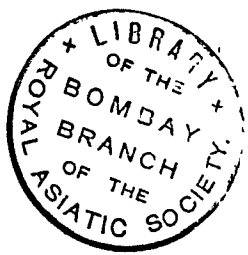
BARON VON HÜBNER

FORMERLY AUSTRIAN AMBASSADOR IN PARIS AND ROME

IN TWO VOLUME

VOL. I.

WITH A MAP



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	13,084 English miles . . .	11,351	—	—
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THROUGH THE BRITISH EMPIRE.

INTRODUCTORY.

Barberini Palace, Rome, April 25, 1883.—Since my childhood I have dreamed of India. More than once, when I was on the point of starting, unforeseen obstacles thwarted my plans. In my 'Promenade autour du Monde,' published ten years ago,[1] I stated my intention of visiting this land of wonders. It was an engagement made with myself, it is true, but before witnesses. My fulfilling it or not was a matter very likely of indifference to the readers of that book, but the thought of proving faithless to my self-made promise has often haunted me, and during my periodical visits to Rome I felt a kind of remorse whenever I passed by a certain bookshelf in my library containing some neatly bound volumes—my 'Promenade,' with the translations with which it has been honoured. Sweet satisfaction of an author's

[1] Translated into English under the title of 'A Ramble round the World.'

vanity, but not without a mixture of secret uneasiness. To put an end to this, I banished these books to a corner of the room where they might no longer intrude upon my sight. This morning chance led me thither, and on seeing them again, the same unpleasant feelings recurred. I made up my mind then and there to set off at once for India.

Every prudent traveller, before beginning his travels, takes care to overhaul his trunks and, if he thinks of facing the tropics, himself. The trunks are sound enough; as for my state of health, Æsculapius has seen and examined it, and Æsculapius finds that, under given conditions, length of days admits of long journeys.

We are off, then, for India. But not by the hackneyed route of the Suez Canal. Let us return, rather, to the old ways, and double the Cape, or, better still, stay there awhile. We will add to our programme Australia and Canada, and we shall then have well-nigh completed our journey through the British Empire.

Vienna, May 30.—How pleasant to find oneself in one's own nest, especially on the eve of quitting it! How delightful is the company of family and friends! But my plan of travel meets with an icy

welcome among them. The ladies, above all, exhort and rebuke me, and tell me that at my age it is mere folly. And they really think so, to judge by the looks they furtively interchange. When I mention India and Australia to my son, he remains respectfully silent. The silence of peoples is the lesson of kings. Only this lesson is not always taken to heart.

Travellers' Club, London, June 27.—My preparations are ended. Lord Derby and Lord Kimberley open to me the official doors of the Colonies and of India; the Admiralty introduces me to all the commanders at their naval stations; Lord Granville provides me with precious letters for his friends. Sir Bartle Frere has given me a whole packet of them, adding some excellent advice and useful information for South Africa, as Sir Henry Rawlinson does for India. The agents of the Australasian Colonies and Captain Mills, the Agent-General of Cape Colony, assure a kind welcome for me in those distant lands. My friends envy me this 'trip.' They would like to be with me, and everyone congratulates me on my energy. If anything could shake it, it would be these compliments which furnish food for reflection. At the Travellers' I hear they say of me, 'What a plucky

old fellow he is!' If any harm befalls me, they will say, 'What an old fool he was!'

Southampton, June 28.—This morning, at nine o'clock—in other words, at an hour when in Pall Mall the sun is not yet up—the traveller enters his cab, and his old *valet de chambre* mounts upon the box. The weather is what it sometimes is in London in the heart of summer—a fine rain, icy squalls, a grey sky, with patches of mist floating about in the damp and cold air. The whole aspect is funereal. Pall Mall is still a desert. At the corner of the Athenæum stands a crossing-sweeper; before the steps of the Travellers' two policemen are busy seizing a poor drunken creature who is shouting and gesticulating; while the housemaids, duster in hand, stand at the hastily opened windows and enjoy the spectacle. But the sight of my poor Checco produces a diversion. This prudent man, anticipating the heat of the tropics, has taken care already, as a measure of precaution, to don his pith helmet, with a huge silk puggaree carefully arranged over the nape of his neck to protect him from sunstroke. This want of geographical *à propos* is noticed immediately by the servants, who laugh open-mouthed; by the crossing-sweeper, who drops his broom with astonishment; by the police-

men, who, without losing hold of their prey, eye us with scrutiny and suspicion. In the Strand, where all has been astir for several hours, the passers-by, busy as they are, stop to look, some laughing, others staring at us in blank amazement, and then hurry on to make up for lost time. At the station the sensation is complete, and I hasten to have the head-gear stowed away in its box.

At noon the express pulls up at Southampton pier. The steamer lies at anchor close by. Five minutes after leaving the railway carriage I am comfortably installed in my cabin. At one o'clock precisely, true to the appointed hour, the steamer moves off for the Southern Hemisphere.

PART I.

SOUTH AFRICA.

CHAPTER I.

THE VOYAGE.

JUNE 29 TO JULY 20.

The passengers—Madeira—Teneriffe—Cape Verde—
The Dead-points.

Plymouth, June 29.—Our steamer has anchored at the entrance of the harbour to take in the mails. The weather is splendid. Not a breath of air. Sunlight and the Sabbath rest sleep upon the town and its venerable spires, upon the hillsides shaded with immemorial trees, upon the sheet of water, azure-blue, like the sky which it reflects. Save the sound of bells, mellowed by the distance, a silence deep and undisturbed reigns above, around, and below.

It is, indeed, Old England. And yet we seem to be already in Africa. Nearly all the passengers have their homes there, and are hastening to return to them; others are equally anxious to get there to make their fortunes. I hear nothing

talked of but diamonds, gold, sheep, or ostriches. Look at those two young officers who are smoking their cigarettes on the gangway: only yesterday they were in the bosom of their families, and already, in thought, the one has rejoined his ship at Simon's Bay and the other his regiment at Pietermaritzburg. Not a word, not a thought of regret for 'home,' for the England which they are about to quit for years, perhaps for ever. This is just the way with man, when he is young and active; he lives in the future more than in the present, and not at all in the past. It is only old men who look behind them.

We have on board a gentleman who is travelling for his health. He is an amusing fellow. He tells me the story of his life. Mr. B. became engaged, when quite young, to a charming young girl who had only one fault—that of being poor. Consequently the young man's father opposed the match, and stopped his son's allowance. The latter, to supply the requisite means and hasten the marriage-day, joined a company of actors then much in fashion in London. He became a 'general utility' man; that is to say, he represented inferior parts. Once he was even Cardinal Richelieu. That evening he had only to walk

across the stage and seat himself under a canopy. But it was a complete success, the grand and also the final triumph of his short theatrical career. A letter from his *fiancée* put an end to it. She announced to him her marriage with another, and Mr. B., broken-hearted, made haste to follow her example. He was now fairly launched on married life. But fate reserved him for more stirring adventures. As an officer he has fought in all parts of the world. He has sailed on every sea, and been shipwrecked on every coast. He has hunted all kinds of savage animals. Twice he has been buried alive. He sings, he plays the piano, he twangs the guitar, and he excels on the fiddle. His instrument never leaves him, and has gained him, on board our vessel, the nickname of 'The man with the fiddle.' Nobody rides the bicycle as he does. He tells stories wonderfully well and writes novels. At this moment he is beginning one called 'The Secret of Castle Arrogant.' To-day he has just finished the first chapter, a little masterpiece of art. What puzzles and absorbs him, and poisons his days, is his failure, as yet, to discover the 'secret' of his Castle, but he hopes to get to the bottom of it by trying hard. Among his fellow-passengers Mr. B. is highly popular, and deserves to be so. Above all, he has become the prime favourite of the ladies.

When of an evening, with his nose somewhat in air, a light sarcastic smile upon his lips, and his fiddle under his arm, he steps into the music-room, wrinkles leave the brow, and the tedium of the voyage is forgotten. He feels himself to be, and is, the master of the situation.

The Bay of Biscay is behind us; we begin to enjoy the climate of these semi-tropical latitudes. The sea is calm, the atmosphere warm, but not yet hot.

A few hours are passed at Madeira. This island would be charming if it had not the appearance of being what it is, a huge infirmary; and it takes this character more and more.[1] The little town of Funchal, its indigenous inhabitants, the houses, the streets which run uphill and downhill like those at Lisbon, the villas and gardens—and some of these are delightful—everything bears the stamp of Portugal, with a strong coat of British varnish. A few strangers, men and women, with hectic cheeks and glittering eyes, too ill to be able to escape the summer heats, are taking exercise on horseback or in palanquins (*rete*), or little

[1] Before 1879 the number of invalids who wintered at Madeira was about 120; last winter there were 400.

sleighs (*carro*). The *rete* has retained the uncouth shape of the seventeenth century; the *carro*, drawn by oxen, glides lightly over the big polished flagstones of the pavement. Other invalids, too feeble to go out, remain on their balconies. Stretched on cane couches, they look with languid eyes upon the half-deserted streets, and the houses and windows mostly closed during this dead season. The sickly appearance of the strangers contrasts painfully with the vigorous air and vivacity of the natives, the exuberance of the vegetation, and the bold outline of the rock called Madeira.

This morning, at nine o'clock, a grey speck, scarcely perceptible, appears above the horizon. At noon this grey speck has become a huge blue mountain. Towards evening, when we are coasting along its base, it is a chaotic mass of rocks piled one above another, torn with fissures and cavities, and bathed in tints of rose and purple. In a word, the Peak of Teneriffe was in view at nine o'clock in the morning: we reached its base at six o'clock in the evening, and during all this time we were going twelve and a half miles an hour. This giant, thanks to the exceptional transparency of the atmosphere, was visible therefore at the enormous

distance of a hundred and twelve nautical miles, reckoning 60 to the degree.

Among the passengers, a lady of a certain age attracts my notice. I must surely have met her somewhere. Yes; I have seen her in the galleries at Amsterdam, painted by Rembrandt or Franz Hals, or some other great master of that school. The cast of her mind corresponds with the energy of her features and the muscular appearance of her figure. She is the daughter of one Dutch Boer and the wife of another. I spend hours in listening to her, as she talks of her childhood, of her youth passed in the lonely plains of the Transvaal and the Orange Free State, of the still mysterious banks of the Limpopo, of the patriarchal and nomadic life of the Boers, of their love of independence and solitude, of the miseries they endure, of the perils they confront, of the savage tribes, of the drought, of the tsetse or cattle-fly, that enemy of the mainstay of their lives, the ox who feeds them, who draws their wagon—at once their vehicle and their house, where they are born, where they live, and where they die.

One day the man with the fiddle, absorbed in meditation, was pacing the deck alone. He was hunting for his secret. But in the evening, in the music-room, he had recovered all his serenity of mind. He had never been more brilliant. Fond of jabbering French, and ever *galant*, he is lavish of the feminine gender. He is asked 'What is sea-sickness?' He answers, '*La* mal de mer est *la* remords d'*une* estomac *méchante*.' This definition is a grand success. Two young ladies, fresh from school at Brighton, admire his ease in managing the French idiom.

We are in full view of Cape Verde. I can see the lighthouse, and soon after the sandhills which rise behind the town of Dakar. The little isle of Goree is also visible. I paid a visit to this accursed shore last year on my way to Brazil. On our return we found the yellow fever at Goree. Dakar was still free, and the good Captain Grou of the 'Congo' (Messageries Maritimes) had not the heart to refuse to take on board a sergeant and four soldiers who were fever-stricken. The doctor on board said to me: 'One or two of these poor fellows, if not all of them, will die when they enter the Gironde.' The Gironde is the 'dead-point' of the fever-patients of Senegal, the Canaries that of

invalids sent home from Brazil and the Rio de la Plata. Of the patients who come from China or India, a certain number succumb at the entrance of the Red Sea; but those who survive their passage through these regions are usually cured. The Canaries, the Gironde, and Aden are the three 'dead-points.' Why this should be so he could not tell me, but long experience, he assured me, had established the fact. Happily our young soldiers, and even the sergeant, the worst of the number, seemed to be getting better.

We had passed the night close by the quarantine station situated at the mouth of the Gironde. Next morning the passengers were put on board a small steamer which was to take them on to Bordeaux. It was during this short passage, in sight of the very quays and city, and at the moment of setting foot on land, that the poor sergeant died. He had reached the 'dead-point'!

Sunday brings, in regular course, boredom and ill-humour in the smoking-room. No cards, no whist, no bezique. Even cigars and pipes are not considered quite orthodox. Young M. is caught with a novel in his hand by a lady who is particularly strict in the matter of Sunday rest. She looks at him fixedly, utters the word 'Sunday,'

takes away the novel, and slips into his hand a hymn-book instead.

For ten days we have seen neither land nor sail, nor living creature, except a large whale. Nothing is so lonely as this part of the Atlantic. While coasting along Africa the heat had been overwhelming. The air was now cooler, and our long voyage was approaching its end. We all breathed again, and we were all in good spirits. Suddenly, without any warning or apparent cause, our vessel encounters a furious sea. It is what English sailors call the 'south-westerly ground-swell,' a heavy swell caused by an under-current which, starting from Cape Horn, ends by dashing against the base of the Cape of Good Hope.

On the 19th of July, at sunset, we caught sight of Africa. At midnight exactly, in splendid moonlight, the steamer anchored in the roadstead before Cape Town. Our youthful passengers utter shrieks of delight, and some young ladies, throwing off their habitual reserve, are ready enough to join in with their melodious voices. For serious-minded men no sleep is to be got. But what

does it matter? I have reached my first halting-place.

On the morning of the 20th the passengers quickly exchange their good-byes. They seem delighted to part. In the midst of this hurly-burly, 'The man with the fiddle' alone preserves his dignity and his habitual *aplomb*. He has, however, a radiant air about him. Threading his way through a chaos of boxes and luggage, he comes up to me, grasps both my hands, looks at me with an air of triumph, and tells me confidingly that he has discovered the secret of his novel.

CHAPTER II.

CAPE TOWN.

JULY 20 TO JULY 31.—AUGUST 26 TO SEPTEMBER 15.

Appearance of the town—Social life and politics—Wynberg—Constantia—Bishop's Court—Simon's Bay—Sisters of Charity—The Public Library—The Observatory—Langalebalele—The Drakenstein—Paarl—Fransh-Hoek—Stellenbosch.

SINCE the time, now upwards of two hundred and thirty years ago, when the Dutch East India Company took possession of a little strip of land at the southern extremity of Africa; since the days of the famous Van Riebeeck, the first commandant of the new settlement, countless travellers have visited these parts, and many have attempted to describe them. As if it were given to pen or pencil to portray on paper or canvas the glorious panorama which seizes, fascinates, and intoxicates one on arriving!—that enormous block with level top called Table Mountain,[1] rising south of the town in one mass, flanked by two gigantic rocks, the Lion's Head on the one side and the Devil's Peak on the

[1] 8,500 feet above the level of the sea.

other—that mighty barrier against which the storms that lash unceasingly the southern seas spend their fury in vain, the image and emblem of immobility, notwithstanding the variety of its changing hues, blue as opal in the morning, dull gold in the afternoon, rose-coloured when the sun is sinking near the horizon, and violet-purple when it has set. At the foot of this colossus extends a dark-green fringe flecked with white—the gardens, plantations, spires, and houses of Cape Town; farther eastward, a light-green expanse flecked with yellow—the meadows and the sandhills. And above the plain, stretching away to the interior, loom the jagged chains of the Blue Mountains. Who could fail to be enthusiastic at such a glorious sight?

But, from the moment of landing, the traveller experiences a reaction, prejudiced as he is by the unfavourable descriptions he has read before arriving. He finds, as his guide-book told him he would find, the town itself small, and so indeed it is, for it counts only 30,000 inhabitants; damp, and so it is when it rains; destitute of monumental edifices after the styles of the Renaissance, of Queen Elizabeth, or Queen Anne, and I congratulate it on the fact. What, above all, he misses with regret are the spacious streets, the houses built by contractors after some sumptuous uniform pattern, and consequently as like each other

as drops of water. This uniformity pleases him, but it is wanting here. The man of the future, the man of the twentieth century, sees his ideal realised in the cities of America and Australia. But he does not see it at Cape Town, and so he judges the town severely. England of old days had no taste for straight lines and streets wide enough for children, in crossing them, to drown themselves in the pools of rain-water, as happens sometimes at the Antipodes. But the young Englishman, the Englishman of the colonies, leans to the American. Hence the small amount of favour which this good old kind-hearted Cape Town meets with from its visitors. Its discredit is so assured and recognised that some moral courage is required to keep one from joining in the chorus of its detractors. That courage I have, but I fail to convert anyone, even the old inhabitants themselves. Strongly attached as they are to the spot, they are beginning to doubt whether their affection is legitimate.

Personally, I have found Cape Town charming. Its aspect reflects its history. And a history it has. It has not sprung up like a mere mushroom; its growth spreads over more than two centuries.

We thread our way first through the motley crowd that fills the shore and streets adjoining—sailors, boatmen, fishermen offering their fish for sale, workmen brought from the island of St.

Helena, all of them more or less bronzed, more or less black, a strange medley of races pure and mixed; Hottentot descendants of the ancient masters of the soil; Kaffirs, and negroes from Namaqua and Damaraland, and Malays, the free children of slave parents, brought from India a century ago by the Dutch Company, and enfranchised under the new *régime*.

We dive into the business quarter. Here the white element predominates, but the black is here too. One never loses sight of him entirely. He is the master of the continent. I know not whether he knows or feels this, but his presence proves the fact. I would advise the whites to bear this in mind; for if not, so much the worse for them. Three or four streets, running parallel, lead to the centre of the town. Everywhere are warehouses and tastefully furnished shops, there are one or two banks of pretentious style, and, despite the general depression which is weighing just now on the markets of the world, everyone seems busy. If it were not for the blacks, you would think yourself in Europe. Towards evening the streets begin to empty. Everybody, principals and clerks, masters and subordinates, bankers, merchants, and shopkeepers tolerably well-to-do, live, *usu Britannico*, in the country. At this hour the trains are stuffed with passengers and the

highway is covered with carriages. All fly to Wynberg, the paradise of the Cape. The high English authorities, civil and military, together with their staff, are kept behind by the call of duty; some few Dutch families of the old school remain out of attachment to the old home of their ancestors.

And certainly at Cape Town itself the Dutch impress is not yet effaced. In former times a grand canal, lined with oak-trees brought from Holland, and stone houses with gables to the street, gave Mynheer who stopped at the Cape on his way to Batavia the sweet illusion of his dear Amsterdam. It was the principal and the most populous street. Now the canal and its trees have disappeared, and the houses have been demolished and replaced by English stores. But Cape Town still boasts of many structures which, dating two centuries back, have retained their Dutch appearance. They are massive stone buildings, sparingly ornamented, of modest dimensions, but of seigniorial aspect; the worthy abodes of patricians. I have had the advantage of visiting one of them often. The architecture, the arrangements, the interior, the furniture, the attendance, the company which one meets there, and, above all, the charming lady of the house, form a congenial little world, and give an idea of high life in the olden time.

Cape Town gradually changes its appearance as you go farther from the shore. First comes the harbour, then the business quarter, then the official and political town, with Government House, and the new Parliament buildings, still in course of construction. A little farther, the town becomes a garden; there are the botanical gardens, the Governor's garden, and the public garden. Farther still, you find yourself suddenly on the tufted grass of a large meadow surrounded with pines, in the solitude and silence of the country. Looking back, you see only a screen of trees surmounted by the elegant spires of several churches belonging to different confessions. South-west, some groups of houses climb the first slopes of the Lion's Head. These distant quarters are inhabited by the lower classes and by the coloured population. Go up nevertheless; you will reach the top somewhat out of breath, but you will see at your feet the town and ocean, and across the Bay the Blue Mountains and the mountains of the Hottentots, and Table Mountain everywhere. You may try to escape the giant, but you cannot. Your eyes always meet it; they are fascinated by this rampart of granite which seems to say to you, 'Here I am, and here I remain.' It would crush this unique landscape, it would mar its delicious harmony, were it not for the

immense horizon of the ocean which keeps that harmony undisturbed.

I am lodging in an excellent little hotel—the best in the town they tell me—and in excellent company. But there is a want; there are no fire-places; and so we have to pass our evenings and the early hours of the morning in our arm-chairs enveloped in plaids. At ten o'clock the hot air is let in; in other words, the windows are opened. The street is the stove and the sun the furnace. But when there is no sun, when Table Mountain is wrapped in the black clouds which the south-west wind of evil fame sweeps away from him one moment to replace them by others the next; when the houses shake to their foundations, and the window-panes seem to bend to the fury of the squalls, whilst at broad noon the darkness of night shrouds the city, leaving only pale glimmers of ugly yellow to struggle through the fog, what are you to do then? You must wait patiently, and put on an extra plaid. More than once I have seen an ideal sunset succeed a terrible day. The weather changes at this season with wonderful rapidity. But the squalls are often local: while the vessels anchored in the Bay are in the utmost

danger, outside, some five or six miles away, the sky is serene and the sea like glass.

In the absence of the Governor, Sir Hercules Robinson, Lieutenant-General the Honourable Sir Leicester Smyth, Commander-in-Chief of the British forces in South Africa, is fulfilling his duties. He occupies the Castle on the eastern side of the town, near the harbour, on the same spot where Van Riebeeck built his block-house, and, for important reasons, fenced it round with stout palisades. The charming meadow which now separates the Castle from the merchants' quarter was then a swamp where the rhinoceros disported himself, and elephants, tigers, and leopards made their rendezvous, to say nothing of the periodical and inconvenient visits of the Hottentot tribes who camped in the neighbourhood. In the course of years this block-house became a fort, built in the style of the sixteenth century; a low building with thick walls, much exposed to the sea winds. It is an interesting memorial of old times, but an indifferent dwelling-place, and a bad fort, which in these days it would be impossible to defend. Yet this building, unattractive as it is, and not even picturesque, will always reawaken in me delightful memories.

Lady Smyth gives receptions once a week, not at the Castle but at Government House. This is a spacious edifice, with fine reception-rooms, very pleasantly situated in the heart of the town, which here is like a garden and a bit of the country. A verandah runs along the front. Here you can enjoy air, shade, a lovely view, and the delicious perfumes from the flower-beds in the park.

In the colonial life of English people the garden-parties of the Governor's lady are a serious and important business. Not that admission is difficult; one has only to write down one's name before the first reception of the season, and, on arriving, to state it to the usher at the door. At the Cape, in Australia, and in all the British colonies, there is perfect equality among the whites. The Governor, when making his rounds in the interior, shakes hands with all the Europeans or Afrikanders[2] whom he meets, whatever be their social position. Every really white traveller can reckon on the hospitality of the planters. But not all the inhabitants of the privileged colour would be present at the Thursday entertainments of Lady Smyth. The retail traders, the clerks and shopmen, and the common people stay away of their own accord. They are content with the principle

[2] An Afrikander is the son or descendant of European parents born in Africa.

of equality. Above all, they are people of good sense; they feel and know themselves to be the equals of anyone in the state, but they care very little to be so in the drawing-room. But, for the upper stratum of society, the garden-party is an important affair. It gives a feeling of associating with royalty; people enjoy a slight whiff of court air which elsewhere is unknown; they like to see the young aides-de-camp and secretaries approach her ladyship respectfully to name the ladies in turn as they arrive. These meetings recall home, they stir the pulse of patriotism, and quicken those sentiments of loyalty to the Queen which are so deeply rooted in the hearts of Old England's children abroad.

Here, these parties, though more solemn than lively, present on a fine day a very pleasing spectacle. The band of the Highlanders, posted in a grove, plays symphonies and waltzes, together with the never-failing Scotch reel, and 'God save the Queen,' which gives the signal to depart. The guests walk about in groups, and, to speak for a moment of the ladies, I challenge contradiction in declaring that fine figures and fine dresses are the rule. Here are charming types of fair Albion; here also are ladies who seem to have stepped out of the canvas of Rubens or Van Dyck. Others, too, there are, and those singularly graceful,

whose pale complexions and dark silken hair call to mind the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, which determined their ancestors to found a branch of the family at the farthest end of Africa. I see here a fascinating Australian. But hush! here come the goddesses of the South African Olympus.

It is the height of the Parliamentary session, and the little Pool's hotel is crowded with notabilities; ministers of to-day, yesterday, and to-morrow; politicians of the town and country; candidates for every sort of employment, for the 'empleomania,' as it is called in the South American Republics, is a disease well known in the English colonies with a responsible government. The little temporary hall where sits the House of Assembly is a few paces from the hotel. The members leave the sittings, often very stormy, to come here and refresh themselves, and then rush back to plunge again into the fray. Happily, political differences do not disturb their personal and social relations. In this they have the good sense to follow the wise example of the mother-country.

Nevertheless, the Opposition dine by themselves. They occupy a long table. Here may be seen their leaders, Mr. Upington, the late Premier, one of

the ornaments of the bar; Mr. Gordon Sprigg, the Prime Minister of Sir Bartle Frere; some members of the Dutch party, and other politicians of local fame. I do not see here Colonel Schermbruker, whom I often meet in society. The colonel, a Bavarian by birth, one of the last veterans of the Anglo-German Legion, and now a member of the Legislative Council, knows well how to speak out when it comes to tightening the public purse-strings.

But who is the young man seated at the same table, with an intelligent look, a grave deportment, and a sympathetic air? Like so many others, he left England and came here when quite young, obscure, and poor. He bought a small farm, and failed. He then did what others do in similar cases; he went to the diamond-fields. There fortune smiled upon him, and by his energy, activity, and perseverance he earned her favours. He returned to the Cape a rich man. But then he discovered something more rare and hard to find than a diamond mine. He discovered that gold is not everything in the world; that learning and education are wanted also. He returned post-haste to England, took to studying hard, and, ransacking the mines of science, came back here again, a graduate of Oxford and a man of good manners. From that day it was an easy matter to obtain election to the House of Assembly, where he holds

a position of some distinction and controls a certain number of votes. He is looked upon as one of the members of the first Ministry which will be formed from the ranks of the Opposition. But his ambition does not stop there. He aims still higher. He hopes to enter the English Parliament, and who knows but that some day he will figure in the Queen's Cabinet? If he succeeds in so doing, he will not be the first who has reached that goal by passing through the colonies. The path which he has taken, and means to take, marks him out to me as one of those many links, almost invisible to the naked eye, but which collectively form a bond strong enough to bind the colonies firmly to the mother-country and the mother-country to the colonies.

Not being one of the Opposition, I occupy a small table with Mr. Merriman, one of the most prominent members of the present Administration, and Mr. Graham Bower, a naval officer and the Governor's private secretary, and their young and charming wives. At times this table is joined by the Prime Minister, Mr. Scanlen, and other politicians of his party.

In the colonies which are endowed with a responsible government, and which must be distinguished from the Crown colonies, where the representative of the Queen exercises authoritative

power, the Governor is a strictly constitutional ruler. He appoints the Ministers, but he must choose them from the majority of the legislative body. He has the right to dissolve the Elective Chamber, but he abstains as much as possible from so grave a measure. His powers are therefore strictly limited, the more so, as it is the local ministry that appoints to all offices and recommends to honours. Nevertheless, respect is paid to his Excellency as the Queen's representative, and in the colonies the Queen is an immense moral power. The sentiment of loyalty, still extremely active, behind which are grouped and sheltered a host of private and public interests, constitutes the strength of the Governor. If he has tact, patience, and *savoir faire*, notwithstanding the half-republican and wholly democratic character of the constitution, he can sometimes, at critical moments, make his influence prevail.

Furthermore, the autonomy enjoyed by the colonies of this class, extensive as it is, has nevertheless its limits. If the Governor finds that the conduct of the Ministers is calculated to injure certain Imperial interests, he can, and he is bound to interfere. He refuses his sanction to the Bill which he considers prejudicial; he exercises his veto and refers the matter to the Queen's Ministers, who decide in the last resort. The position of the

Governor of the Cape, who is also High Commissioner for South Africa, is complicated further by questions, as grave as they are delicate, relating to the natives.

It is not here at Mr. Pool's dinner-table, at dessert, that I shall try and fathom the complex and manifold duties of these high functionaries. I have said enough to show the importance of the part played in English colonies by the Governor's private secretary, just because he is his organ for everything that cannot be dealt with officially.

If this personage is equal to his mission, he enjoys and deserves the confidence of his chief; he is, above all, an Imperialist, and he is not a party man; he knows everything and everybody; he is discretion personified, and receives the confidence of men in office. To him they impart their aspirations, their grievances, their fears, and he listens to them in a kindly spirit. He neither encourages nor discourages. He knows the opportune moment at which to hint an opinion, to point to an open door, to suggest a compromise. But he will beware of saying anything that might cool his relations with those in power to-day or embroil himself with those in power to-morrow. His eye takes in the whole situation no less than the details which he knows to be important. Nothing is too high to elude his careful vigilance, nothing so

insignificant as to be neglected. He knows that in politics nothing is insignificant. With his right hand he pours, when needful, some drops of oil on the Parliamentary machine; with his left he puts in motion the wheels of his office. Such is the ideal of the private secretary to a colonial governor, so well realised by Mr. Bower. This wonderful man, in the midst of all these occupations, seems never to be busy. He even finds time to pilot about an old tourist. Good heavens! what should I do without Mr. Bower and Major Boyle, the aide-de-camp of the Commander-in-Chief? I should be a white atom on the black continent.

No one spends a month at Cape Town without paying frequent visits to Wynberg and its environs. The hospitality of its inhabitants and the beauty of the landscape invite you. Table Mountain, as usual, dominates the scene; only from here you see its southern side. A dense forest clothes its base, fills up the ravines, creeps along the precipices, and ends with the perpendicular sides of the wall of rock. At the foot of this mountain a sloping terrace, undulating, uneven, and thickly clothed with ancient oaks and pines brought from Holland, begins to descend gradually to the plain. It is a park, or rather a

forest furrowed by long avenues; it is not a town, but it is Wynberg; that is to say, a collection of houses dotted amongst the foliage, with their shining windows, their well-whitewashed walls, and their more or less Dutch aspect; only they are furnished in English manner and with English comforts. From the higher points you can see False Bay and the sea-line; but this sea is not the Atlantic which you have left at Cape Town. It is the Indian Ocean, or 'the Ocean,' as they call it here. The rocks that extend in profile on our right form the chain known by the generic name of the Cape of Good Hope, still haunted by leopards.

Can you see a white spot half-way along the range of hills which form the first terraces of the high mountains? This is Constantia, which gives its name to the celebrated wine so highly esteemed in Europe. It is the old and hospitable abode of the Cloete family. Their ancestors built it and planted round the house those magnificent oaks whose arched backs bear to-day the weight of two centuries. Do not fail to visit this spot, which puts one in mind of Cintra, and to inspect the vines which produce the precious liquid, and the cellars, not subterranean, which contain it. From the terrace in front of the house we see on the horizon a rocky peak. It is Cape Point, the extremity of the chain, and the real Cape of Good Hope, called

originally Cabo dos Tormentos, or Cape of Storms, and meriting both names, since storms and fine weather quickly succeed each other there, and the mariner who is doubling it has always reason to hope and to fear.

It is in this paradise of Wynberg, then, that the people of Cape Town live. They go thither in the morning, and return here in the evening. The distance is only from six to ten miles.

I have had the advantage of making the acquaintance of nearly all the public men of mark in the colony. But it is at Wynberg especially and in its environs that I was able to enjoy their society. At Cape Town everyone is busy. In the country people unbend, and are at ease. It is at Wynberg, at the houses of Sir David Tennant, the President of the House of Assembly, and a noted lawyer; of Mr. Alexander Vanderbyl, the head of one of the old Dutch families; of Sir Henry de Villiers, Chief Justice and President of the Upper Chamber; and in Cape Town at that of Mrs. Koopmans, that I met the fashionable and distinguished society of the Cape. At all these houses are found intellectual culture, well-bred manners, exquisite politeness, little luxury, but all the comforts of a life at once simple and

refined. Society—as the term is known in Europe —is composed mainly of the English official world, of the officers of the British army—greatly reduced in numbers just at present—of the heads of the Church and State, of the leading judges and merchants, together with the consuls and the old Dutch families. As in India and Australia and all the other English colonies, the heads of the large English commercial houses are in the habit of returning, as soon as possible, to England, leaving the management of the business to their junior partners, who will do the same when the time comes. Those who remain, and never dream of quitting Africa where they were born, where they live, and where they will die, are the Dutch. I am told that, among the old families of this nation, some have been very wealthy. Their fortune consisted, or consists, mainly of landed property. The landowner lives by the produce of his lands, which suffices for his wants, but he does little to increase it. The growing difficulty of getting hands is one of the causes of this stagnation. Thus wealth has become easy circumstances. Nothing in this world is at a standstill. We must either rise or sink.

I passed a delightful day at Bishop's Court with the Anglican bishop, Dr. Jones. The weather was ideal, and I ask myself sometimes if what I saw was not a dream. I sat in the verandah looking northward, towards the sun, for it was noon. Before me is a luminous chaos: it takes some moments to distinguish details. First comes a bush without leaves, but laden with large scarlet flowers. Behind it are some shrubs of greyish green. In the farther background stands a forest of pines interlacing their twisted branches; their colour just now is a brilliant green. And in front of this curtain stands out a soft green tissue made of the half-opened leaves of numerous groups of aged oaks. In the extreme distance, but apparently quite near us—so near that I fancy I can touch them with my hand—stand the fantastic rocks, veiled in transparent shadows, of Table Mountain and the Devil's Peak.

In the afternoon the bishop and Mrs. Jones took me to the forest of silver trees, which are only found at the Cape of Good Hope. This time, assuredly, it was a fairy scene. We walk on between trees of moderate height: trunks, branches, foliage, all seem of pure silver; the oblong leaves somewhat stiff, as if of metal, but finely chiselled, lift their slender points upward to the sky. The sunbeams dance upon them. The light, direct

and reflected, enhanced by the contrast with the background of pines, now dark, would dazzle you. To rest your eyes you turn to the mountains. But the sun is no longer behind them; his slanting rays are striking the salient points, caressing the angles, engulfing themselves and expiring in the gorges.

These natural features of the Cape are unlike anything seen elsewhere. Only its oaks and Dutch pines serve to remind one of Europe. It is not semi-tropical, as its latitude would entitle it to be. It is *sui generis*. The sky also is different, seldom blue, like the ultramarine blue of the Mediterranean; but towards sunset it breaks out into supernatural brightness, into lights of extreme intensity, coloured with saffron, pink, and violet, until night comes to put an end to these fireworks. Another peculiarity which has been shown me, and which I had noticed already, is the absence of sound when the weather is calm. Not a bird is heard to sing in the air or in the grove; there is not a trace of living beings. A friend tells me that every morning, on opening his window at sunrise, he is struck by this silence, which gives him a feeling of home-sickness.

Admiral Salmon, commanding the naval station of the Cape, which includes the West Coast of

Africa, the Cape, and Natal, has his headquarters at Simon's Bay. When not at sea, he occupies a pretty estate near the shore, part of which he has made into a charming garden. You see there magnificent conifers and some beautiful specimens of the South African flora. His flagship is anchored in front of the house. It is one of the most solitary and most poetical nooks in the world. Except a few houses a mile away, dignified by the name of Simon's Town, there is nothing but rocks, shore, and sea. But the Admiralty and Admiral Salmon like this place, where the crews are not exposed to the allurements of the African Capua. The ladies also are fond of it, and even the officers are satisfied with this bucolic existence, which is in their case, however, often broken by the toils, cares, and excitements of the sea. Everyone seems happy. You might fancy yourself in the bosom of a numerous family. I like these large households, the comforts of the domestic hearth in distant lands, and the brotherly intercourse of sailors; this frank intimacy between chiefs and officers, gently kept in check by the usages of the world and the traditions of discipline.

Monsignor Leonard, the Roman Catholic bishop of Cape Town, was kind enough to take me to see

the Sisters, whose schools are much frequented. It is the same with the College of St. Joseph. The Brothers who direct it belong to different nations. There are several Belgians among them. A large number of pupils, boys and little girls, are Protestants. This visit left an excellent impression upon me. The rooms are large and well ventilated. The children, especially the boarders, who live on the premises, are extremely neat, and everyone, both teachers and pupils, seems contented, happy, and healthy. With the Sisters I saw a young negress. They spoke highly of her intelligence and application. If she perseveres, she will be baptised, but not till two years are over. Meanwhile, she is a catechumen. It is a rule from which the missionaries, both Protestant and Roman Catholic, never depart. An extreme fickleness of mind, coupled with a highly impressionable nature, peculiar to the black race, renders this precaution necessary.

The diocese of Bishop Leonard embraces an immense territory, from the Orange River in the north to the sea-coast on the south and west. The Roman Catholics, labourers or farm-servants, nearly all of them Irish, and scattered over this enormous tract, often in places which might be called inaccessible, are for the most part very poor. Mgr. Leonard, though he spends much of the year

in travelling, can scarcely visit those in his diocese once in two years. Their children receive no instruction except what the bishop can give them during his visits. It is he who baptises them, who marries them, and who prays before the tombs which lie scattered along his road.

Passing before the public library, I stop sometimes before a stone statue, not on account of its artistic value, but because it represents a remarkable man. It is one of the rare examples of a monument erected in honour of a man during his lifetime. In this case he is a statesman, whose name has been, and is still, a name of note in the Southern Hemisphere. It was Sir George Grey who founded this library when he was Governor, and, with the munificence that distinguishes him, endowed it with a large number of rare and precious books, and, among others, with a unique collection of publications of every kind relating to Cape Colony and South Africa in general. Some of these treasures I was able to admire, but the gentleman who did me the honours called away my attention. He is one of the librarians, still a young man, but already known in the scientific world as a philologist, and the explorer of an almost unknown portion of this continent. Dr.

Theophilus Hahn, the son of a German missionary, has passed eight years in Namaqualand, and, in addition to valuable works since acquired by the Government, has brought back a knowledge which, I am told, is wonderful, of the manners and, above all, the languages of these tribes. When the spirit of European enterprise shall penetrate these hitherto mysterious regions, it will find itself in the presence of a world as new as it is now enigmatical while the doors are closed. It would be worth while then to ask Dr. Hahn for the key, for he possesses it.

At some distance eastward from Cape Town you enter a stretch of flat marshy ground, sloping gradually to the sea. At far intervals you see a small house, here and there a clump of trees, and since last year a group of cottages, the dwellings of German immigrants; and three miles farther, upon an isolated mound, a tower, which is the observatory where Sir John Herschel immortalised himself. Thanks to him, the Cape of Good Hope retains its scientific fame. This is the characteristic of great men. They are like the sun, which, after having disappeared below the horizon, still bathes the sky in luminous tints. It is only *savants* of the first rank whom England deems worthy to succeed this hero of science—Maclure,

Stone, and now Dr. Gill, the present Astronomer Royal at the Cape. His house, surrounded by a garden, a few steps from the observatory, is one of the centres of intellectual life at Cape Town. You are sure of enjoying there lively, intelligent, and cheerful conversation, serious and scientific if you wish; and you find there also Mrs. Gill, who has made herself known by a charming monograph on the Isle of Ascension, where her husband made important observations.[3] This is a bare rock half-way between Africa and America. I know not whether it gains by being seen, but it certainly gains by being known through Mrs. Gill's book. There are artists who, without being faithless to truth, can put charm and intelligence into the description of features which have none in themselves. It would seem to be chiefly women who possess the secret of working these little miracles.

In another and more lonely part of the plain, which here has become a steppe covered with brushwood, and not far from the farmhouse which served as the residence of Cetewayo while prisoner of State, is seen among fine trees, in the midst of an enclosure, an old hut, the abode of a man whose name for some time has stirred the political

[3] *Six Months in Ascension.*

world and given trouble to the governors of two colonies.

In 1875, Langalebalele, one of the principal chiefs of the Zulus, and a refugee in Natal, refused to obey a certain law, took to flight with his tribe, was overtaken and made prisoner. In an encounter his warriors had killed some English soldiers.

These acts, of dangerous example in a land where the very existence of the white residents depends mainly on their prestige, gave occasion for severe measures. Langalebalele was brought before a tribunal composed *ad hoc*, declared guilty of rebellion, and condemned to deportation for life. Accordingly, he was shut up with his son in an islet in the bay of Cape Town. His tribe was broken up and his cattle confiscated. Lord Carnarvon, on becoming Secretary of State for the Colonies, had the case again enquired into, and it was found that the proceedings had been irregular, and that the exiled chief was not a rebel, but only guilty of disturbing the public peace. Thereupon he was removed to the house which he has occupied for the last eight years.

I was curious to see him, and Major Boyle accompanied me. We were received by two gaolers or warders, known by the euphonious name of 'care-takers.' They conducted us to a small room furnished with a table and some chairs; and in a

few minutes the prisoner of State appeared, accompanied by a young man, one of his sons, who performed, indifferently enough, the duties of interpreter, and by two of his numerous wives, one old and the other young, who are allowed to remain with him. The young woman held a baby in her arms, the prisoner's youngest child. They were all dressed like Europeans, and looked like common poor people careless about their dress.

Langalebalele seems about fifty or sixty years of age. He is extremely taciturn, and scarcely answered even in monosyllables the questions addressed to him, but suddenly his features lit up with an expression of violent wrath. 'How much longer,' cried he, 'do they mean to keep me here?' His son added, turning to us, 'Angry, very angry.'

I hastened to put an end to this visit, which I reproach myself with having made. We can understand the reasons of State which stand in the way of sending back this powerful chief to his country. We have not forgotten the sad experience of the restoration of Cetewayo. But, however necessary, this captivity is none the less hard. The civilised man who finds himself in a similar situation has a thousand resources which the savage has not. Certainly he is treated with gentleness and wants for nothing. From the purely material point of view he has probably never been better off. But

one thing he has not, and that is liberty. He is like a caged lion, who gnaws the bars and tries in vain to burst them. The old chief is beginning also to betray signs of craziness. It is the only painful recollection that I carry with me from the Cape.

September 8.—The rain has fallen in torrents all the night, but at eight o'clock the sky cleared and I went to the railway station, where Mr. John Noble and Dr. Atherstone were waiting for me; they are to accompany me on an excursion to the mountains of the Drakenstein.

Mr. John Noble, the clerk and librarian of the Legislative Assembly, is an author of merit. I think it is he, and in another walk Mr. R. W. Murray, the proprietor of the 'Cape Times,' the principal organ of the South African press, who have done most in our days to make the country of their adoption known beyond Africa itself.[4]

Dr. Gayborn Atherstone, one of the first medical authorities in the colony, has spent a large portion of his long life in Kaffraria, on the banks

[4] I recommend to those who take an interest in this part of the world, *South Africa, Past and Present*, by John Noble, 1877. It is partly from this book that I borrow the few historical notices which have seemed to me indispensable in order to make my journal intelligible.

of the Orange River, and in the north-western and other parts of South Africa. It was he who examined and recognised as a diamond the first precious stone found in the *veldts*, since made famous as the 'diamond-fields.'

We passed through Paarl without stopping, and arrived, after a two hours' journey, at Wellington, distant fifty-five miles from Cape Town. Here we leave the railway, to climb one of the mountains which form the first terrace of the lofty plateaus of the interior. A good carriage-road leads across this chain to Worcester. We shall follow it only as far as the famous defile of Baines-Kloof. After crossing an undulating tract covered with plantations, farms, and kitchen-gardens, our car, drawn by four spanking little horses, gets among the rocks. Ere long we have reached a considerable height. The road, carried on an extremely steep incline in some places, follows the windings of the Drakenstein, and the points of view vary at each curve that it describes. At length we gain the summit. In the chaos of rocks, either bare or covered with fern, which surround us, nature has contrived two vistas. Westward, the eye dives down into the valley we have just left. The white specks are the houses of Wellington, lessened by the distance. The rock ending in two half-domes, which the Boers compare to

pearls, commands the important Dutch centre, the town of Paarl. Beyond it lies an immense *veldt* of pale yellow with spots of green; so many oases in the midst of the desert. To the north-west, between the side-scenes formed by the abrupt rocks, is seen another stony plain, streaked with dark lines, the bush, studded with cultivated fields of soft green, which excite the enthusiasm of my companions. They know what sweat and perseverance it costs to clear this soil. To our left, the chain whose crest we have surmounted trends northward; the enormous rock of dark blue, which stands out prominently in the *veldt*, bears the name of the first governor of the Cape. On the extreme horizon, a high mountain, bright in colour and with a bold and fine outline, rising perpendicularly on the side facing the plain, thrusts itself forth in the form of a promontory. It is Piquetberg. Its name, like that of Riebeeckberg, recalls the heroic age of the Dutch colony.

The petty surgeon who began his career on board the vessels of the Dutch Company, and became later on the first commander of the new settlement, which he in reality founded, at the extremity of Africa, ever lives in the memory of the Cape colonists. This intelligent man, brave when occasion required, always prudent, nearly always just in his dealings with the savages, was the faithful

but wily servant of merchants who looked only to gain and had few scruples as to the choice of means, but withal were exacting to a degree and sticklers for authority, awkward masters and hard to satisfy. In every way Jan Antonius Van Riebeeck is and will remain a figure in history.[5]

Baines-Kloof, a narrow defile hemmed in by steep rocks, enjoys a high reputation at Cape Town, from its picturesque beauty. In truth, the innumerable little cascades, fed during part of the year with abundant rains, and the small blocks of stone which encumber the principal stream, recall the glens of Scotland. But to my mind the great charm of these spots consists in the vast sky-lines and in the contrast between the naked rocks and the vegetation of the waste lands. Spring, with its magic wand, has carpeted the *veldts*, but yesterday still dry and colourless, with huge white and yellow flowers; the shrubs display their pink and scarlet blossoms; and buds of tender violet appear on the greyish-green masses of fern. The air is redolent with perfumes. While the neighbouring gorges are wrapped in darkness, and a grey haze obscures the valley of Paarl, here on the height we are walking in a halo of light. A slanting sunbeam, lightly veiled, caresses the

[5] See the very curious book, *Chronicles of Cape Commanders; or, An Abstract of Original Manuscripts in the Cape Colony*, 1651-1691, published by Theal, Cape Town, 1882.

foliage; fawn-coloured rays are creeping into the crevices of a flinty ground, wandering among the stems of the flowers, dying gently at the approach of night.

At eight o'clock, slightly, but not over tired, we are at Paarl, comfortably installed in an hotel kept by a Dutchman. Nothing can be more pleasant, after a day well spent, than to dine in good company, to sit down to table hungry, to be well served, to feel still the enjoyment of the air-bath taken on the mountains, and to learn from and to listen to agreeable companions who know what you ignore.

From Wellington to the entrance to Baines-Kloof is a distance of ten miles, and from Baines-Kloof to Paarl eighteen.

September 9.—For the second time I find myself at Paarl, that large village, two miles in length, which is only the high-road bordered with gardens and houses, inhabited mainly by the Dutch. During my first visit I made the acquaintance of a rich proprietor, a good specimen of a Boer. He owns two houses; one dates from the seventeenth century; the other, where he received us, was built at the beginning of the nineteenth. It is, in truth, old Holland, such as we know it from the pictures and prints of the epoch of that nation's greatness, such as we see it still in Friesland and the buried

cities of the Zuyder-Zee. If the portrait of my host's mother was not painted by Rubens or Van Dyck, the original would have been worthy of that honour. The master of the house has the hands of a peasant and the bearing of a lord. He made us taste the wines of his vineyard, and seemed vexed at not being able to offer us any oranges; a disease, hitherto unknown, having lately destroyed nearly all the orange plantations, which constituted erewhile the glory of Paarl.

It is Sunday: burghers and Boers, in carriages, on horseback, and on foot, with their wives and children, all duly dressed in Sunday garb, are going solemnly to church. The coloured population, on their part, are doing the same. Needless to say they have a church to themselves. This distinction between blacks and whites, so strictly observed at the present day, was unknown a little more than a century ago. The man of colour who embraced the Christian religion became the equal of the white. The lands belonging to the pagans were the natural heritage of the people of God, who could seize them without committing any sin. Pagans, but not Christians, whatever might be the colour of the latter, could be reduced to a state of slavery. The archives of Cape Town prove this. Thus, as soon as Catherine, a young Hindoo, has received baptism, Admiral Bogaers emancipates

her, and she is actually described in the register in the same manner as the Admiral's niece—*de eerbaare jonge dochter*[6]—the 'honourable young daughter.' The reason is that the considerations of religion which were paramount in the seventeenth century, at the Cape were prolonged far into the eighteenth.

Meanwhile we get into our carriage and leave the town, now given up to sermons and hymns. After passing through a long avenue of old Dutch pines we gain the open country, teeming with plantations and Dutch farms. Leaving this time the splendid Drakenstein on our left, we rapidly approach the mountains. The weather is superb beyond description; it is a real spring morning, and a South African spring such as had been promised me. Eyes, nose, and lungs all drink in enjoyment. At noon we are at Fransh-Hoek, ten miles from Paarl.

Fransh-Hoek is a place without an exit, a valley terminating abruptly in a wall of rock. To surmount it the Dutch cut a carriage-road, now abandoned, by which colonists who were tired of the Cape penetrated into the regions of the interior, then altogether unknown. This spot, hidden in the bends of the mountains, was the asylum chosen by the first Huguenot emigrants who

[6] *Chronicles of Cape Commanders.*

came from France after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. The almost circular valley, hemmed in on three sides with rocks, is to the eye of the Dutchman, as well as to that of a Frenchman become Dutch, a classic soil to which cling memories dear to his heart. Here are a few farms, and some good-sized houses surrounded with gardens and plantations.

We sought the hospitality of the Hugo family, who came hither in 1693. The title-deeds of their estate, which they showed us, bear date 1694. The house, spacious and comfortable, and essentially Dutch, has been rebuilt on the original site. In the garden we admired an aged and colossal oak. The diameter of its branches is ninety-three feet.

The Hugos came with the first French emigrants; here they settled, and here they have remained to this day. The members of the family rarely leave their farm to go to Stellenbosch, the nearest town; only once or twice a year in fact, and only visit Cape Town when absolutely obliged. They are still in mourning for the patriarch Hugo, who died recently. It is the custom to wear it for three years for the head of the family. His children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren cannot understand his being dead. 'He was never ill,' they told us; 'he never kept his bed a single day of his life, and his death was quite sudden.

It is astonishing.' 'And how old was he?' I asked. 'Ninety-three years,' was their reply. And yet they think it astonishing that he should die!

His son and his son's wife are now the head of the family. Neither of them knows a word of English. They only talk Dutch. We found there two of their daughters, one of them with her husband and children, quite simple, natural, and pleasant people; not a trace of elegance, but nothing vulgar or coarse. The patriarch himself counted two hundred and ninety-two direct descendants, of whom two hundred and eleven are still alive. It is impossible to convey in words an idea of the repose and rural prosperity which mark this secluded nook of the world. I was not surprised to find that not a member of the family knew the language of his ancestors. All the descendants of the French emigrants are in the same plight. The old Dutch government regarded it as essential to abolish the use of French. And they succeeded completely, for Le Vaillant, who visited the colony in 1780, found only one old man who understood that language.

The road to Stellenbosch, which might be better, takes us along the mountains, through a fine *kloof*, or defile, into a tract of country on the whole well cultivated. Half way we halted at a large farm, where we met with a cordial welcome.

The people here also are Dutch, but the furniture and all the ways of the house remind one that a town is near, though it is only the little town of Stellenbosch. Even here few of the family can talk English.

Continuing our way we pass, among the rocks, some splendid kitchen-gardens. Two German families have in a few years changed the desert into a little paradise. Before nightfall we reach Stellenbosch, fifteen miles from Paarl. This small town is a perfect gem. Exquisitely neat stone houses, with gables looking on the street, and shining window-panes; old oak-trees everywhere, in the streets, along the canals, and round some open spaces carpeted with turf. A town of Ruysdael or Breughel at the farthest extremity of Africa, in the second half of the nineteenth century. What a delightful anomaly, what a charming anachronism!

CHAPTER III.

EASTERN PROVINCES—KAFFRARIA.

JULY 31 TO AUGUST 15.

The Cape of Good Hope—Port Elizabeth—A railroad infested with elephants — Graham's Town — Entering Kaffraria — King William's Town and the colony of Brunswick—Magistrates and Kaffirs—The coast of Pondoland.

July 31.—At one o'clock in the day the steamer leaves the docks. The sea is rough. Huge waves follow one upon another in rhythmical succession. It is a known fact that in no sea, not even off Cape Horn, do the billows rise to such a height. They are more than fifty feet high. The west wind freshens into a gale. The view of the coast is magnificent. The rocks, now shrouded, now showing their outlines, here serrated, there flat like Table Mountain, appear and disappear at each roll of the vessel. The breakers, dashing with fury against them, lash the base of these gigantic masses, whose dark violet tints contrast with the bright green colour of the sea. Each wave hurls afar its crest of foam. The fierce

squalls keep chasing at terrific speed the big clouds, which try in vain to cling to the mountain sides. On the land, there is not a trace of cultivation or dwelling; and, in fact, there would not be space enough to plant a cottage. The rock goes down sheer into the sea. Flocks of large gulls fly around and follow us. A huge whale, not far off, shows and hides in turn its enormous back. The fitful sunlight, which pierces the mist one moment to vanish again the next, gives to this sublime spectacle a weird and mournful character.

Night approaches, and to port we can see the lights of Cape Point, the extremity of the Cape of Good Hope. The steamer, forced to keep at a respectful distance from Cape Agulhas, the southernmost promontory of Africa, holds on towards the south. Not before eight o'clock does she head eastward and enter the Indian Ocean.

August 1.—The coast is flat. These long horizontal lines are the *veldts*—grassy plains, now changed, after eight months of drought, into tracts of dust—or the 'bush,' wide tracts of scrub. If farms are there we cannot see them.

The ship drops anchor before Mossel Bay, a cluster of small houses with roofs of corrugated iron. Beside and behind it are a low rock and

sandhills, and in the hollows of the ground, scrub. Shore, sandhills, rocks, houses, all are yellow, except the bush, which is grey, being powdered with sand. Nothing can be more dismally ugly. I scorn to go ashore.

But, to make up for this, a huge shark treated us to a strange and fantastic spectacle. The sailors, who declared he was nearly twelve feet long, threw him a big lump of meat fastened to a rope. The monster at once set to work. As all this was going on below the stern, we could watch this formidable creature at our ease, and close by—an incident not so pleasant under other circumstances. His colour was light brown, bordering on pink, and he had the tiniest eyes. First he described a circle round his prey, then darted at it suddenly, but could not seize it, passing always to one side After repeating these attacks sundry times, tired of the battle, and seemingly ashamed of his defeat, the monster plunged down below not to reappear.

August 2 *and* 3.—We arrived this morning at Port Elizabeth. Setting foot in the town, you would say it was England, but for the South African scenery and the Kaffirs. In the western part of the colony, at Cape Town, and especially

in the districts of Paarl and Stellenbosch, it is the Dutch element that is most conspicuous. Port Elizabeth is the most important commercial centre of the colony. Here you meet principally Englishmen in quest of a fortune. They are mostly self-made men. Nearly all the male inhabitants are engaged in trade, and work nine hours a day. As the mail is leaving to-night, everyone is particularly busy. Nevertheless, several of these gentlemen, in order to show me their town, of which they have good cause to be proud, relieve each other from hour to hour, thus sacrificing the most precious treasure they possess—their time. It is true hospitality indeed!

My several guides drive me about Main Street, a thoroughfare two miles in length, which runs parallel with the shore. It is the business quarter. In spite of the depression, which prevails everywhere, and here in particular, where wild speculations in diamond shares have caused more disasters than elsewhere, I find this long avenue, which is lined with warehouses and shops, filled with vehicles of every kind, and full of life. Wool and ostrich feathers form the chief articles of export. We visit the markets where these precious feathers are sold by auction—usually at from 5*l.* to 10*l.* a pound. The stocks accumulated in the building must represent a fabulous sum.

In the harbour, where there were but a few vessels, we saw a gang of some forty Kaffirs loading a ship with ballast. They were fine, strong-looking men, who handled with much grace their baskets full of gravel, and though exposed naked to the nipping wind, and shivering with cold, never ceased to talk and laugh. The labourers here earn five shillings a day. They only remain a few years, and hasten to return to their kraal [1] when they have saved enough to buy a woman, who becomes their wife and slave, and is compelled to work while they lie and smoke upon the sand.

My friends took me to an exhibition of the fine arts: the first attempt of its kind. It is a success inasmuch as it proves an attraction to the ladies —that is to say, the white ones. Needless to add, not a man is there. The men are better occupied. They are slaving in their counting-houses, or in their shops. To tell the truth, in the figurative sense and so far as regards work, these are the only negroes in Africa. But they will not remain so more than a few years, and when this exile is ended they look forward to the happy goal of 'home,' of ease, perhaps of

[1] The kraal consists of a number of huts surrounded by an enclosure. It is a corruption of the Spanish word *corral*, used principally in the Spanish-American colonies to signify a place where cattle are penned.

wealth, and certainly of leisure and independence. Will these hopes ever be realised? In the first place, everyone does not make money here. And, then, is money a sure pledge of happiness? Ask the *nouveaux riches* who live now in Old England, at Kensington or Brighton, or elsewhere in fine country-houses, enjoying the riches amassed at the Antipodes. Most of them have a gnawing desire to return. They sicken for their late country—for Africa, Australia, China, or Japan. It is probably, therefore, an illusion; but man cannot dispense with illusions. Illusions are false brothers, but pleasing companions.

In the upper part of the town, which is reached by streets cut in the rock, reminding one of certain quarters of San Francisco, stand the residences of the well-to-do inhabitants. The houses dotting the plateau are very pretty, the little gardens admirably kept, and the fresh green lawns form a delightful anomaly in this plain, all stony and burnt by a pitiless sun. This marvel is due to the abundant streams of water which spring from the mountains some thirty miles away, and are brought hither by a subterranean aqueduct recently constructed. This explains also another wonder: the botanical garden in the midst of the desert.

Farther off is seen the 'location,' the place reserved for the huts of the natives. We visited

some of these family dwellings, which, save for the attraction of novelty, did not seem to me agreeable. It is advisable, after having crawled inside, not to stay there long. Moreover, the stuffy atmosphere does not invite a long visit. The men are completely naked; the women are clothed with a petticoat, the young girls with a cotton apron; the children follow their fathers' example. Outside the huts we saw some families who were sitting in the sun, and avoiding the cold south wind. The men were wrapped in their *karos*, or woollen blanket dyed with red ochre, which gives them the name of 'Red Kaffirs,' a term used to distinguish them from the civilised Kaffirs; that is to say, from those who have adopted the short coat and trousers, or some rags to cover their nakedness. Clothing of some kind is, however, a necessity when they wish to go into the town. The plain surrounding the black location, which is only a mile from the upper town, was and is often the scene of bloody quarrels between the members of different tribes.

I stopped at the club, where the members kindly offered me their hospitality. It is the first institution of its kind in South Africa. The arrangements are perfect, and more than one of our fashionable clubs in Europe would do well to take it as a model. In the reading-room are found the leading English

newspapers and the 'Kölnische Zeitung,' and in all the rooms there are men who give you a cordial welcome, and prove to you by the expression of their faces, even more than by words, that they are glad to see you.

August 3.—For some years a railway has united this town with Graham's Town. I was fortunate enough to meet at the station the Anglican bishop of Cape Town and his dean. We travelled therefore together, and a lively conversation made us forget the monotony of the country through which we slowly passed. First comes an immense *veldt.* There is not a trace of vegetation; the grass is burnt up; here and there are seen African aloes, with their orange-red flowers. Undulating tracts, with low rounded hills, alternate with the plain. Farther off, bush, scrub, and thorny thickets, covered with dust, creep along the hollows of the ground. The name of the station, Sandflat, is well chosen. I fancied myself in the Libyan desert.

Our train moves at a slow pace, which permits a baboon strolling along the track to contemplate us at leisure. After satisfying his curiosity he turns on his heels and retires into the brushwood. There are ostriches in plenty. They

stretch their necks above the wire of their enclosures and look at us with disdain. Except at the stations, we had not seen any other animals, when, to the great surprise of my companions, we caught sight of a European on foot, with his wallet on his back. It is a sign of the times, they tell me. A European never goes on foot. An innkeeper would hardly take him in. Moreover, it would not be prudent to follow this bold man's example. There are leopards and elephants about here, whom it would not be at all pleasant to meet. Mgr. Richard, the Roman Catholic bishop of Graham's Town, while driving across the country, was warned of the approach of a troop of elephants. The danger was imminent, and if the animals had not taken another direction, neither the bishop nor any of his companions would have escaped death. The young elephants in particular are ugly customers to deal with. They are fond of testing their strength by tearing up the rails on the railway.

Towards six o'clock we reached Graham's Town, 108 miles from Port Elizabeth, or seven hours by train. These railways are of narrow gauge, and their arrangements are primitive enough. Nevertheless, they are already bringing about a revolution in the economical condition of the country.

Here I part from Dr. Jones, who is going to visit his flock in Kaffraria, and alight at an hotel

kept by a Pole who calls himself a Russian. His father, he tells me in confidence, has been a bit of a Nihilist, and so he has quickened his steps abroad. The——offs are near relations of the Romanoffs, but on arriving at Berlin, and to please the king of Prussia, he has germanised his name by changing the final syllable *off* into *ow*. I trust that this noble hotel-keeper will succeed in raising the management of his hotel to the high level of his birth and social relations. The atmosphere of brandy, which poisons the rooms, seemed to me to lack refinement. In short, I spent the evening in a somewhat melancholy manner in the so-called reading-room, adjoining the bar, which was filled with a numerous and noisy company.

Graham's Town is inhabited by English and Dutch and a small number of Germans. Half of the population speaks two languages, Dutch and English. As in all the large towns in the eastern provinces, the natives occupy a separate quarter, called the 'location.'

The town lies in a hollow surrounded by hills destitute of trees, numbers of which, however, are planted in the streets, in front of the houses, and in the environs. This wealth of foliage charms the traveller who has had to cross a desert to come here.

Graham's Town is like all the English towns in the colony, but it holds the first place among them in respect of the number and beauty of its public buildings, and especially of its handsome churches, belonging to different denominations, which give an ecclesiastical character to its appearance.

My hotel stands in a wide street leading down to the valley. You meet here constantly with bullock wagons, those traditional wagons which have served and still serve the Boers as vehicles, as houses, and, in case of need, as forts, and which, with their teams of a dozen, fourteen, or even eighteen oxen, have enabled them to open up and conquer part of the black continent. They constitute, wherever the railway has not come, the principal if not the only means of communication with the interior, the Orange Free State, the Transvaal, Griqualand West, the Diamond-fields, and with the country lying beyond the Limpopo. Each of these vehicles, driven by men of colour, will carry from five to eight thousand pounds weight, and the loads are often of very considerable value. Nevertheless, they are entrusted to the blacks, and no instance is known of this confidence having been abused. In the streets there is little animation beyond the noise caused by the wagons with their enormous teams. All the morning the men are busy at their

work; the women stay indoors to avoid the sun. It is only in the afternoon that ladies in carriages, and a few gentlemen on horseback, are seen wending their way to the walks outside the town.

The view enjoyed from the heights commanding Graham's Town, a true oasis in the midst of solitude, is very striking from its wild grandeur. All these *veldts*, now burnt up and arid, are carpeted, after the rains, with a bright green. But at present I see nothing but yellow ochre and black spots, the bush and the horizon melting into infinite distance, and above, the vault of a cloudless sky. Deep silence reigns all round. In fact, South Africa, if we except the large centres of population, is simply a desert, dotted, and that still sparingly, with isolated farms, with very little land in cultivation, with numerous kraals of savages, and with some clusters of houses few and far between, inhabited by Europeans, and dignified with the name of towns.

The judge, Sir Jacob Barnaby Barry, offered kindly to devote his time to me during my stay in his town. The son of an English father and a Dutch mother, herself born in Africa, he was called to the bar in England, and since then has passed his life in the country of his birth, with which he is thoroughly familiar. His name has been connected with important transactions. I have had

the advantage of making the acquaintance of some notabilities of the Anglican ecclesiastical world at his house. The reverend gentlemen and their ladies seemed to have come fresh from one of the venerable cathedral towns of England. The illusion was complete. Am I really in Africa?

August 5.—From Graham's Town to King William's Town, the chief place of British Kaffraria, is seventy-three miles. The distance is traversed daily by a diligence, which leaves before daybreak and reaches its destination at nightfall. But, considering the state of the road, or rather the absence of any road at all, to trust oneself to this vehicle requires not only a plentiful fund of resignation, but an exceptionally strong constitution. I therefore hired a carriage, which was to take me thither in a day and a half; and Mr. Sydney Stent, the commissioner of the local colonial government, under whose special charge the roads and highways are placed, offered to accompany me on the way. If the presence of this functionary, whose speciality lies in the matter of roads, could not preserve us from the abominable joltings of the carriage, it was because the state of communication generally is far from perfect. In

the colonies, everyone, excepting the government servants, is his own master, and no one more so than the townships, who pay no heed to remarks from the authorities, especially when the remark means a loosening of the purse-strings.

For the first eight miles not a tree is to be seen. Farther on the horizon expands. Towards the north and north-east appear the chains of the Catberg and the Winterberg, from 7,000 to 8,000 feet in height, which just now are wrapped in shade. With the transparent black of the mountains, the bright yellow of the *veldts*, and the opal blue of the heaven, nature has painted a landscape at once grand, poetical, savage, and indescribable.

We can see no villages, no isolated houses or cultivated land, and scarcely any farms, but there must be some about, judging by the vast enclosures separated from each other by iron wires along the road. The meaning of this is, that the ostriches require ample space to run about, which they can only do with the assistance of their wings. Therefore those who rear them on a small scale make a poor business of it as a rule. The birds break their wings against the wires of small paddocks, causing serious damage to their feathers. Ostrich-rearing would be very profitable if there were fewer risks about it. The epidemics, which at times occasion great ravages

among them, cause enormous losses and often ruin the farmer. The ostrich is a capricious, bad-tempered, and dangerous animal; though at intervals docile and affectionate to those who have care of him, suddenly, and without any reason, he changes his mood. Hence the precautions taken in approaching him. I saw in the neighbourhood of Cape Town two men leading an enormous ostrich. Its head was covered with a hood, and it was being led by a rope fastened to a sort of cross-belt. The men kept behind the animal, which marched majestically a couple of paces in front of them. What makes this bird so formidable is its treacherous nature, its changeful humour, and its strong pointed and sharp claws. It always attacks unawares by striking with its feet. The other day, one of these animals, with a single blow, disembowelled a wretched Kaffir.

At ten o'clock we came to Fish River, the eastern frontier of the old Dutch colony of the Cape. A recently built bridge affords a passage at all seasons across this river, sometimes, as now, a simple rivulet, sometimes a rushing torrent. At this place, called 'Committee's Drift,' we drew up before a solitary inn, kept by a farmer and his wife. Except the passengers by the diligence, few white travellers gladden the eyes of this couple. Thus most of their income is derived from the drinking-bar,

besieged at this moment by some poor Kaffirs, who have come for a supply of brandy and to make themselves tipsy before returning to their kraal. It is not the first time that I have seen such sights, as sad as they are disgusting.

At 'Breakfast-fly,' another cottage, standing by itself in the midst of the desert, and called 'Half-way House,' invites the wayfarer to halt for a few minutes. The mistress, an Englishwoman, who has passed her ninetieth year, receives us with the grace and manners of the eighteenth century. From this spot there is a magnificent view of the mountains of Amatula.

In the afternoon we reach, by an extremely steep descent, the valley of the Kaiskama, which formed the frontier of the old colony of British Kaffraria, now annexed to Cape Colony. Both banks are covered with euphorbia, the tree which gives so exotic a character to this part of Africa. We crossed with ease the dried-up channel, and were now in Kaffraria. The district has been ceded by one of the Cape governors to a chief of the Gaika tribe, and the present Government, respecting rights acquired, has recognised the validity of his title. The country retains the same character, only there are nothing but kraals and natives to be seen.

Towards five o'clock we reach our lodging-

place for the night—a group of kraals crowning some hillocks in the midst of pasture-lands turned into dust by six months' drought. The cattle are frightfully lean. This place is called Iquipika. Here, in the midst of blacks, lives a white man with his wife. He is a captain in the colonial army; he has smelt gunpowder in the last Kaffir wars, and has the manners of a gentleman. His wife, the daughter of an English soldier, and born in Kaffraria, is a tall, stately, handsome person, who tries to dress like a lady and is evidently the leading spirit of the household. During the last war she was forced to take refuge with her children at King William's Town, then threatened by the Kaffirs. On her return here she found nothing standing but the walls of their house. Now, everything is in excellent trim: there are pieces of furniture from England, chairs from Vienna, and, along the walls, photographs prettily framed. And all this among the kraals, a full day's journey from the town, and with the prospect, happily very remote, of new wars with the Kaffirs. Others besides the inhabitants of Resina build their houses, and live and die on a volcano.

The farmer went with us to one of the kraals. On account of the cold, which is felt keenly after sunset and the heat of the day, the men were wrapped

in their woollen blankets. The women, to judge by their dress, seemed less chilly; and the young girls not at all so. Our host told them that I was a great chief who owned a host of oxen, sheep, and wives. It is the number of wives that gives the measure of the husband's social position. Woman among these people is not an *objet de luxe*, as in the East, but a necessity of life. It is she who does the work. The man works only when he is absolutely obliged, and it is this alone that makes him go to the towns and serve for some time in the white men's farms.

Our host's wife launched out strongly against the Kaffirs. 'They are bad labourers,' she said, 'bad servants,' and—what immorality!—'great consumers of brandy'—which they buy at her inn!

August 6–9.—The features of the country are the same as yesterday, but improve as we approach the mountains of Peri and Amatula.

At three o'clock we are at King William's Town. Throughout the journey, excepting the passengers in the diligence and the white man on foot, I have literally not seen a single living creature but ostriches, baboons, and antelopes.

I am here enjoying the hospitality of M. Rudolph Walcher, an Austrian, the head of one of the first houses in this great centre of commerce

with the Orange Free State, the Transvaal, and the interior of the continent. The appearance of King William's Town has no feature of special interest: it is a South African town like the others, inhabited exclusively by men of business, with streets either empty or frequented only by blacks during the day, called into momentary life about six o'clock, when the counting-houses and shops are closed, and again silent and deserted at night-time. The town lies in a slight hollow, but the heights, from which one gets a fine view of the mountains, are beginning to be embellished with houses and gardens. There are some fine churches. That of the Roman Catholics, built by subscriptions to which Protestants have largely contributed, is a handsome specimen of Gothic architecture.

The most imposing and conspicuous edifice in the town is the hospital, another foundation of Sir George Grey, of which Dr. Fitzgerald is director. Some young Kaffirs are being trained there; the doctor hopes to employ them as nurses and chemists. I hope, for the patients' sake, that he will stop at that point, and not attempt to make them surgeons.

The warehouses of my host are full of produce and goods of every kind. Sometimes there are as many as ten thousand bales of wool from the Orange Free State and the Transvaal,

This gives an idea of the importance of the trade with the interior.

I have had the opportunity, thanks to M. Walcher, of making the acquaintance of the leading men in this young and vigorous town, which has, I think, a future before it. It seems to me that here, more than elsewhere, the civilised comes in contact with the savage world. Formerly the neighbourhood of King William's Town was the scene of battles fought between the whites and Kaffirs. At a distance of a few miles around you find at every step places to which sad or glorious memories are attached. But they are, in truth, memories of murders, of ambuscades, of bloody combats. And these scenes of horror may be renewed, for it seems that nothing is definitely settled. People live in daily uncertainty. And it is in the midst of, and exposed to all these dangers, that Anglo-Saxon and German activity, energy, and spirit of enterprise have created one of the most important centres of commerce in South Africa.

In the upper town the long, wide, straight streets are deserted. Trees hide the houses, which are built of brick, and surrounded with small gardens. Here and there is seen a black nurse with babies; here and there, through an open window, is heard the sound of a pianoforte. Silence and

solitude everywhere. In the town proper there are some ladies making purchases, and some Kaffirs doing nothing at all. We step into a shop where Kaffirs are buying their stores. A tall, handsome black woman attracts my attention. Madame Walcher asks her if she is a Fingo. You should have heard her outburst of wrath: 'Ee, Ee, Ee!' ('No, no!') she exclaims, 'Pondo, Pondo.' The Fingoes were once the slaves of the Pondos, till the English Government set them free. Hence the Kaffirs' contempt for their former menials.

Every one of these men of colour whom I meet inspires me with interest. What is passing, I wonder, in that brain and breast? These are enigmas, and I fancy that those who spend their lives among them could not answer my questions. All that is said on the matter is loose, doubtful, and often contradictory. The public functionaries, like the magistrates, judge them very favourably. Most of the merchants and farmers see in the black the incarnation of evil. I imagine that, putting aside the missionaries, those who, like the Roman Catholics, penetrate into the interior, no one has better means than the magistrate of knowing the coloured world, which to the student of psychology is still a puzzle.

The magistrates—officials appointed and paid by the Colonial Government — form the link

between the Administration and the savage. In the eastern provinces they are nearly all Afrikanders, the sons of farmers, merchants, and civil functionaries. They are paid from 600*l.* to 800*l.* a year, and know the different Kaffir dialects which their nurses have taught them when they were babies. They reside as much as possible in the small European towns, or in the depths of the bush, in the midst of savages, and therefore separated from all contact with Europeans. I am told that, as a rule, they are very able men. Broken in to hard work, inured to the fatigue of long journeys on horseback or on foot through the forest or across the steppe, accustomed to privations, not only intellectual and social but often material, they like their life none the less, and render good service. In point of fact, they are the rulers of the black world. I have met some of these remarkable men, and I sum up here the little cross-examinations I put them through. 'We are detectives,' they tell me, 'and diplomatists. It is our duty to know, and to report to our minister at Cape Town, all that goes on among the coloured population. In respect to them we exercise, within certain limits, and according to circumstances, a paternal authority.' A popular magistrate is frequently asked to interpose as arbitrator in dis-

putes. If the matter is one of more general interest, the magistrate, with a view to clear it up, begins by hearing the petty chiefs of the kraal, and, after duly informing himself, endeavours to gain over to his opinion the superior chief, that is, the chief of several kraals. In Kaffraria proper, things are otherwise. That is an independent country,[2] but yet not entirely withdrawn from the influence of the Imperial Government, which, in consequence of a sort of vague and ill-defined protectorate, exercises a supervising authority there. The principal chiefs, in concert with the English Government, have voluntarily adopted certain laws, as, for example, one prohibiting the sale of alcoholic liquors, and other regulations relating to morals. The magistrates scattered over this free country have, over and above the duty of protecting the few traffickers or white farmers, that of seeing that the laws are observed. Their powers are therefore more limited than ours, and they cannot, as easily as we can, appeal to the support of the colonial or Imperial authorities, which, in fact, do not exist in Kaffraria proper. They are, above all things, diplomatists. They address themselves therefore, when occasion requires, to the principal chief, and after having disposed

[2] Pondoland has since been placed under the British protectorate.

him in their favour, they endeavour, in concert with him, to act upon the petty chiefs. These transactions are not always easy. The Kaffir is a born politician. To every question asked him, with a view of establishing or verifying a fact, he invariably begins by answering with a negative. They call this "speaking behind a hedge."

I asked if there was no danger of conspiracies, and I was told not. 'The Kaffirs,' said my friend, 'though better gifted than the Hottentot races, are incapable of forming any combination. It occasionally happens that some chiefs form a plan among themselves to kill the whites, but it never occurs to them to combine in the attack. Talkative by nature, incapable of keeping a secret, and even scorning to keep it, they love to boast beforehand of the bad turn they mean to do us. All of us have blacks in our service, and among them are servants sincerely attached to their masters. Every Kaffir knows what passes in his tribe; we can hope therefore to be warned in good time. Whenever there is reason to fear tribal hostilities, and that the magistrate's position might become critical, one of his servants is sure to whisper in his ear, "Master, not goody here."

'Among these savages there are laws of Draconic severity. They have also a perfectly organised police. Each head of a family feels his personal

responsibility. He is bound to report what he sees or hears to the chief of his kraal, the chief of the kraal to the chief of several kraals, whose duty it is to inform the head of the tribe. The latter, in British Kaffraria, has to pass the information on to the magistrate. If there are no troubles in the air, he will probably fulfil this duty. Not so, however, if he meditates an attack. Yet, for his part, he knows all that passes in the tribe. A man who in ordinary times failed to report would expose himself to very heavy punishment, and in time of war would undoubtedly be killed. During one of the numerous campaigns, after a very hot action, a wounded Kaffir, strapped on horseback, was taken to the ambulance. He had a fractured thigh. Dr. Atherstone, who happened to be there, took care of him, treated him for months, and finally had the satisfaction of seeing him go away cured and full of gratitude. When the young savage took leave, his benefactor asked him, "What would you do if you found me in your kraal, seeking refuge in your hut?" The answer was, "If I were sure that no one had seen you, I would hide you, in order to save you; but if anyone had seen you I would kill you. Oh! I would not let you suffer: I would strike you to the heart." "But how is that?" rejoined the doctor; "I have done you all this good, and yet you would kill me?" "Ah yes," he replied,

" because, otherwise, it is I who would be killed, my duty being to report all that I see to the chief of the kraal."

'The petty chiefs, to discuss public matters, meet together in *pitso*, or assemblies with only a consultative voice; the chief's power is absolute. He can put to death whom he will, but he would not venture to turn constantly a deaf ear to remonstrances framed at the *pitsos*. If he did, he would certainly be put to death. It is a fundamental principle of their constitution.'

'How are they disposed,' I asked, 'towards the whites?'

'Ask of the wind what quarter it will blow from to-morrow. They are children, and consequently one cannot depend upon them. There are some bad symptoms to which attention should be called. Thus, for example, one of the chiefs had killed a magistrate, an extremely rare crime. The murderer was executed, but since that day the Kaffirs designate by his name the tree, so common here, which we call euphorbia. However, too much importance must not be attached to such deeds.'

My curiosity was not wholly satisfied on the subject of the religious notions and practices of the Kaffirs. Like the Zulus, they seem to have vague ideas of one or several Supreme Beings, and to

believe in the transmigration of souls. These are always snakes, who come to visit the huts of their descendants. Cetewayo is convinced of it; he pretends to recognise his uncles and cousins in the venomous reptiles which frequent his palace, and which he is careful not to kill.

I am assured that the missions in this part of Africa give very unsatisfactory results, and that the worthy missionaries, in spite of all the perseverance and energy of their efforts, have often to record sad backslidings. It is no rare thing to see pupils, who have scarcely left the excellent Protestant institution at Lovedale, relapse into savagery, forget, from want of practice, all that they have been taught, and scoff at the missionaries. They think themselves the equals of the whites, and are distinguished for their insolence. Hence the alas! notorious fact that the Europeans are unwilling to admit Christian Kaffirs into their service. However, the example set in the towns to natives by Europeans is not always edifying. An intelligent chief said once to a magistrate: 'Why should I turn Christian? Your religion teaches you to love one another. Very well: you hate each other, and you do each other as much evil as possible. You ought not to get drunk, and yet I see no lack of drunkards among you.' The chief Kreli, one of the leading personages in

Kaffraria, said to one of my acquaintances: 'Religion is a good thing for the whites, but not for us blacks. The Christians have quarrelled with their God. Their God is good; He sent them His Son, and they killed Him. Hence the reason why they look sad, and walk with their heads down, while we, who have never killed a God, carry our heads high.'

The environs of King William's Town, and the country between this town and the sea-coast by East London, are strewn with the farms and plantations of the German immigrants who came here about thirty years ago at the instance of Sir George Grey, then Governor of Cape Colony. This territory was not altogether a virgin soil. Dutch Boers had settled here before the Germans, but Boers do not like new-comers. As is their custom in such cases, they left the country. Now, there is only one Dutch planter remaining between this town and the sea. The German settlements form various groups which have been named after cities in the fatherland, such as Brunswick, Berlin, &c.

We spent a day in visiting one of these colonies, situated about ten miles north of the town at the foot of the Peri hills. The country

is of the same character as that which I traversed on my way from Graham's Town. This grand and savage landscape consists of a maze of rounded hillocks, covered with shrubs, and pasture-lands now parched and arid; the beautiful green of the rainy season is replaced by tints of sepia and yellow ochre. In the recesses of the valleys are seen the euphorbia and African aloe, and above and beside the mountains, the misty, boundless horizon of the black continent. Mystery and solitude form the great charm of these pictures, painted with a few strokes of the brush, and in only two or three colours, but with what a master hand!

We passed several kraals and visited some huts, the neatness of which gave me an agreeable surprise. The narrowness of the door obliged us to enter on all-fours. The smoke, which only Kaffir eyes can bear, quickly drove us out again. In one of these habitations we found a blind Englishwoman, who has enjoyed for many years the hospitality of her Kaffir friends. From time to time they take her to King William's Town to beg alms, the proceeds of which she shares with her hosts. She is the only beggar I have met in Africa.

The farms about here belong to German colonists. A distance of half a mile, or at most a mile,

separates one from the other. Collectively, they go by the name of Brunswick.

We entered one of these houses, not without some difficulty. We had to knock a long while at the door before an old woman came to open it. A native of Stargard, dressed like a German peasant, she spoke the purest Pomeranian. After having dropped some tears to the memory of her husband, whom she had just lost, she told us the simple story of her life, which is, more or less, the history of every planter in Kaffraria. They come here with a slender stock of money. They meet with the Boers, who, ever in quest of solitude, sell them their farm at a low price and go away. The new German owner sets to work and prospers. A war comes on with the Kaffirs. The father of the family and his grown-up sons take their guns and join the colonial troops, the wife flies with the younger children. The Kaffirs come and kill or steal their cattle, but, more scrupulous than the local militia, respect the houses. That of our Pomeranian was extremely neat and well furnished. Although the widow is a Protestant—a fervent Lutheran—she has embellished the walls of her room with coloured prints representing saints, male and female, which are hawked about in the colony by Italian pedlars.

The telegraph summons me to East London. The bar is fit for crossing, the steamer from Cape Town to Natal is signalled. I am off then; off from my amiable hosts and this essentially Austrian home.

A railway, forty-two miles in length, connects this town with East London, which would have a great future if it were not for the very bad bar. The country through which I am passing is more or less a desert, and the town, although it calls itself the London of the East, has few attractions. I am seeing it, it is true, under unfavourable circumstances. The rain is pouring in torrents, the wind blowing great guns, and, alas! not only is the bar not practicable, but the packet, having lost patience, has continued its course to Durban. The southern coast of Africa is the one most feared by sailors, its harbour-bars bear the worst reputation, and the most dangerous of them all is that of East London. It is therefore peculiarly dear to certain shipowners who, with the aid of skilful captains, possess the art of wrecking their vessels, which are of small value, but heavily insured.

I am cooped up, then, in an inn which, for charity's sake, I abstain from describing. I share it with a numerous and noisy company, composed of miners, who, after the privations and labours of

the 'placers,'[3] are amusing themselves after their manner. What indefatigable noise-makers! What an abominable uproar! For three days I endured this torment. 'Cheer up, old tourist, cheer up,' I say to myself. At length the 'Nubia' appears in the roadstead, and, *coûte que coûte*, I will risk crossing the bar. And I have crossed it. It was a most unpleasant ten minutes, but, thank Heaven, I am now on board the steamer. They have had to hoist us up in a basket. This kind of locomotion has its charms; it reminds one of the oscillations of a pendulum, and gives one, at the same time, the feeling of a balloon ascent.

Alas! another hitch. The 'Nubia' has to ship a cargo of merchandise, and the lighters cannot cross the bar. One of them, seeking to make the attempt after we had passed it, has only just missed foundering, and has lost a man overboard. Three more days of lying to! But, at any rate, instead of my reeking public-house, I am on board a fine large steamer, with scarcely any passengers, and with an excellent captain, who has been up the Zambesi River as far as the Victoria Falls, and, the hardest feat of all, has returned alive, while all his companions have left their bones there.

[3] The name given to gold-workings, i.e. the alluvial deposits as distinguished from the 'veins.'

At last the 'Nubia' has loaded, and is on her way. She coasts along Kaffraria, past Fingoland first, and then Pondoland. We see rocks, often flat-topped like an interminable series of Table Mountains, bare *veldts* alternating with dense forests —the whole lit up with splendid sunshine! We pass close to the mouth of St. John's River. Here, in the midst of the Pondos, is an English settlement. One of the members of this factory tells me 'there are about sixty of us Europeans, and we believe we are perfectly secure amidst the blacks. The day goes by quickly enough in our counting-houses. In the evening, after our work is over, we enjoy ourselves, and have theatricals. A steamer brings us the post from Durban now and then, together with supplies and the goods which we sell to the natives.' This small territory was bought from the chief of the Pondos by Sir Bartle Frere for 4,000*l.* They tell me it bids fair to become the headquarters of trade with the interior of Kaffraria.

Among the five or six passengers, who are lost in the steamer's immense saloon, are a couple who attract my notice. The gentleman may be between forty and fifty years of age; his expression is grave, his complexion pale: his look vague, dreamy, and

intelligent; he is flat-chested, narrow-shouldered, and thin; his hair is dishevelled and his attire slovenly. When sitting down he is fond of putting his feet on the table and crossing his arms behind the nape of his neck. Before he opens his mouth I recognise in him an American and a mesmerist. His companion unites in her gentle, sad, and listless expression all that characterises the female medium. I long to make their acquaintance. But how to set about it? Well, I will follow the example of their countrymen from the 'Far West' who have sought to make mine. I therefore go straight up to the gentleman, and ask him the following questions: 'Who are you? Where do you come from? Where are you thinking of going to? What is your object in travelling?' The stranger, without showing the least surprise at my brusque curiosity, replies: 'I am a professor. I am an exposer, or, if you will, a denouncer of spiritualism. I am a mesmerist. I give *séances*, and I am a thought-reader. I was born on the banks of the Mississippi, and I made my entrance into public life as a drummer. That was during the War of Secession. Thanks to good luck' (this was said with a certain modesty) 'I was able, by beating my drum vigorously, to save a flag which had fallen into the enemy's hands. To reward me, the Government sent me into the secret service.' 'What, then,' I put in, 'were you a spy?'

'Well, yes,' he replied; 'but I acted to the advantage of both armies.' 'How so?' I exclaimed; 'did you report to each camp what you had witnessed in the other?' 'No, no,' he answered, reddening a bit, but with composure; 'listen, and don't interrupt me. I was very well paid, for all this time I was risking my life. I had constantly to cross both lines. I made use of these goings to and fro to purchase at New York some articles specially wanted by the Confederates, among others, quinine. I paid for it twelve dollars, paper money, per ounce, and sold it to the Confederates at the rate of a hundred and twenty dollars in gold. You see I served not only both parties, but humanity, inasmuch as in the enemy's army the stock of quinine was exhausted and could not be replenished. Thanks to me, many lives were saved. The end of the war found me in possession of a handsome fortune, which I quickly increased by plunging into the wildest speculations. Like every American who has money in his pocket I went to Europe. In England I made the acquaintance of a band of spiritualists, and I became an adept in this fraternity. But I was not long in detecting their impostures. I saw well that the spirits of dead people care little about our affairs, and disdain to meddle in them. On returning to America, where there are millions of victims to this superstition, I decided to open their eyes. I hired the Grand Theatre at

New Orleans for a *soirée*, where I exposed all the humbug of the spiritualists. I flattered myself that, in doing so, I should earn a title to my fellow-citizens' gratitude. The very contrary was the case. I became an object of hatred and persecution. I was hooted and spit upon. The newspapers fell upon me and loaded me with abuse. At length I lost patience, and took my own turn at this kind of fisticuffs. Meanwhile, in consequence of my ridiculous speculations, I had lost all the fruits of my former lucrative traffic. I found myself without a farthing, and I became a professor. I chose this line, to unmask the spiritualists and at the same time to make money. They call me here a conjurer. I am not one at all. I do a few tricks, indeed, as, for instance, the manacle trick, but that is simply because I am able to do by means of skill what the spiritualists pretend to do by supernatural means. I have gone the round, with great success, through Australia and New Zealand, and I am now on my tour in Africa. I have still Mauritius, India, and Mexico to "do." I shall go back to my country a rich man, but I shall have failed in the object of my life, which is to put an end to a colossal imposture. For, believe me, it is easier to perform tricks, however astonishing, than to make a fool understand that he is the dupe of a rogue.'

CHAPTER IV

NATAL.

AUGUST 15 TO AUGUST 26.

Durban—Cultivation of the sugar-cane—The labourers—Agency at Delagoa Bay—The Zulus—Pietermaritzburg—A Zulu chief at home—Political survey.

August 15.—Landing this morning at Durban, I seemed to be in a dream. I have left South Africa, and am now in the tropics. The illusion is complete. Banyans with their gnarled trunks, and branches twisted and interlaced, dark-leaved mangroves, enormous bananas, clumps of giant bamboos, with foliage quivering in the tepid air—all these wonders are due to a warm current which starts from the equator, and also to the circumstance, of much importance from a climatic point of view, that Natal is situated on the eastern side of the continent.

Durban is composed of two small towns, the upper and the lower, connected by a tramway. The lower town is situated on the shore, and looks like some small port on the Thames or the Clyde.

Nothing is to be seen here but sailors and warehouses. The upper town occupies a low hill at the end of the bay. From its straight and inordinately wide streets it reminds one of America more than England. In this respect it differs from Graham's Town, Port Elizabeth, King William's Town, and East London, which are essentially English in their character, while in the western provinces of the colony the Dutch type is so evident, and so evidently indelible. In the streets of Durban, where trees abound, small houses are seen, having one, or at most, two stories; churches of different denominations; handsome shops, especially in Main Street, and small, well-kept gardens; in short, a medley of bricks and foliage, stones and corrugated iron, which, if deprived of the beauties of sky and vegetation, would be neither poetical nor picturesque. On the other hand, the people met with in the streets deserve, by their appearance, both these epithets. Here are Kaffirs, whose dress consists of a sheepskin apron and a military tunic more or less in tatters, the cast-off uniform of some English soldier. Here are Zulus in crowds. What fine bronzed figures, shining in the sun, and what good countenances; what frank laughter, and how they look you full in the face, always with an expression of good-humour! They seem to bid you welcome. The young girls are distinguished for the

classical outline of the head and neck and shoulders. There are other savages or half savages besides these; natives brought as domestic servants or labourers from the mouths of the Zambesi and the neighbouring territory of Delagoa Bay. But in all this motley crowd the Malays strike me the most. These coolies belong to a very low class, but how their fine and regular profile contrasts with the coarse features of the Zulus! The superiority of the race is evident at a glance. The Hindoo women are clothed very neatly in their bright-coloured robes and shawls. They are most fond of white and crimson, and these colours match well with the pale olive of their complexions. Circlets of silver or bronze upon their feet, heavy bracelets, earrings, and rings on their fingers and toes, complete a costume the general effect of which seems to me beautiful, harmonious, and, except for the ornament on the nose, almost classical.

The ground where Durban now stands was, forty years ago, the haunt of elephants. Less than twenty years ago lions used sometimes to visit it. The extension of cultivation has well-nigh, but not quite, driven these ferocious animals away.

West of the town a chain of thickly wooded hills, called Berea, strikes the eye. The cottages you see, each surrounded by a small garden, are the

residences of the business men of Durban. At sunset the pretty road which leads to them is alive with horsemen and carriages. The counting-houses are closed, and everyone hastens back to the quiet and delights of the family hearth. But this pretty road stops short at the edge of a virgin forest, to this day the domain of leopards, antelopes, and baboons, to say nothing of snakes, which form, together with the Zulu spectre, the scourge of the colony. What neighbours, and what a contrast! Is it not a striking picture of the life of the Afrikander, who, himself a pioneer of civilisation, is born, lives, and dies on the confines of the savage world?

As for snakes, the less said the better. They are the bugbear of the colonist on his arrival, but he soon gets accustomed to this standing danger. They belong to the most venomous kinds: their bite usually means death in a quarter of an hour. M. Dumas, the manager of the sugar-mills at Edgecomb, some twenty miles from Durban, told me of one of his coolies who was bitten in the leg. By dint of extreme care his life was prolonged for three days, but he lingered in horrible agony. The autopsy revealed a perfect gangrene of the flesh about the bitten part. These reptiles penetrate into the houses. M. Dumas, on waking one morning, found beside him a snake which had

spent the night on his pillow! It is astonishing how rare are the cases of biting, which, when they occur, nearly always, as I have said, prove fatal. This seems the more remarkable, if we consider the number of these reptiles and the carelessness of the natives, who work more or less naked in the fields and in the brushwood. Happily the snake only bites when he is touched, and, as a rule, he avoids mankind. Some there are, however, which, when basking on the path, do not stir at the approach of human footsteps. These are the species most to be feared.

The sugar-mill I have spoken of belongs to a French company, and is managed by a Frenchman. It is still in an experimental stage. The Mozambique current brings, it is true, the needful warmth of temperature, but it does not always bring the quantity of rain which the sugar-cane requires, and which never fails it in the tropics. During the last few years the rainfall has been exceptionally large, but there are also years of absolute drought. Will the cane endure this? That is the whole question. A few steps from the mills stands the manager's house. Madame Dumas, who preserves her ladylike demeanour in the midst of canes, Hindoo workmen, and snakes, which make her

tremble for her children, gives us a cordial welcome. What torments her even more than the fear of reptiles is the servants. I hear this complaint wherever I go in the colonies. I seldom sit at dinner next to the lady of the house without her telling me of this nuisance, which, more than exile, more than the privations and dangers inseparable from a planter's life, embitters her existence. 'For a whole week,' Madame Dumas said to me, 'I have been without servants. They left me all at once, and here I am obliged to do all the housework with my own hands.' The coolies and Kaffirs, the only men in reality who can dig and plough the earth under a sky that makes manual labour impossible for the whites, are well aware that the European cannot do without them. They are hired also as domestic servants, usually for a term fixed beforehand. When that term is up they invariably leave—nearly always without any reason assigned—and nothing stops them. If not engaged for a term of years, they seldom remain more than a month. The Austrian consul has already reached his eleventh Kaffir servant in the course of this year—he calls him 'Eleven.' In Cape Colony the natives pick up a little English. Here the mistresses have to learn the language of their servants, and so all of them know more or less Hindustani or the Kaffir ver-

nacular. The white female servants no sooner land than they feel themselves the equals of their masters, become insolent, grow ashamed of service, look out for other employment, and end by getting married. In a few years they have reached the same level as their former masters, and join with them in the chorus of complaint over this plague of colonial life.

There are two clubs at Durban, both admirably appointed. The number of official and other personages whom I have met there, and the number of hand-shakings I have had, are prodigious. Everyone seems pleased to welcome a stranger, and everyone said to me—what I saw well enough was no mere figure of speech—'Can I be of service to you?' And they did, indeed, prove of service. I asked them questions, and they answered me. It was like an open book, whose leaves spoke eloquently to the reader. And, strange to say, here, as everywhere in the colonies, the officials, farmers, and merchants —in short, all the white population—talk of scarcely anything but the affairs of the colony, of the blacks, the coolies, the state of the market, the ostriches, the sugar-cane, and the drought, which, just now, is making horrible ravages among the cattle: rarely of their native country,

Old England. They are very loyal, but the veil of distance and of separation from their friends and relations beyond sea hides their mother-country from their ken. Cetewayo engrosses more of their thoughts and conversation than does Queen Victoria herself.

Here also, as in Kaffraria, the official personages who have spent part of their lives amidst the blacks judge them favourably, while most of the merchants and farmers detest them. And what stories they relate! I will only repeat one of them.

The wife of a planter, settled in the neighbourhood of Durban, across the river Umgeni, is in the habit of sending her native servant once a week to the town to procure supplies of fresh meat. The Kaffir makes use of the opportunity to buy at a cheap rate those portions of the animal which Europeans refuse to eat. This time it was a bullock's head. On his return, while fording the Umgeni, his son, a young boy who was with him, was seized by a crocodile. 'Father,' cried the little fellow, 'throw him the meat, and he will let go of me.' But the Kaffir preferred the bullock's head to his son, who was accordingly devoured by the monster. All those who were present vouched for the literal truth of this fact. How could one help believing it? But an official assured me

that there was not a word of truth in the story. How not believe him! And so on. I am lost in bewilderment.'

In this part of Africa the black population shows a notable increase in proportion to the whites. The fact is proved by the tax on the huts, the exact number of which is known. Every hut is supposed to contain an average of rather less than four and a half inmates. This increase is explained by the vigorous and prolific constitution of the race, and by the practice of polygamy. The husband inhabits a hut with his chief wife, and gives to each of the inferior ones a cabin and some fields, either for cultivation or pasturage. The gift once made, he cannot dispose any further of the fields without the consent of the wife in question. After her death, her cabin and bit of land pass to her eldest son. The wives are said to be the slaves of their husbands. To a certain extent, this is true in other parts of Africa. But here, among the Zulus, they exercise great influence in the family, are well treated, work hard certainly, but not so hard as the wife of an English labourer. They are, after their manner, well clothed, well fed, and seemingly content. In a word, the Zulus are a light-hearted, happy people; they ask only to be left in peace, and are affectionate so long as they are treated well.

The preceding account was given me by an English magistrate, who has served in Zululand since 1852. More than thirty years passed in the midst of savages! And yet with nothing lost of the demeanour, the language, the manners, the bearing of the thorough gentleman. I have dined with him at the club, and I admired the neatness of his spotless necktie and the orthodox cut of his black coat. I fancied myself at the Travellers'! There are choice natures which nothing can injure, like the ermine which goes through mud without soiling his beautiful coat.

The following statement was made to me by another gentleman who is familiar with men and affairs in Natal, where he was born, and where he holds a high official position: 'The Zulus,' he says, 'are easy people to manage. They respect the law, and submit, without complaint and without a grudge, to the punishments inflicted by the judge, provided they can be made to understand that they are in the wrong; if not, they never forget nor forgive, when once, in their belief, they have been the victims of an unjust sentence.'

They believe in a Supreme Being, and do not worship idols. It is supposed that, at a very remote period, they adopted the Mosaic law (?). A certain usage, which is met with also in Kaffraria,

seems to have given rise to this supposition. I should be inclined to think that they have borrowed it from the Mussulmans. It is known that among the tribes of Central Africa the Koran makes numerous converts. They are superstitious, and believe in the transmigration of souls. The snakes which penetrate into their huts are, according to their creed, the spirits of their dead relations who have come to visit them. They never kill them unless the witch-doctor declares them to be intruders, and not members of the family.

Speaking generally, they are a people satisfied with their condition, and of imperturbable good humour. They till the ground just enough to provide for their very modest wants. They cultivate especially maize, for the purpose of brewing the Kaffir beer, which forms the staple of nourishment for the chiefs; hence their obesity. They have an attachment for the English Government, or rather for their agents, if only the latter know how to take them—a matter which requires a light but firm hand. It might be said of them that they combine the simplicity of the child with the wiliness of the savage.

An accurate census of the population is impossible. It would reawaken suspicions and provoke troubles. A kraal often contains only three or four huts. But in some of them there are several

hundred cabins. Some great chiefs possess as many as four hundred kraals.

I was glad to meet here a young Belgian whose acquaintance I had made on board a steamer. He was on his way back to Lorenzo-Marquez, in Delagoa Bay, where he was acting as agent of the colonial governments of the Cape and Natal for the immigration of native labourers.

Lorenzo-Marquez, Inhambane, Quilimane, and Mozambique, small Portuguese towns, would have, in his opinion, a future, if the Government did not leave them to their own resources, which are *nil*. The territory they occupy has never been ceded to the Portuguese. Some native chiefs look upon it as their own. All the factories are built either on tongues of land stretching out, like Lorenzo, into the sea, or, like Mozambique, on small islands.

Delagoa Bay has the advantage of being the nearest port to the Transvaal, and the natural outlet of this republic to the sea. Thus the Boers, in spite of their dread of the fevers which infest the coast, sent thither some thirty wagons last year to purchase supplies and necessaries of life. It was their first experiment. Formerly, such expeditions would have been impossible, on account of the tsetse. This fearful insect kills the draught bullocks; but, since the herds of antelopes have

gone northward, the tsetse, ever in pursuit of them, has disappeared from the wilds that separate the district of Leydenburgh from the sea. This enterprise of the Boers has not yielded any great results, owing to the scanty stock of merchandise they found in the warehouses at Lorenzo-Marquez. But it is a first step towards realising the project, first conceived by the President of the Transvaal, and discussed for years with the Portuguese Government, of connecting Delagoa Bay by means of a railway with the South African republic.

At Lorenzo-Marquez, the life of the Europeans, who are about fifteen in number, including the Portuguese men and two white women, is not of an enviable description. The climate is extremely unhealthy. One gets up at five o'clock and goes to bed with the fowls. As at Inhambane and Quilimane, fresh meat is only procurable in the winter. The European residents then club together to buy an ox. The rest of the time they live on preserved meats and poultry. The rare and irregular visits of the mail-steamer are quite an event. Everyone in turn entertains the captain, and the supplies—hams, wine, and preserves—which he has brought with him, are eagerly seized upon. The profits of the residents are but moderate. They risk health and life, not to make a fortune, but to exist. The clerks in the two French houses

established there receive a salary of about two thousand francs. Formerly, the Portuguese functionaries and *employés* used to take advantage of their official position to make money; but, for the last ten years or so, the tone of the public service has changed for the better, and the governors study local interests. In this respect there is an evident improvement.

Since the discovery of the diamond-fields in Griqualand West, and the gold mines in the Transvaal, the immigration of blacks into the two English colonies and the South African republic has assumed large proportions. It is managed at the joint expense of a company and of the two colonial governments, which supply the necessary means of transport, provisions for the journey, and means for the return of the labourers to their own country at the end of their engagement.

The mode of proceeding is as follows: The agent at Lorenzo-Marquez sends messengers to the *idunas*, or secretaries of the tribal chiefs, small or great, offering them gifts, and asking for labourers. Generally, leave to emigrate for a fixed term is given to a certain number of young men. The recruits are sent to Lorenzo-Marquez, and lodged in sheds close by the agent's residence. After having discussed and settled the terms of hire, the agent takes his men, ten at a time, to the Portuguese

governor, before whom they bind themselves definitely to work in such and such a place for two or three years. Their consent is really and entirely voluntary, and cases of breach of engagement, except when the men are recalled by their chief, are extremely rare.

These savages invariably take back their earnings, a fact which explains why English sovereigns are found far in the interior of the continent. Their principal aim is to get enough to buy one or more women. They make these their wives, whose duty it becomes to work in their fields. The price of women, and the probable negotiations, form an inexhaustible topic of conversation among the blacks.

Umzila, the great chief of the tribes inhabiting the banks of the Limpopo, is the principal potentate of these regions. He, like the other chiefs, greedy for news, sends messengers to the white settlements, and as far even as Durban, charged to learn, and report by word of mouth, on their return, the rumour and gossip of the day.

The most warlike race is that of the Zulus. They refuse to eat fish, and pronounce poultry to be woman's food. There are some tribes suspected of cannibalism. To be a magician, they say, a man must have tasted his kind. But anyone who passes for a cannibal is looked upon as a danger-

ous man, on the score of his seeking to acquire a superhuman power. They often kill him without more ado.

The tribal chiefs allow only a limited number of their subjects to emigrate, and that only for two or three years, because the frequent wars of succession and others oblige them to keep some warriors always at hand. When peace is threatened, they send one of their *idunas* either to the Cape or to Natal, to command their subjects to return. The latter leave one by one, or in small detachments, and after a few days the owner of the plantation finds himself without a single labourer.

This is one of the reasons why preference is given to coolies, who engage themselves for ten years at a time, and are the best labourers of any. When a planter in Natal is in want of hands, he applies to the Colonial Government, stating exactly the number required. The Government, through the medium of its agent in India, imports, if possible, the labourers necessary, and distributes them among the planters. They are obliged to engage some women also—about forty for every hundred males—who manage always to marry coolies. These Indians, recruited at Calcutta and in the Madras Presidency, are paid by the month. The planters run a certain risk, since, among the men

whom they have to take from the Government, there are always some who are sick or lazy. To obviate this inconvenience, payment by the job has been introduced during the last two years; in other words, each labourer is assigned a certain daily task. In performing it, he gives the amount of work represented by his wages. If he is a good workman, he will have finished it by midday, and will have some hours to spare for looking after his own allotment; for the coolie, in addition to his wages and the food—consisting of rice, maize, fish, and fat—furnished by the planter, receives also a small piece of ground which he can cultivate, and the produce of which belongs to him. The idle ones take all the day to get through their task. In Natal, most of the coolies, when their ten years' engagement is over, remain in the country, purchase small holdings with their savings, and take to agriculture, fishing, or trade. It is from these that the coolie labourers buy their provisions. Hence the growing opposition of the petty traders in Natal to the introduction of Indians, whose competition they dread.

But, on the other hand, the sugar-planters cannot do without coolies, because the latter, less indolent than the blacks, who, moreover, are sometimes recalled by their chiefs before their terms are expired, work regularly, and are too far away

from their native country to be able to think of breaking their engagements. Of late years the recruiting of Indians has become more and more difficult, from their preferring to emigrate to other places nearer India, as, for example, Mauritius and Singapore. Emigration to countries outside the British Empire is strictly forbidden.

Small as the town is, and few whites as it contains, Durban nevertheless has a society. Mrs. Baynton is one of the goddesses of this Olympus. She is a lady of real distinction, who has a large number of friends in the two colonies.[1] The house of Captain Baynton, her husband, is the centre of refined life in Natal, and the harbour of refuge of the few travellers of mark who visit this secluded corner of the world. Prince Louis Napoléon and the Empress Eugénie partook of his hospitality.

The captain made me a present of a handsome shield and some assegais, not those which are manufactured in England and sent to the Zulus (!), but made by the natives themselves. They can be recognised by the firm way in which the iron point is fastened to the lance by means of a thong of cowhide.

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[1] She died, generally regretted, a few months after my departure.

The distance from Durban to Pietermaritzburg is fifty miles by the carriage-road and seventy by the railway.

The country through which we pass, a charming maze of wooded hills, displays all the wealth of tropical vegetation. Here and there are signs of cultivation, and country-houses planted among clusters of bamboos, intertwined with branches of leafless shrubs, festooned with large scarlet flowers.

After leaving Northdean station the trees become rare, the *veldts* and the bush take the place of the banyan, the big euphorbias, and the bamboo. But Pinetown is still a pretty place. I met here the Protestant missionary Posselt. He has been in this country for thirty-five years, and conducts the important mission of 'New Germany.' We had a glimpse of the houses. It is an entirely German colony. The farmers are doing well; the small shopkeepers are succumbing to the competition of the Indian traffickers, who live on threepence a day, and are content with a minimum of profit. A little distance from New Germany the Trappists have just founded a settlement. Thirty-four brothers and sisters are now on their way to join them. In this community also the German element predominates.

Beyond Pinetown the country is similar to what I saw in Kaffraria, desolate, undulating, and

with occasional views of the high mountains. One of these, Table Mountain, overtops all the rest. We never lose sight of it. The railway winds round it, and, seen from Pietermaritzburg, that is, from the north, it presents absolutely the same outline. Here begins the first stage of the ascent leading to the high plateau of South Africa. The railway does not seem to me to answer its purpose. I ask myself how engineers could have been found bold enough to trace these curves, to say nothing of viaducts poised on slender iron columns threatening every minute to topple down, and shaking beneath the weight of the engine, which, frightened like the passengers and the guards, ventures only to creep slowly along. To avoid unpleasant feelings, I give myself up to contemplating the scenery. I dare not plunge into the abyss, which we are crossing at a prodigious height. I look up at the mountains, with their infinite shades of grey; at hills, which are pink, I know not why, for it is high noon; at enormous slopes, of yellow or bistre, thickly strewn with blocks of granite. Then, summoning up all my courage, I scan the gaping depths on the right and left of the viaduct. At the bottom I see black spots, the bush; spots of green, being fields in cultivation; spots of white, the houses of the planters.

At one of the stations, in the shade formed by

some stunted trees, powdered over with dust and sand, I spied a picturesque group of Zulus. They were quite naked, with the exception of the cotton apron. This is a concession they make to Europeans when they meet them. To judge from the feather above their heads, which are encircled with a ring of bronze, they were gentlemen. One of them, evidently a dandy, carried in his hand a shield of hide, which I bought for sixpence. His handsome eyes sparkled with delight at the sight of the little silver coin. Beside him stood a young girl. The lower part of her breast was covered. The upper part, as also her neck, arms, shoulders, and her back as far as the waist, were bare. What a beautiful picture! Two old women—old in appearance, but not in reality—made a striking contrast. Each of them had nothing but a petticoat on. The other men, less elegant than this dandy, had the manly, frank, and good-humoured expression which is peculiar to the most warlike people of South Africa. All of them seemed particularly clean in their person.

Near the station of New-Leads, the soft green of some small oases scattered in the folds of the mountains was a rest to the eye. Maize is grown there, and potatoes, but no wheat. A little farther begins the tall grass, which is not seen along the sea-board, but which covers the steppes

and boundless prairies of the Orange Free State and the Transvaal.

We had left Durban at eight o'clock in the morning, and at two o'clock in the afternoon the train entered Pietermaritzburg station. The Governor, Sir Henry Bulwer, received me at Government House, which stands a few steps from the camp and the railway station. This is convenient and practical. In a country where thirty thousand whites share the soil with four hundred thousand blacks, whose numbers, by Zulu invasions, may be indefinitely increased at any moment, the former live constantly on the *qui vive*, and it is well that, in case of emergency, the head and the arms should be near each other.

The small British force in Natal, with the exception of some detachments, is concentrated in the camp at this town.

Government House stands in the midst of a pretty little park. In the garden, a tall euphorbia, and a eucalyptus imported from Australia, attract my notice at once. As the house occupies a commanding position, and there are not any walls or other buildings about it, the view from the windows embraces a vast panorama composed of high mountains, hills, and an undulating plain, in the centre of which stands the official capital of Natal. As in all South African towns, the streets here are of an exaggerated width and

tolerable length, intersecting each other at right angles. Some of them have trees planted before the houses. This is perhaps the only sign left visible of the Dutch origin of the town, except its name or rather its two names, oddly coupled, but perpetuating the memory of two heroes.[2]

We made a charming excursion with Sir Henry Bulwer, some young officers, and Mr. Shepstone, to the kraal of the chief Teteleku, situated about ten miles from the town, in one of the gorges of the Swartkop. Mr. Shepstone, the brother of Sir Theophilus, known in Europe by the short-lived annexation of the Transvaal, is the Colonial Minister of Foreign Affairs. Born in the country, he has passed his life, already well advanced, in contact with and frequently in the midst of Zulus.

Nothing can be more lonely or mysterious than this deep ravine, into which our little column slowly makes its descent. Before us, at our feet, are two kraals, separated by a hollow; above us, apparently quite near, rises the frowning and slightly flattened summit of the Swartkop. In front of one of the kraals is a group of dark figures;

[2] Pieter Retief, of Paarl, the descendant of a Huguenot family, treacherously massacred with his family by Dingaan, the head chief of the Zulus (1838), and Gert Maritz, a burgher of Graaf Reinet, both of them leaders of the Boers in Natal, and founders of the ephemeral republic called Natalia. The foundation of the town Pietermaritzburg dates from this period (1840).

the chief standing upright, his men, in token of respect, squatting on their heels. At our approach Teteleku stepped forward and helped us to dismount. The men, still squatting, uttered a cry, or rather a hoarse growl. It is their way of salutation. The women, ranged in line at a respectful distance, exclaimed in chorus, 'Oho!' This is the height of politeness. A young person, one of the numerous wives of the chief, attracted my attention by her beauty. She remained modestly behind the chief's favourite wife and another black Meg Merrilies, but, while endeavouring to conceal, she contrived to show, herself. The women had their bosoms and the lower part of their bodies covered. The very young girls, beautifully shaped, wear their black hair hanging down their backs. The married women dye theirs with red ochre. The chief, who had been advised of the Governor's visit, was dressed in his gala attire, a jacket, and on his head, which was crowned with a circular ornament, he had a scarlet feather. To testify his respect, he walked with the upper part of his body slightly inclined, and never turned his eyes from the Governor. But, with all these marks of deference, he seemed what he was, a great lord in his country. We had to creep on all fours, through a small square opening with a rudely carved framework, in order to

enter his spacious and clean hut, paved with a kind of stucco, to which the women, by means of constant treading, are able to give the hardness and brilliancy of marble. Of furniture, not a trace. The notables arrived one by one, entering, like ourselves, on hands and knees, but with the agility of a panther, and ranged themselves along the walls, where they disappeared in the darkness. There are no windows in these huts, and in consideration of the weak eyes of the whites, which cannot bear the smoke, they had not lighted the fire on the hearth. The chief showed us his treasures, consisting of skins and some cotton coverings which the women put on at public dances. At the end of our visit, some beer of the country was served in a large bowl, which went round after the chief had first drunk out of it, to show that it contained no poison. I asked him, through the medium of Mr. Shepstone, if snakes ever found their way into his hut. He said in reply that those which came were his kindred, and therefore welcome.

On our leaving, the whole population of the kraal accompanied us to the spot where we had left our horses. The women, squatting as on our arrival, rose at the moment of our departure, crying 'Oho! Oho!'

The scene was wild, the outline of the landscape stern, and the splendour of the heavens, as

we re-entered Pietermaritzburg, baffled all description.

Every evening there was a grand dinner at Government House. On these occasions, were it not for the Zulu servants, fine-looking men, dressed in suitable livery—a jacket and drawers of white linen, turned up with yellow—but barefooted, after the custom of the country, I should have thought myself in a country house in Old England. Pietermaritzburg is the political, military, administrative, judicial, and ecclesiastical centre of the colony; Durban is its seaport. I was able, therefore, to make the acquaintance here of all the notabilities of Natal: of the Chief Justice; of Mr. Gallwey, the Attorney-General; of Mr. Ackermann, the President of the Legislative Council; of Mgr. Jolivet, the Roman Catholic bishop; and of other personages more or less connected with public affairs; and all, if I am not mistaken, more or less anxious about a complicated state of things little understood in England, difficult to understand even on the spot, and not exempt from dangers. 'It is not easy,' I was told, 'to know what is passing beyond the Tugela. It is not more easy to foresee the ultimate issue of the perplexities and doubts in London.'

They were discussing the financial embarrassments; the violent attacks made in the Colonial

House of Assembly by the Opposition, who demand a responsible government; and, above all, the great, burning, everlasting question of the natives.[3]

At the time of the Zulu War, the Prince Imperial, on his way to the head-quarters of the British commander, partook for some days of Sir Henry Bulwer's hospitality. Everyone found him charming, quite a boy, restless, desirous of distinguishing himself, and persuaded that the deeds of arms which he hoped to achieve in this campaign would hasten his accession to the Imperial throne. Strange to say, all the young English officers who accompanied him on his excursions to the environs of Maritzburg, had a kind of presentiment that he would come to harm. An excellent horseman, he would always wait till all his companions were in the saddle before mounting his horse, which he did with peculiar grace and with the lightness of a feather. It is thought that this habit probably cost him his life. When in the bush, where he was killed, the signal had been given to mount, or rather, when everyone was flinging

[3] During my stay at Pietermaritzburg there was some alarming news about the 'reserve' of Zululand. Cetewayo, who was said to have died, had recovered from his wounds and reassembled his *impis*. Consequently a portion of the troops in cantonments in this town had been ordered to the banks of the Tugela.

himself on horseback, the young Prince, after his wont, and possibly also to show his *sang froid*, delayed doing the same. It was at this moment that a couple of shots came from the brushwood. The Prince's horse started, reared, and hindered his mounting. He then took to running in the direction of the horsemen, who were under the command of an incapable officer, was struck down by two arrows and despatched with a small assegai.

I stayed at Government House in the apartment occupied by the Prince when on his way to the front, and in the next year by the Empress Eugénie, then on her pious pilgrimage. As I lay in the bed on which these illustrious personages once reposed, the one before going to meet his premature and tragic death, the other on her visit to the scene of the catastrophe, half-forgotten memories, changed suddenly into bright visions, came to trouble my sleep and haunt my dreams. The birth of an heir. A fortnight afterwards, peace. The plenipotentiaries, who have signed it, descending the steps of the Foreign Office, amidst the acclamations of the multitude which crowds the quays. The cannon of the Invalides announcing to the city of Paris the event so ardently desired. The streets full of people, men and women, who weep for joy. No more cause to tremble for the husbands, the sons, the brothers in

the Crimea! Then the 'Te Deum' and the bells of Notre-Dame, and the ceremonies of the baptism, the banquet given to the Emperor at the Hôtel de Ville, and all sorts of public festivities, this time the tokens of sincere if not general rejoicing. The Second Empire raised to the apogee of its power. The country restored to confidence in the stability of the new order of things. In Europe, the reawakened hope of a future of peace. And then—What we have seen? And then, and lastly? —In the heart of Africa an ambuscade of savages. A young man stretched dead upon the heather. A dethroned mother, bathing with her tears the soil which has drunk the blood of her child. The history of antiquity, so rich in astounding and seemingly fabulous catastrophes, offers few analogies. What subject for meditation on the nothingness of human grandeur![4]

On board the 'John Elder,' September 16.—I am *en route* for Australia. After the toils of travel on the African continent, after the excitement of the life which I have been leading at the Cape, follows the placid contemplation and the agreeable mono-

[4] Direct communication by steam with India being interrupted, I was obliged to return to Cape Town, where I embarked on September 15 for Australia.

tony of a long voyage. It is the moment for casting a look back, and taking stock of the impressions produced by my two months in South Africa.

At first sight the state of public affairs is an enigma, a chaos, complex, obscure, and mysterious; a book written in characters which none can decipher. But on looking at it more closely, with a little patience and perseverance, one succeeds in unravelling the thread.

In Africa we are in the presence of three elements. These are the blacks, the Dutch, and the English; but first, and foremost, the blacks. It is, indeed, the dark continent. Numerically, the men of colour preponderate enormously over the whites. And, mark the fact well, their number is increasing, while that of the whites remains stationary, which means that, relatively speaking, it decreases. In North America, and in all the other English colonies, the man of colour, by his contact with the white, is disappearing and becoming extinct. In Africa the very contrary is the case.

We have here, then, one of the elements of the question. Add to this that the English families average from five to six children, the Dutch families from ten to twelve. The English leave after a certain time; the Dutch remain. The influx of both races, compared with that to America, is trifling, and much smaller than that to Aus-

tralia. In South Africa, then, there is the black element which is increasing, the Dutch element which remains in the country, and the English element which comes and goes.

It is evident that, so far as numbers alone are concerned, the future belongs to the blacks, and that, in regard to the two white races, the chances of the Dutch are more favourable than those of the English. But the numerical inferiority of the whites, Dutch and English, is compensated to a certain extent—how far, it is true, no one can exactly determine—by the superiority which civilisation gives, and also in my opinion unquestionably by the superiority of race.

I shall not attempt—it would be useless—to describe the different black tribes of this part of the African continent. Up to the present the natives count only as a brute force ; but this force we must admit to be a formidable one.

Let us look rather at the two white races, and first, in the order of history, at the first-comers, the Dutch. I will put down on these pages what information I have been able to derive from the most various and the most authoritative sources. On this matter not a thought, or deduction, or supposition, in what I am about to say, is my own. I confine myself to record as does the judge when summing up the evidence of witnesses, and

I will hazard only a few observations when my summary is concluded.

The Boers.—This term is the synonym, not grammatically correct, but adopted by common parlance, of the descendants of the old colonists who came from Holland after 1652. In the English world at the Cape, the word 'Boer' is never uttered without striking a painful chord. It touches, in fact, the delicate question, What are the actual feelings of the old masters of the soil towards the new ones? The doctor who probes a sore is not welcome to his patient; I do not pretend to heal this sore, but only to examine the malady and study it with a benevolent curiosity.

The trait of character most conspicuous in the Boer is the thirst for independence. To this he sacrifices everything except his religion, his family, his oxen and wagons. He has cultivated a piece of ground. He is tolerably prosperous, happy, and cheerful after his manner. Laws are made at the Cape which are irksome to him; other farmers have settled near him, who annoy him also. He becomes gloomy, restless, and unhappy. He leaves his gardens, his kitchen-plots, his fields, his orangeries, his ostriches. He goes away—*treks*, as the expression is: he goes to seek unknown lands, where he hopes to recover his independence and solitude. It would be a great

mistake to think that it is only under English rule that he has adopted these tastes and habits. He has been the same under the Dutch Government, from the time of the Chamber of Seventeen at Amsterdam and the commanders of the Cape sent out by the States-General. But this friction has assumed larger proportions, and entailed consequences of serious gravity in more respects than one, since the Cape Colony has passed to the English Crown; in other words, since the beginning of this century. What are the relations between the English and the Dutch? Let us listen to one of those who know the country best, and a man whose perfect freedom of mind I admire. I will add to what he says the remarks of some other persons equally worthy of belief.

'The Dutch,' says my informant, 'do not like us, but this is due rather to want of sympathy than to actual hostility. They are too sensible not to see that it would be sheer folly to dream of retaking the country by force. They content themselves, therefore—I am speaking now of the population of Cape Town and the other cities—with offering an opposition within the limits of the law. They do not sulk or agitate, but they amuse themselves, in Parliament and wherever they can, by making themselves disagreeable.

'These Dutchmen are quite unlike other

people. The colony makes no progress. Materially speaking, we are the masters of the Cape, but, morally, the Dutch possess it. Now the Dutch are a contented people (?). They ask only to remain as they are. As whites, they know themselves to be the equals of anybody; as descendants of the old settlers, true aristocrats as they are, they fancy themselves rather superior to the rest of the world. They are content, therefore, with being what they are. They are equally content with what they have, for they have what is necessary, and they disdain what is superfluous. They are satisfied; they are men, in other words, who have a horror of anything new, and, consequently, of progress.

'Paarl and Stellenbosch are, next to Cape Town, the most ancient and the most considerable Dutch centres. Everyone there is related, and has brothers, cousins, or nephews in Natal, the Orange Free State, or the Transvaal, in the *veldts* or the bush; in fact, wherever a team of some twenty bullocks is seen dragging a wagon with its Dutch family inside it.

'Looking closely at the Boers in the different parts of the continent, you find them everywhere the same; indifferent as to the English, caring little about politics, seldom overtly hostile, but enduring the Imperial Government, that is to say, British sovereignty, with passive obedience; not scheming

any rebellion, but watching complacently the contingencies which might put an end to English rule. Principally on account of their family relations they regard themselves as mutually responsible to each other. For this reason it is often necessary for Her Majesty's officials to deal with them with great circumspection. This accounts for the popularity of Sir George Grey among them, for he ruled them with a gentle hand. The Boers are certainly not our enemies on principle. There have always been ups and downs in our relations. The marked coolness which prevails just at present is a consequence of the not altogether lawful annexation of the diamond-fields by the Cape Colony, to the detriment of the Orange Free State, and of the late war with the Transvaal. The Boers, it is true, attacked and defeated the English troops. But if we put ourselves in their position, we must admit that it is we who compelled them to take arms. The death of every man who fell by English bullets in the three actions of Lang's Neck, Ingogo, and Majuba Hill, has thrown into mourning a large number of families, spread over all the surface of South Africa.'

This war with the Transvaal, and the way it ended, constitute, undoubtedly, the most important event that has occurred since the English set foot in this part of the world. I will take this oppor-

tunity of repeating briefly the account given me by one who has the right to say *quorum pars fui.*

'The act annexing the Transvaal, accomplished on his own authority by Sir Theophilus Shepstone, was not strictly legal, but it was legalised afterwards by the adhesion of the majority of the populations. Those of the Boers who had opposed it ended by submitting in silence. The official sent to the Transvaal as Commissioner displeased them from the first. He had brought with him English officers and subordinates, and he was suspected, probably wrongly, of wishing to introduce the English language in official transactions and in the schools. A deputation of Boers, charged with representing the grievances of the new province, was sent to London. They asked for the maintenance of the usages, customs, and laws of the country, and of Dutch as the official language, or in case of refusal for the annulment of the act of annexation. Their demand with regard to the customs of the country implied tacitly the sanction of domestic slavery and forced labour. It is conceivable that the English Cabinet should have declined the acceptance, pure and simple, of these proposals, but they might perhaps have been able to arrive at some understanding or compromise. Her Majesty's Government replied by a flat refusal. On this fact becoming known in the Transvaal a sudden

reaction took place. The extreme party, who had hitherto been restrained by moderate men, carried the day. The Boers armed themselves, and took up a menacing attitude. The Commissioner called for assistance from the Cape. Some troops, despatched thither in haste, were surrounded on the march by the Boers and summoned to surrender. On their refusal, the Boers opened fire and killed most of them. This was the first encounter, that of Lang's Neck.

'At this news, General Colley, the commander of the forces in Natal, hastened up with five hundred men, attacked several thousand Boers entrenched in a strong position, and was repulsed with great loss. This was the second affair, that of Ingogo.

'Meanwhile, considerable reinforcements, sent out from England, under the command of General Wood, landed at Durban; but General Colley, impatient to re-establish his damaged reputation, and contrary to the orders of his new chief, declined to wait for the arrival of the fresh troops, and occupied a position deemed by him impregnable. The Boers stormed it. Sir G. Colley's weak force was repulsed and destroyed, and he himself was killed. This was the third affair, that of Majuba Hill.

'Mr. Gladstone, on hearing of these disasters,

telegraphed to the Governor of the Cape: "We have wronged the Boers; make peace." You can imagine the despair of the general, who was then only a few marches from the scene of war, and felt himself perfectly able to chastise the rebels. You can imagine also the consternation and anger of the troops and English residents, and understand the weakening of British prestige, the natural result of a peace concluded after three defeats. Nevertheless, the orders were peremptory, and a convention was signed, re-establishing the "African Republic" of the Transvaal under certain restrictions, which, moreover, in consequence of the action now being taken by the President, will in all probability be cancelled.[5]

'These events, from our point of view—that of the Englishman in South Africa—are deplorable. The Boers of the Transvaal, at least the immense majority of them, are perfectly indifferent as to the constitution or the power which rules them. They had no aversion to the English. They wished, and wish, simply to live after their own manner, and to use their own language in all the transactions of life. In short, they wish to be left alone; otherwise, they fight or *trek*. Now, in consequence of this unfortunate campaign, throughout all the immense territory where the Dutch are

[5] They have actually been cancelled.

found, a deep revulsion of feeling has occurred. A very small minority has remained openly and frankly attached to the English Government. The great majority, who had accustomed themselves to our rule, are now cold and reserved, but not openly hostile. The convention concluded after defeats, and, without any reparation of the damage sustained by our arms, has given the Dutch element not only of the Transvaal and the Orange Free State, but also of the two colonies, and of all South Africa, an exaggerated opinion of their strength. Nevertheless, the evil is not irreparable, if Her Majesty's Government is willing and able to take account of the state of mind and national sentiment of the Dutch.

'Lord Carnarvon, when, before these events occurred, he became Minister of the Colonies, took pains to further the realisation of a project much in favour with politicians in England, namely, the formation of a South African confederation. The idea is sound, and one which has a future. But confederation can only be organised slowly; that is to say, after our white populations have understood its value. When that day comes, it will be found to be a necessity, and will effect its own accomplishment. Impatient to achieve this work, the Minister sent us the historian Mr. Froude. This distinguished man of letters, who, be it

remembered, had no official position, made a tour through all the provinces and states of South Africa, organising meetings wherever he went, and explaining at length in speeches the advantages which confederation would bring to the Dutch element, "the most numerous, the strongest, the most firmly established element in the country." Together with the Convention of Majuba Hill, this mission has done much towards the inconvenient, not to say dangerous, reawakening of the Dutch spirit. But, in the main, it was a failure. Lord Carnarvon then appointed Sir Bartle Frere as Governor of Cape Colony and High Commissioner of South Africa. This eminent, fascinating, and universally respected man, beloved in the country beyond any of his predecessors, brought to the accomplishment of his mission the ardour of his convictions, the loftiness of a boldly tempered spirit, and a rare experience acquired in India and in East Africa. The disaster of Isandula paved the way for Sir Bartle Frere's retirement, and Mr. Gladstone's accession to office determined it. But even if neither of these events had occurred, confederation would not have been achieved, simply because the actual state of things and the situation, as a whole, still presented insurmountable obstacles.'

After these English witnesses, let us hear the

confidential utterances of an old Boer, who, in the presence of a non-British stranger, consented to emerge for once from the habitual reserve of his race.

'I am loyal,' he says; 'my father has been so. He said to us, "My children, God commands us to respect authority. Let us respect, therefore, the English Government." That is what I do. But the English have ruined us (by putting down the forced labour of the blacks). Under the old state of things we were happy. The blacks were aware of their inferiority. It is not true that the Dutch ill-treated them: the very contrary is the truth. The English have promulgated the false and dangerous theory of the equality of races. The blacks now will not work at all, or will work very little. They are not the more happy for that. But the Boers have lost the means of cultivating their fields. They are beginning to be impoverished. They were formerly rich, in their way. Anyone is rich when he has all that is required to live in plenty. Their wants were limited, and they had quite enough to satisfy them. Now they are all more or less in debt. The State revenues are increasing, thanks to the taxes which are increasing also, but the Dutch population is declining in prosperity. With that, the finances of the colony are in a state of embarrassment.

But the English have done more than that; they have armed the blacks. Under Dutch rule the blacks were forbidden, under heavy penalties, to possess arms. Our magistrates exercised the strictest surveillance in this matter. But what have the English done? When they set about constructing the breakwater in Cape Town harbour, with a view to attracting labourers, they offered the blacks high wages, telling them that their earnings would enable them to buy guns. I can still hear my father saying: "My children, you see my white hairs. I shall not see what the English are laying in store for us, but you will see it. It is the beginning of the end. When the blacks are armed, they will kill the whites." A very large number of the natives now possess firearms, for they are free to purchase them, and English manufacturers take good care to provide them.'

We see the gulf that separates the views of these two white races—the Boer of the seventeenth century and the Englishman of the present day.

To sum up, the Boers are getting possession of everything animate and inanimate. They occupy and cultivate the soil, they hunt away or tame the wild beasts, they subdue the natives and make them their slaves, in the sense of forcing them to work for them, but treat them like members of the family. They came to Africa in 1652 with the

intention of remaining there, and they do remain there. The future and Africa belong to them, unless they are expelled by a stronger power, the blacks or the English. They accept the struggle with the blacks, and they avoid all contact with the English. They *trek*. They have not retained any bond of union, either moral or political, with the mother-country, Holland, which they have well-nigh forgotten. The Hollanders, or actual immigrants from Holland, who turn merchants or politicians, but rarely cultivators of the soil, inspire them with little sympathy. Modern ideas: a parliamentary constitution, equality, democracy, socialism, do not exist for them. They know no constitution but the family, they combine only to protect common interests, or to preserve themselves from common dangers. They are Republicans, but Republicans after the fashion of the pastoral patriarchs of the Bible. They continue to *trek*, to shun the modern man, be he English or German. In these wanderings no peril daunts them, no obstacle arrests them. They sow with their corpses and the carcases of their oxen, killed by the tsetse, the solitudes of Namaqua and Damara lands, and other still mysterious countries of the north and west of Southern Africa. The purity of their morals is extolled. They have kept religiously the faith, the

prejudices, and the dislikes of their ancestors. In all respects they belong to the seventeenth century.

At Cape Town and in other towns you find Dūtch Afrikanders who, by their culture and refined manners, would be the equals of anyone in the high circles of our European capitals. But at the bottom of their hearts they remain Boers. Africa they dearly love.

Physically speaking, the Boers represent the type of Teniers and the Breughels; in short, of old Holland which is perpetuated on the black continent, just as the France of Louis XIV. has survived political changes in Canada.

The Dutch have founded two independent States. The Orange Free State, inhabited by farmers, is the model of a well-ordered, tranquil, and prosperous community. The Transvaal, the other Dutch republic, now become the rendezvous of white and coloured adventurers, and constantly menaced by its savage neighbours, presents, on the contrary, the spectacle of troubles and continual wars.

The Orange Free State[6] is divided into farms (synonymous with plantations). Every farmer is allowed to employ, as servants and labourers, a fixed number of natives. This is an effectual mode of limiting the black population. Besides

[6] The territory is about 70,000 square miles in extent.

this, there are two 'reserves,' or localities set apart for the natives. The number of the whites is reckoned at 50,000 or 60,000, and that of blacks at 25,000. What a difference from Natal, where you see 30,000 whites face to face with nearly 400,000 blacks, whose numbers, from immigration and the course of natural laws, are ever on the increase! In the Free State coloured immigration is forbidden. The surplus of the old native population has been compelled to emigrate either to Natal or to Cape Colony. In virtue of a convention with England, the frontiers of the Orange Republic on the side of Basutoland are guarded by the Imperial Government conjointly with the Government of Cape Colony. 'Thus, thanks to the traditional wisdom of the Dutch,' as a high English official once remarked to me, 'and to the adroitness of President Brand, this Free State is protected against a double danger—that of being overrun by black immigrants and that of being invaded by armed and hostile natives.'

Johannes Henricus Brand, the son of a President of the House of Assembly at Cape Town, born in that town in 1822, sent to Leyden in Holland to study law, a barrister in London and at the Cape, was elected President of the Orange Free State in 1863, and after several re-elections still occupies this high and important position. He is, and

passes for being, one of the most remarkable men in this part of the world. Nevertheless, as persons say who know him intimately, he owed his success less to his exceptional intelligence than to the sound sense, the sober-mindedness, and the courage which distinguish him, and, above all, to a *bonhomie* and natural charm of manner which disarm his opponents and often convert them into friends. The Imperial Government, wishing to make some recognition of his merits, conferred upon him, not without startling somewhat the austere republican virtue of the burghers, the honour of knighthood, which, after some hesitation, he accepted. Nevertheless, he does not judge it prudent to take advantage of the title of Sir, though his wife, more courageous than he, and not without a certain influence, calls herself Lady Brand. Of all the territories inhabited by white Afrikanders, the Orange Free State is the most tranquil and the best consolidated. Putting aside the merits of the President, the State owes these advantages—I am careful to repeat it, for it involves a vital element of South African politics—to the favourable numerical proportion between the white and coloured populations. The latter have ceased to be a danger to the former. But this proportion can only be maintained by shutting the State against the invasion from outside, whether peace-

ful or violent, of the Basutos and other natives. Now this task, which would be too much for the strength of the Orange burghers, is effected, as has been said, by a government more powerful than theirs, that of England. Look at the Transvaal, at Cape Colony, and above all at British Kaffraria and Natal, and you will find there permanent distractions and periodical troubles, caused in each case by the numerical superiority, which is enormous, of the black element.

Of the two Dutch republics, the Transvaal, this favourite resort of filibusters, both white and of mixed blood, is the less consolidated state, the one more exposed to the incursions of hostile tribes, and the worse governed. The principal personage, President Krüger, the son of a Boer, is not a Brand.

The English.—These consist either of traders or farmers. In the eastern provinces of Cape Colony, and in Natal, the number of English planters far exceeds that of the Dutch. These English have brought with them their clear minds, strong arms, and intrepid hearts, together with considerable capital. Like all the colonisers of this nation, very few of them belong to the gentry; the mass come from the lower middle classes; a certain contingent is furnished by the people. Few of them, perhaps not one, comes out with any intention of remaining. Their energy is pro-

verbial, their temerity unparalleled, and their activity in proportion. But the traders are suffering from the depression in the markets of the world, and from the disastrous effects of wild speculation in gold-mining or diamond-digging companies. The farmers suffer also from the general downward movement. And on all alike, whether farmers or traders, weighs the sense of insecurity caused by the numerical preponderance of the blacks. In the Boers, whom they thoroughly dislike, they see rivals and malcontents; in the blacks, lazy fellows who ought to be whipped, instead of being treated as their equals.

The official world, obliged to hold the balance between men of every colour, pursues a different course of ideas. It is composed of gentlemen, born to a large extent in England, but also of English Afrikanders, and the Dutch are not excluded from the public service. You meet with them in all the high posts of the administration and judiciary. For many years England has sent out here, as governors, men of worth, and has surrounded them with excellent staffs. If most of these high functionaries have left their posts in disgrace, it is evidently not in the men (I am speaking of those who have been sent out), but in the state of things, that the causes of this circumstance must be sought.

The *Germans*, putting aside their colonies in British Kaffraria, where they form small compact communities, are scattered over Cape Colony. They do not constitute as yet a separate element. But their reputation as farmers is made. They pass for the best, and their only rivals are the Scotch farmers. This is the opinion of all the Englishmen whom I have met and questioned on the subject.

I must not omit to mention the politicians—the men who make politics their profession, the Parliament men *par excellence*. They are cosmopolitans—English, English Afrikanders, Dutch Afrikanders, and Germans. There is little to distinguish them from their brethren in Europe.

Such are the various elements which make up the populations of South Africa. In Cape Colony, the proportion of English to Dutch is one to two; of whites to men of colour, one to four. But we must not lose sight of the cardinal fact that, excepting the frontiers formed by the sea and the Orange Free State, this colony is surrounded by countries inhabited by blacks. The possibility of invasion, therefore, will have to be taken into account. In this respect Natal can offer a precedent. In 1844 Mr. Justice Cloete reported to Governor Napier, that when the English first occupied that territory there were only 3,000 natives, of whom a third part were perishing of hunger.

But in the space of two or three years, thanks to a sudden immigration of Zulus, the black population rose to 100,000, and reached in 1876 a total of nearly 400,000. Even this total is now actually exceeded.

In 1856, Cape Colony was given a constitution with a responsible government. This measure, which from the first gave rise, even at the Cape, to a conflict of opinion, and was in reality hailed with satisfaction only by a small set of politicians, was simply the application of a general principle, then adopted by Her Majesty's Government, in regard to the great colonies of the Crown. The Government left to these colonies the conduct of their affairs, and, in return for this concession, cast upon them the care of providing for their safety. As a logical consequence, the Imperial troops were withdrawn, and a considerable saving of expense to the Home treasury was effected. As for the natives, the Government granted them the same political rights which had been conferred upon the whites. In fact, both whites and blacks were henceforth to be considered and treated as equals, and, consequently, admitted to vote on a footing of perfect equality. Canada, Australia, and even New Zealand, where the native element left is but small, appear to flourish well enough under this half-republican and wholly democratic *régime*.

Such, then, is the constitution now existing in Cape Colony; perfect autonomy, the political equality of all the inhabitants, without difference of colour; and lastly, the obligation, which hitherto it has been impossible completely to fulfil, of providing for their own defence.

The Governor,[7] appointed by the Queen for a term of five years, and armed, in a certain measure, with the powers of a constitutional sovereign, neither reigns nor governs. Nevertheless, he appoints and dismisses the Ministers, at the will of the Parliament. He has the right to dissolve the Legislative Assembly, but, as a general rule, he would not care to do so. His chief power rests in the veto he can oppose to votes and bills which he judges to be prejudicial to the interests of the Empire. He acts under the directions of the Secretary of State for the Colonies, who in turn is subject to the fluctuations of domestic politics in England.

In addition to this, the Governor of the Cape Colony as a rule exercises the important functions of High Commissioner for the territories of South Africa, subject, under various designations, to the influence of the British Crown, though not forming any actual part of the two colonies.

I shall not attempt—and it would not fall

[7] See page 30.

within the scope of this journal—to retrace here the history of this part of the African continent since the conquest of the Cape by the English. I do not purpose to enumerate the annexations, disannexations, and reannexations, the periodical wars with the Kaffirs, the wars with the Zulus, the wars with the Boers in the Transvaal, the military expeditions into independent countries, dictated by imperious necessity; the transactions with the two Dutch republics; a peace signed after three defeats; the parcelling of Zululand, followed by the restoration of a savage king, who had but recently been made a prisoner after a bloody campaign; the conventions concluded, modified, cancelled, and remade, according to the need of the hour or the changing views of the cabinets and parties which in England came successively into power. All these facts have been accomplished under our eyes. I must therefore suppose them to be known, at least by those who interest themselves in the affairs of South Africa.

Everyone is agreed on one point—that the state of South Africa is far from satisfactory. A celebrated saying might be applied to it, which was once applied to Turkey: It is a sick man.

Now let us examine this disease. I put aside, at the outset, all personal questions. It would

be presumptuous on the part of a stranger, who has spent so short a time as I did in the country, to set himself up as a judge of public men who have made themselves most conspicuous by their conduct of affairs in this part of the world. More than that, it would be useless. The mischief evidently lies, not in the men but in the state of things; that is to say, in the configuration of the country, in the difference between the races which make up the population, and lastly, in the organisation of the government. The proof of this is, that of all the Governors who have followed each other at the Cape—and among them have been some statesmen of distinction and many of great ability—not one has succeeded completely, or has only succeeded for a time, in maintaining material order, and still less in establishing a stable and really satisfactory state of things. The disease lies therefore, I repeat it, in the things, and not in the men.

I have already alluded to the geographical situation of the two colonies, their frontiers open to immense and almost unknown regions, inhabited by savage hordes, who, in consequence of revolutions or intestine wars, or, as has happened to Natal, to escape from the cruelties of a tyrannical king, may at any moment inundate colonial territory. I have also described the special charac-

teristics of the inhabitants. It remains to deal with the constitution.

The constitution of Cape Colony is founded on the two principles of absolute autonomy in colonial affairs and of the political equality of races.

The Anglo-Saxon is born to be autonomous. Whoever has seen him at work in different parts of the globe will comprehend that autonomy must form the foundation of the constitution of a colony inhabited exclusively or in a large majority by Anglo-Saxons. The Dutch Boers after their manner detest as much as, nay more than, the English the intervention of any power in their affairs. Here, therefore, as in the Australian colonies, the task of the Governor is reduced to the prevention of encroachments on the province of Imperial interests. In this respect, setting aside the coloured population, the parallel between the Cape and Australasia is complete, with only this shade of difference—a very important one, it is true—that in the Australian colonies the English and their descendants form the immense majority, while at the Cape two-thirds of the white population are Dutch; and that if the recent reawakening of national spirit among the latter leads to a greater participation of the Boers in political and parliamentary life, the power must inevitably pass to the Dutch majorities. This contingency en-

gages the serious attention of English residents in Africa.

The second principle is that of the political equality of whites and blacks.

No doubt, from the Christian's point of view, who says our Saviour has shed His blood for all, and in the sense of the philosopher, who maintains that everyone, black as well as white, is called to enjoy an equal share of the pleasures of the world, we are all equal; but no one, except utopists, whose influence, alas, is considerable, and whose number is legion, will seriously affirm that the Kaffirs, the tribes of Namaqualand, and the degenerate races of Hottentot blood are, like ourselves, capable of voting, of being elected, or of sitting in the Houses and on committees—in short, of protecting their interests by following the parliamentary ways of civilised societies. And yet this is what the law assumes. Only, thanks to the force of circumstances, more powerful than the utopias of man, this law remains still a dead-letter, and fortunately so, for on the day when the constitution should become a reality, the first step taken by the black majority would probably be to vote the expulsion of the whites. It may be asked, If the blacks are our equals, as the fundamental law declares, how is it that they, who outnumber the white population of the colony by four to one, are not now in pos-

session of the majority? For the very simple reason that they have no idea of making use of their constitutional rights. There is no danger, therefore, whatever for the present moment. The blacks do not vote, but they are governed by a white majority in Parliament composed in great part of men who require black labour, and who consequently are not disinterested legislators and masters. There can be no question that this law, though inspired by a sentiment of philanthropy, has in the end produced effects contrary to the intention of those who made it. It was their wish to make the black the equal of the white; now he is not so yet, and he probably never will be so. But in granting him political rights which he does not know how to use, they have deprived him of that exceptional, paternal, and effective protection which the native in all the Crown colonies enjoys from the representative of the Queen.

Experience has shown the impossibility, in the long run, of governing colonies of mixed populations, where the blacks form the large majority, by means of a responsible or parliamentary government. Thus Jamaica has asked, on its own initiative, to be made again a Crown colony. Natal, on the representations of Lord Wolseley, has done the same. Cape Colony, I have been told confidentially by politicians of Cape Town, will be obliged sooner or later to follow suit.

The admission of the principle of race equality in the constitution of this colony is, in my opinion, the first cause of the malady which I am endeavouring to diagnose.

The Governor, as has been said, is usually, in addition, High Commissioner for South Africa. In this double capacity he acts partly as plenipotentiary of the Imperial Government, and partly as representative of the interests of the colony, which includes territories inhabited almost entirely by savages; and his authority extends also indirectly, partially, and under divers titles, to the Kaffirs, the Basutos, the Bechuanas, and to Stellaland, &c. The colony thus shares with the mother-country certain duties and certain expenses, and, as a logical consequence, enjoys the power of discussing and determining, in concert with the High Commissioner, the line of policy to be followed in given cases.

Here, then, are two powers, starting from different points of view, and embracing different horizons; and no one will deny that that of the statesmen who govern the British Empire is the more extensive of the two—two powers called to act together in the pursuit of interests rarely identical, often diverse, and sometimes opposed, and to act under circumstances in which the chief part is played by the unknown and the unexpected. Add to this, that each of them seeks to throw upon the

other the cost, whether permanent or temporary, of undertakings entered upon jointly. It is needless to deduce the awkward consequences of this system. They are self-evident at once, for they constitute the history of English dominion in South Africa. Beyond doubt the periodical commotions, arising frequently on a sudden in the midst of the black populations who live outside the confines of the colony, jeopardise the public peace in that colony, menace its commercial relations with the interior of the continent, and become, in short, a cause of dangers and troubles to its own territory. Theoretically, it is therefore the duty of the colony, enjoying, as it does, perfect autonomy, to provide the means of defence or repression. But experience proves that, left to itself, it is politically, financially, and in a military sense, incapable of fulfilling this task; that it requires the assistance of the Empire; and that the co-operation of these two powers leads to inextricable complications, and to conflicts which paralyse all action, sometimes at moments when delay means danger.

I think, then, that the annexation of black territories to Cape Colony, and the interference of the colony in the affairs of the savage countries which are adjacent, that is to say, lying outside its frontiers, constitute another cause of the malady.

But the chief source and origin of all the evils

must be sought, it seems to me, in the want of stability in the supreme conduct of South African affairs.

The Governor and High Commissioner is appointed for five years. He requires one or two of these, more probably two, to acquaint himself thoroughly with men and affairs, and, what is also most important, to make himself known in the colony. His real activity scarcely begins till his third year of office, and it ends at the close of the fourth; the fifth year being always more or less like the last days of a dying man, occupied in making his will, but knowing well that his wishes will not be respected by his successor. For if the successor is the inheritor of his place, he is not the inheritor of the ideas which his predecessor has endeavoured to carry out during his short stay in the colony. These reflections, which are not made by way of criticism—it is not my part to criticise—apply equally to India and to all the English colonies. The brief duration of the functions of each Governor, founded perhaps on considerations unconnected with colonial interests, is certainly one of the causes, though not the principal one, of the want of stability in the political conduct of affairs in South Africa.

On the other hand, the Governors, like the officials belonging to the diplomatic service, are

not changed—and wisely so, in my opinion—when a political change takes place in England. They stand outside the struggle of parties. It is none the less true that the authority and prestige of a representative of the Crown, sent out by a Conservative Ministry, are singularly lessened, in the colony, by the accession of a Liberal Cabinet, and *vice versâ*. Not only does the Governor then cease to enjoy the complete confidence of the Colonial Secretary of State, but most frequently he finds himself in this dilemma: either he puts himself into opposition with the new head of the department, and in that case will assuredly come off second-best; or else, in conformity with his new instructions, which are probably very different from, if not the exact opposite of, those which have hitherto guided him, he has to retrace his steps, and undo what he has done—a sure means of losing consideration in the eyes of the colonists.

But, to sum up all, the Governors are only the supreme organs of the Imperial Government; they must conform to the orders of the Secretary of State. The source of the evil lies therefore in the centre, and it is there that the remedy will have to be applied. The question, it seems to me, is how to find a dominant and directing idea, placed above and outside the oscillations in the domestic politics of the day, and the individual notions of Ministers

who come and go. It will be for statesmen in authority to conceive this idea, for Parliament to pronounce upon it, and for the British Government with the aid of the Governors, and, if necessary, of the local governments, to give it practical shape, and to adapt it to the exigencies of time and place. If it is just, the support of the national instinct will not be wanting.

Nothing has struck me so much as the discouragement which I found prevailing in the two South African colonies. What alarms and paralyses the officials is not the embarrassments of every kind, the difficulties and the dangers, evident if not imminent, which have accumulated on African soil, but the uncertainties which hang over the supreme conduct of affairs, the natural result of the absence of any dominant and, so to speak, unchangeable idea or plan.

When I say unchangeable, the word must not be taken too literally. There is nothing unchangeable in politics except principles, so long as it is possible not to deviate from them, which, moreover, one seldom does with impunity. But a man must know what he wants, and must change his mind as little as possible. Were I an Englishman, that is all I should ask of those who preside over the destinies of the country. Everyone, and, above all, Africa, should know that the pro-

gramme adopted by the English nation is placed, as far as possible, beyond the pale of ministerial changes and the strife of parties. This is what I mean by an unchangeable idea.

It will be necessary to choose between three courses. The first is, to keep and consolidate present possessions. The second is, to extend those possessions *ad infinitum*, or to some imaginary or natural limit, paying regard only to the colonies of other European nations, and thus to make an Indian Africa; the third is, to evacuate this part of the continent, except the Cape of Good Hope, or such other point on the southern coast as might serve for a harbour of refuge and a coaling station.

This last solution would meet the views of a small school of politicians, who desire the dismemberment of the British Empire, but who, so far as I am able to judge, have lately lost ground considerably in England, as well as in the English possessions abroad. No one who has visited the Cape and Natal will ever counsel the abandonment of those colonies. The consequences of such a policy are easy to foresee. The Dutch, who form the majority of whites, would try to found a third Dutch republic. The English residents would oppose the attempt. There would be a conflict. Both sides would be compelled to seek an alliance with the blacks, and this

alliance, according to good logic—though facts, it is true, sometimes assert their independence of logical rules—must, of necessity, entail the ruin of the whites.

With respect to the first two contingencies I would make one general observation.

The English in Africa are in a position analogous to that occupied by their fellow-countrymen in India towards the independent princes, before all those who inhabited the vast triangle, situated between the sea, the Hindoo Koosh, and the Himalayas had been, directly or indirectly, made subject to the Queen's sceptre, and in the position still occupied by the Russians in Central Asia. Your neighbours are barbarians. Depredations, violations of the frontier, incursions by savage hordes or by bands of filibusters are the order of the day. To put a stop to these your troops have to cross the frontiers and chastise the peace-breakers. Nothing is more easy. But if, when this is done, you return to your old position, all will have to be begun anew. You, therefore, keep part of your neighbours' territory; in other words, you annex it to your own, you advance your frontiers. But the same state of things repeats itself and entails the same consequences. This is the history of Central Asia, of India, and of South Africa.

There are imperious and irresistible necessities, events lying outside your influence and control, which compel you to advance. Do you wish to advance or not? The whole question is comprised in that.

It is on this paramount question that it seems to me necessary to come to some final and unswerving resolution.

One of the most frequent complaints I have heard is that, when difficulties arise at such and such a point of this immense territory, it is the custom to smooth them over, according to the needs of the hour and place, instead of dealing with them broadly from the standpoint of the permanent and general interests of the colony and the Empire. But this would presuppose a system, and it is precisely a system which is wanted.

To sum up, English Africa suffers from a constitutional malady; the fact that its population is composed of diverse races. To alleviate the bad effects of this, it will be found necessary, in so far as the relations between the Dutch and English are concerned, to seek a *modus vivendi*. The question of coloured labourers in the service of the Boers will be the hardest to settle. As for the natives, the inhabitants of the colony properly so called, no less than the black populations of adjacent territories, I suppose it will be admitted to be indispensable

that they should be placed under the exclusive and absolute control of the Imperial Government.

On this subject I will quote the following passage from a recent official document,[8] relating, it is true, to the islands of the Western Pacific, but perfectly applicable to the question now before us: 'Any departure from the maxim hitherto invariably acted upon (but not in Africa) by Her Majesty's Government, that where large bodies of natives and a small number of whites are brought together under one (local) Government, their control should be entrusted to an authority directly responsible to the Imperial Government, and able to bear itself impartially between conflicting interests, would, we think, be in the highest degree unfortunate. To entrust such control to the legislature of any Australian colony is, in fact, to entrust it to an oligarchy, in which those governed (the blacks) have no representation whatever, and which cannot but be influenced in a greater or less degree by its own selfish interests.' Subject to this important reservation, the autonomy of the white communities will not, I imagine, be interfered with, but will be left to them intact. Let them govern themselves by all means, but not govern the blacks.

[8] Report of a Commission appointed to inquire into the working of the Western Pacific Orders in Council. Presented to Parliament, Feb. 1884.

Besides this constitutional malady, there are petty ailments, indispositions, and disorders. These will call for a doctor and treatment, and the more seldom the doctor and treatment are changed the more probable and more prompt will be the cure.

But the political question—that which I have touched upon above, namely, expansion, the *status quo*, abandonment or confederation—is paramount to all the rest. Thanks to the wisdom of her statesmen and the good sense of the nation, England will ultimately find a solution.

You might say, but I hope you will not, What presumption on the part of a stranger to offer an opinion, not to say advice (which is far from my thoughts) about our affairs in Africa!

To this I will reply: What you have been reading represents, it is true, my personal impressions, but at the same time it is only the echo of what has been told me by men who count among the most devoted children of their mother-country, and who are among those best qualified to judge of the situation.

PART II.

NEW ZEALAND.

CHAPTER I.

THE PASSAGE.

FROM CAPE TOWN TO MELBOURNE, SEPTEMBER 13 TO OCTOBER 5.
FROM MELBOURNE TO THE BLUFFS (NEW ZEALAND), OCT. 10 TO 15.

Delights and drawbacks of a voyage in the Southern Seas—Gulls—Passengers—Distances.

ON September 13, at five o'clock in the evening, the 'John Elder,' of the Orient Line, put to sea. Since the second day the monotonous song of the sailors as they set the sails, has been giving proof that we have reached the region of the trade-winds. In the latitudes where the Indian mingles with the Antarctic Ocean, westerly winds blow throughout the year, and the icy currents from the Polar Sea take the same direction. It is these winds and these currents that enable

large steamers to cover in nineteen or twenty days the 6,000 miles which separate the Cape of Good Hope from Australia. During all this voyage no land is to be seen, or port of refuge, or coaling station. It would be impossible to return by the same route, for if the same quantity of coal were consumed, a speed of six miles an hour at the outside could be attained, and this would lengthen the voyage to forty-one days and eight hours. No ship could carry the amount of fuel requisite for a higher rate of speed. In returning, therefore, from Australia to England, you come through the Straits of Magellan, when the state of the atmosphere allows the entrance to be found, or more generally round by Cape Horn. This Company prefers the longer route by Aden and the Red Sea, as the Australians, who form the majority of the passengers, dread the great cold at the southern extremity of America. During the war in Egypt last year two vessels of the Orient Line made the voyage from Australia to the Cape across the Indian Ocean, but they were forced to descend to the thirtieth parallel in order to reach the latitude of Madagascar, and then to skirt the eastern shore of Africa. The additional expense of this route, which is very considerable, prevents it from being taken in ordinary times.

Several days have elapsed since the 'John Elder' left African waters. The weather is fine but the sea rough. Last night my trunks were cutting capers in my cabin. The atmosphere is delicious; it bronzes and braces you, clears the brain, and exhilarates like champagne. You manage to sleep in spite of the rolling, and, what is more surprising, in spite of the screaming children. The air is chilly, but the cold is scarcely perceptible. The wind of the ship being neutralised by the westerly winds that drive us onward, a dead calm reigns on deck. It is a singular contrast to the foaming of the waves and the sportive flight of the birds that follow us—the albatross with its stupid look, majestic carriage, and enormous spread of wings; the frightened gulls, the Cape fowls, those clowns of the air who delight in somersaults, and the sea-pigeons, which always fly in couples. All these birds dart up and down, describe elliptical curves, skim the waves with the tips of their wings without wetting their feet, and fly around over our heads. Scattered over the ocean, they only come to land in the summer, when they lay their eggs. At that season the solitary shores of Australia, the Pacific Islands, and in this ocean the desert island of St. Paul, which we passed on our left, and Kerguelen's Land on our right, are covered with

millions of eggs. The birds which are accompanying our ship have followed us from the Cape. They are always the same; they disappear with the sun, it is their bedtime; they sleep seated upon the waves. The sailors tell us that at the first break of dawn they rise high enough to see the vessel which they left the evening before. It is certain that they always rejoin it two or three hours after sunrise. Considering the rapid motion of a steamer, one hardly knows which to admire most—the distance these creatures can see or the swiftness of their flight. But all is not rose-coloured in the life of a gull. To-day some hundreds of them were resting in groups upon the waves, apparently exchanging ideas in familiar conversation. It was like a movable drawing-room filled with women all talking, when suddenly an albatross of imposing appearance, seated in the centre of the company, disappeared below the water. His friends simultaneously took to flight. It was a general *sauve qui peut.* Poor albatross! a shark had seized him.

The 'John Elder' is an excellent ship belonging to the Pacific Company, and chartered for a certain time, together with captain, officers, and crew, by the Orient Line. Although there is no

live stock on board, we are provided with excellent food. Meat, fish, and vegetables, kept in an ice-chamber, are reduced to a frozen state. The Australian beef which is served to us was shipped at Sydney in sufficiently large quantities to supply the needs of the voyage out and home. It is what is called the freezing process, and it answers admirably on board our ship.

The passengers, with few exceptions, belong to the lower middle class. The majority are Scotch. They are farmers, small traders, and artisans, almost all of them men of vigour, bearing on their brows the stamp of energy and of a conviction that they will make their fortunes. When you see the determined expression of their faces, the sturdy arms, and healthful looks of these future pioneers of civilisation, you can scarcely doubt of their success. Their wives are of the same sort, and the babies, to judge from the power of their little lungs, promise well for the future. There are also a good number of Australians returning from a visit to the old country. They appear to belong to the same sphere of life, and there are amongst them men of herculean frame. Their discussions are at times very animated, but the vivacity of their talk disturbs but slightly the good humour of the company. Fun also is carried to a great length, and sometimes to ex-

tremes. This practical joking, as they call it, may end in fisticuffs. I am told that in such cases it is generally the beaten man who makes the apology —a homage rendered to physical superiority. Let me add that, even though you may not hear the Queen's English spoken by them, they never utter a word that could make a modest woman blush. In the midst of these rough sons of Albion the young girls run no risk, but woe to the man who displeases the company.

In this coarse set some gentlemen are conspicuous, and amongst them a charming young man whom the doctors had sent to the Antipodes. Doctors, I am afraid, do not always know what they are doing when they tear an invalid from the care of his family, the comforts of home, and the society of his friends, to subject him to the tedium of a long voyage;—the sleeplessness caused by the rolling of the ship on a sea perpetually in motion; the indifferent food provided on board a large steamer (the 'John Elder' is quite an exception); the depression he will feel on arriving in a distant land, and, finally, the sadness of the solitary life he will lead there. It is not without heartache that I see this handsome young fellow with his narrow shoulders, his flat chest, his glittering eyes, his noble features and careful dress, mix with the vigorous men who, every day that the sea allows, devote themselves to

athletic sports so popular amongst the English. Then, overcome by fatigue, he sinks down and stretches himself upon the deck. The perspiration stands in beads upon his forehead, and is dried by the icy wind. This is not the treatment he requires; and yet I have met on my voyages with several invalids condemned to this deportation by doctors, who may be very clever about medicine, but who know nothing, except from books, about these distant voyages across oceans.

I am much amused by a young Yankee. When he wants to make anyone's acquaintance, he goes up and asks him: 'What is your name?' He is nicknamed accordingly 'What's your name.' In the little smoking-room he is to be seen perched in a marvellous manner between two tables, his back resting upon a bench. This is, or rather was, an American custom which does not strike those who have travelled in the United States as anything remarkable. Now it is going out of fashion. This young man, who is immensely popular, has an open countenance, a turned-up nose, and a bold but not impudent expression. He talks loud and with a nasal twang, relates spicy anecdotes, never coarse and often witty; is not wanting in humour, and, in the rare intervals during which he remains silent, always whistles the same air. Properly speaking, far from being vulgar, he is rather

distinguished after his fashion. The American democrat seeks to become the equal of his superiors by himself ascending the social ladder; the European democrat by dragging them down to his level. The one is spurred by emulation, the other by jealousy.

My great resource is an old Scotch missionary, I believe a Presbyterian, now entrusted with the cure of souls in a considerable town in New South Wales. He has given me a small book to read of which he is the author. The title alone tells more than volumes: 'Christian Missions to wrong Places, among wrong Races and in wrong Hands.' It is a very curious work. The author endeavours to prove, with the aid of official statistics, that apart from the black races of Africa and India and the yellow races of China and Japan, all the other coloured populations are rapidly becoming extinct, and will have completely disappeared in the course of the twentieth century. He concludes by saying that one ought to give up a task doomed to be fruitless; in other words, suppress the missions maintained in these countries and employ them elsewhere.

I have been present with several others at a discussion between two passengers. According to

one of these, the 'division of property (in England) is only a question of time. The present owners will be left in the enjoyment of their lands. Their sons will have these reduced to half, their grandsons will be completely dispossessed. The Nihilists are in the right. As to the assassinations committed by them, this is a delicate and complex question deserving study.' There have always been people who talked in this strain, but what appeared to me new was to hear these doctrines set forth naïvely, simply, and boldly by a man of some position, on board a large English steamer. Twenty, nay ten years ago this would have been utterly impossible; the public, if I am not very much mistaken, would never have tolerated such language. And yet people say that Old England does not make progress! Why, she advances with giant strides!

It is not only by over-lively discussions and too frequent libations that the monotony of the voyage is relieved. It appears that the air of the ocean inclines people to tender sentiments. And in this particular the middle-class Anglo-Saxons amongst whom I am thrown show a sincerity, a gravity, and an earnestness that touch me. Two people make acquaintance upon deck, they meet in the passages.

A few days are sufficient to kindle mutual love. These flirtations go on under the eyes of everybody, and neither shock nor astonish anyone. All know that the nuptial benediction will take place the very day of landing or the day after.

However, if morality is to be defended everyone lends his hand. A gentleman, known to be married, having taken it into his head to court a young girl among the second-class passengers, and attempted to enter her room during the night, was seized upon by some of the other passengers and pretty roughly handled. It was only with great difficulty that the officer on watch succeeded in rescuing this Don Juan from the hands of the guardians of public decency. However, the following morning, when the culprit reappeared, with his head bandaged, amongst those who had so roughly chastised him, they received him kindly. Justice had been done, and there is mercy for every sinner.

This long voyage draws near its end. It is the most solitary route traversed by steamers. On the way from San Francisco to Japan you run at least the chance of meeting the ship belonging to the same Company on its return voyage. Here, nothing of the kind is possible. The last steamer

preceded us a month ago, and the next one will follow us in a month's time. During the whole passage you are a small black speck running towards your destination at an average rate of three hundred miles a day, in a line somewhere about the 45th degree of South latitude, which you will not leave until you approach Australia. Sailing vessels braving the tempests and the intense cold of the Southern Ocean go as far as the 50th degree in search of fresher winds and narrower meridians.

I have never had a pleasanter passage. The sky was always of a clear grey, turning into pearl when, in the afternoon, a pale sun pierced the haze and bathed the ship in its tender light. I have passed my twenty days, which have fled away like a dream, ensconced from morning to night in my armchair, wrapped in a sheepskin from Kaffraria, and devouring a library of books. Not one moment of *ennui*, simply a feeling of perfect health. Thus have I crossed the immense distance separating the Cape of Good Hope from the capital of Victoria, the meridian of Vienna from that of the region of Kamschatka!

I arrived at Melbourne on the 5th of October and put to sea again on the 10th, and on the 15th, towards evening, after a stormy crossing in a small

colonial steamer, I saw the giants, covered with ice and snow, which shield from the never-ceasing fury of the elements the great South or Middle Island of New Zealand.

Our vessel lay to in a bay of the little Pilots-island, and the next morning we were set down safe and well at the Bluffs, a small port at the southern extremity of New Zealand. I was received there by the mayor of Invercargill and a young Oxonian, Mr. F. Jackson, who kindly undertook to conduct me across the colony.

CHAPTER II

SOUTH ISLAND.

OCTOBER 15 TO OCTOBER 24, 1883.

Invercargill—Lake Wakatipu—Dunedin—Christchurch—
A station in the interior.

THE Bluffs, a simple group of a few houses, is connected by a railway with Invercargill, the southernmost town of the globe.[1] The mayor, from the moment I saw him, attracted my attention. He looks like what he is, a self-made man, one of those to whom no difficulties are insurmountable. By his calm, simple, modest, and withal dignified demeanour; by the expression of his face, by his penetrating look, you recognise at once the man of sterling worth. He came from England, first to Australia, and dug for gold at Ballarat and Bendigo without finding any. In New Zealand he has been more fortunate. At Otago he saved enough to buy a small farm, and in course of time was able to set up his sons as tanners. He himself, I believe, is now

[1] 46° latitude S.

a shoemaker. While talking to me of the political state of the island, with a clearness of understanding not confused by ill-digested reading, he was examining attentively the cut and leather of my boots, and recognised at once their Parisian make. He then drew from his pocket a printed paper giving an account of a lecture on municipal questions which he had delivered at some meeting. This short statement was written simply, clearly, and correctly; there was no trace of style or finish, but it was evident that the author thoroughly understood the subject he was dealing with. He showed me with a smile his hands, which bore marks of the tools of his trade. This mayor is a type of the men you sometimes meet with in the English colonies —men who, though living by handiwork, play the leading part in the district. They are, above all, citizens without being politicians, but yet with a bit of the statesman about them. However humble their position, they exercise an obscure and always unknown, but active, often important and even sometimes decisive influence on the march of events which constitute the history of their new country. Chance rarely favours you with a glance at these anonymous books, which open out to you new vistas, throw light on complex questions, and could serve as commentaries on the Lives of Plutarch.

We drove through the young town of Invercargill in a carriage belonging to the municipality. Straight streets, 133 feet wide, and of seemingly interminable length, are waiting for houses to line them. But the centre is already filled with wooden dwellings, roofed with corrugated iron. Public edifices, amongst which stands out the library called the Athenæum, display their richly ornamented façades. The inhabitants, justly proud of these magnificent monuments, look upon them as a token of the future prosperity of their growing town, destined to become the great centre of export for the southern part of South Island.

An icy rain, and a wind that cuts our faces to the bone, remind us that we are near the Polar Sea.

The Government has kindly offered us all sorts of facilities. Not the least of these is a saloon carriage, and a free pass on all the lines of the two islands. A special train takes my young companion and myself to the southern extremity of the famous Lake Wakatipu.

We traverse rapidly a broken, treeless plain, partly cultivated in the environs of the town, but changing into pasturage farther off. Patches of yellow grass alternate with others of green. All around us are hedges of gorse covered with light orange-yellow flowers. Ever and again

our train disturbs flocks of sheep, which are feeding along the line. The land is yellow, the sky grey, the chain of the Moonlight Hills, which we are approaching, bluish-black. Past Athol station the country becomes quite uncultivated and wild. Save a few herdsmen's huts, all built after the same pattern, there is not a trace of any human dwelling. Before reaching the shores of the lake, the railroad winds its way through a labyrinth of moraines, which the neighbouring glaciers have deposited in the course of centuries.

We reach Kingstown about one o'clock. This town, so called, consists of a small inn, another house, and the station, which forms the terminus of the railway.

The sky has suddenly cleared. The wind is still cold, but the sun has become intensely hot.

A small steamboat is going to take us to Queenstown, about midway between the two extremities of this long and comparatively narrow sheet of water. Its sides, consisting of treeless mountains, shrouded in a whitish-yellow mist, rise gradually to a height of 5,000 or 6,000 feet. At a place called Halfway Bay is seen a narrow gorge flanked with perpendicular rocks. The transparent shadows of the dark clouds passing by, the greenish-brown boulders tinged with yellow, the dark-blue water of the lake, the opal sky with light fleecy

clouds of white, formed a landscape that seemed to me entirely new. I have seen nothing like it in the Alps, the Pyrenees, the Caucasus, or the Cordilleras. The whole was stern, grand, fantastic, and charming in spite of its monotony, varied, however, by the changing reflections of the sunlight.

The great distance of the mountain-tops from the shores of the lake that bathes their feet, produces two optical effects. The peaks appear at first sight less high than in reality they are, but the gradual slope of these giants allows the snow to remain upon them. There are scarcely any bare rocks to be seen. A white shroud covers these Alps of New Zealand, while their feet are wrapped in a plaid woven of *tussock*, the yellow grass of the country. This effect is very singular. Were it not for the burning sun, you would almost think yourself in an Arctic country.

Other optical delights await us at Queenstown. In the space of a few hours, by one of those sudden changes in the weather which are peculiar to these islands, a summer's evening has followed on a winter's day. The lake is silver-gilt, a dull gold lightly silvered. At the farthest end of the landscape, towards the north-west, and forming, as it were, a frame to this brilliant mirror,

the jagged outline of the dark mountains stands out clear cut against a sky which is orange below, then pink, and higher up bright blue. The intermediate tints defy description. Here and there small flakes of blackish mist, edged with light grey, still mark the outlines of the crests from which they have just detached themselves. Overhead, beneath a dark-blue sky, pink clouds are floating, shaped like a shower of rockets. Then night comes on, and the full moon rises above the glaciers. It is the second scene in the pyrotechnical display on which, comfortably seated in our armchairs, we gaze with admiration through the large pointed window of our drawing-room. Satiated with the charms of nature the famished travellers wait impatiently for dinner. It is very good and well served. This excellent hotel, first established by a German, has been and is now managed to perfection by his widow.

The town that bears this name is very pretty. It owes its origin to the gold mines of Otago. In its best days it reckoned six thousand inhabitants, reduced at present to eight hundred, most of whom are Irish. But it is not the less prosperous for that, and this new prosperity is more solid than that which went before, being due, not to the gold mines which in time are exhausted, but to the charms of nature and climate, which reproduce

themselves, and attract periodically, during summer time, a crowd of visitors.

October 16.—We passed the whole day in visiting the upper part of the lake, which penetrates right into the lofty chain of mountains, that formidable barrier against which the fury of the ocean spends itself in vain. These are the giants called Humboldt, Cosmos, and Earnslaw. The last, and loftiest, is nearly 10,000 feet in height. Except these white peaks, all is grey of a light or yellowish hue. What you miss is the exuberant vegetation of those Swiss valleys, whose rural charms contrast so well with the severe and imposing character of the glaciers that tower above. There are, indeed, a few wooded spots, but the general aspect is bare. No culture is visible, nor trace of human habitation, except at the end of the lake, at Glenochie and Kinloch, where two or three settlers seem to vegetate poorly enough. Their history is that of the immense majority of gold-seekers. They have failed to find any gold, and have turned farmers. In the hollows of the mountains there are, I am told, some good houses and herdsmen's huts. The former serve as a lodging for the squatters when they come to visit their stations.

Here also the foot of the mountains is covered with the yellow tussock which the sheep feed on, if it has not already been eaten by the rabbits. These animals, imported from England, have become one of the pests of New Zealand, and the Government, in spite of costly efforts, have hitherto failed to exterminate them.

The colonists are, and have reason to be, very proud of their Lake Wakatipu. But they are wrong, it seems to me, in praising its beauty too highly, and ranking it above the lakes of Switzerland and Upper Austria. Such comparisons and exaggerated praise do more harm than good to the object sought to be glorified. In the numerous accounts of this lake which I have read, excepting that by Anthony Trollope, the writers, out of complaisance to the people of the country, re-echo their opinion of its merits. Coming to it as I did, with the impression derived from these brilliant and over-coloured descriptions, I am bound to confess that the reality did not quite come up to my expectations. What I miss is a foreground to the picture—vegetation, man and his dwellings.

October 17.—A long day's journey by train. The country is everywhere the same;—pasturages

surrounded with hedges of gorse in flower, covered with yellow and green herbage, and flecked with white spots, the sheep that scamper off as the train approaches ;—on the horizon, high mountains, yellow at the foot and wreathed in white from the middle to the top ;—herdsmen's huts, and here and there small houses all cast in the same mould. With this a grey sky, and rarely a ray of sunshine. After leaving Crichton station the country becomes better cultivated and more inhabited. The farmers' houses are surrounded by eucalyptus-trees imported from Australia, and please the eye, not, indeed, by the charm of their hackneyed style of architecture, but by the air of prosperity which they share with their owners. The people you meet at the railway stations produce the same impression.

At seven o'clock in the evening the train reaches Dunedin. The mayor and two notabilities of the town, Mr. Cargill and Mr. Russell, informed beforehand of our arrival, kindly receive us at the station and find us quarters at the Fernhill Club.

Dunedin, October 18.—The big coach in which the mayor takes us for a drive through the town to show us the sights, was built here, and gained the first prize at the Sydney Exhibition. Dunedin

is proud of it, and has reason to be so. This youthful community, scarce born so to speak, and already become the most important commercial centre of South Island, is growing visibly from day to day, embarking in all sorts of enterprises and surmounting all kinds of difficulties. Each of these communities is like an infant Hercules who strangles serpents in his cradle.

The town spreads out over hills, descends into little valleys, and finally is lost in the foliage of gardens, groves, and trees imported from abroad—the oak of England, the eucalyptus of Australia, the pines of California and Norfolk Island. The aspect of the streets, broad, long, straight, and flanked by wooden houses, roofed with corrugated iron, reminds one of Australia and America more than England. But the people whom we meet here are unquestionably the sons of the old country, and, if my impression is correct, the Scotch element predominates. There are also a good number of Germans. The latter are well satisfied with their relations with the Anglo-Saxons.

Several fine churches, a large Roman Catholic cathedral now in course of construction, which the bishop, Mgr. Moran, is kind enough to show us, a convent and a very pretty chapel of the Sisters, a museum and schools and various other buildings,

attest the growing wealth, the reputation, and the bold aspirations of this youthful city, which one day perhaps will be the commercial capital of New Zealand.

The environs, a medley of green hills and cliffs, with little bays and with the sea beyond, form a charming framework to this scene.

Christchurch, October 19–23.—We leave Dunedin at eight o'clock by train and pass near Port Chalmers, the port of Dunedin; some three-masters are here afloat, and little steamers come and go. Sea and shore are full of life.

The railway keeps along the coast, following the bends of the cliffs along precipices from fifty to sixty feet in depth. This place of ill repute inspires the people of Dunedin with a 'blue fear;' hence the name of Blueskins which has been given to it. Those who are prudent drive by carriage to one of the next stations, where the railway ceases to inspire such terrors. Our train continues to follow the coast-line, passes over low hills, traverses green pasturages striped with hedges of yellow gorse, startles innumerable sheep, puts down and takes up at the stations, which are always crowded,

numbers of passengers, men and women, well-fed, clean and tidy, and all wearing a prosperous and respectable air.

Farther on, the line crosses near its mouth the river Waitaki, which separated the former province of Otago from that of Canterbury. On the western bank we approached high mountains, entirely covered with snow.[2] At eight o'clock in the evening we entered the station at Christchurch, where we were received by two Germans, the mayor of the town, and Dr. Julius von Haast. These gentlemen took us to the club which bears the name of the city, and is one of the best known in New Zealand.

Nothing can exceed the good management and comfort of the clubs in the English colonies. If you have previously announced your arrival, your friends write down your name and engage a small bedroom furnished with an excellent bed and every other requisite. The cooking is always good, if not perfect, and in the reading-room you find not only the local papers, which are not very interesting to a stranger, but also the leading English journals. The telegrams are posted up regularly as they arrive. The members consist of the notables of the town, and their friends who live in

[2] Mount Cook, the highest point of the chain, is 13,200 feet above the level of the sea.

the country, and stop here on their way.[3] The hotels are not so well spoken of. I am no judge on this point, for, thanks to the clubs and to the hospitality I enjoyed at official or private houses, I never put up at an inn.

The mayor gives up his morning to me, and we visit the town. A native of Electoral Hesse, he came here as a baker's boy; he rose to be a farmer, then a miller, and now, together with his family, is enjoying the fruit of his labours. Notwithstanding his foreign origin, he has had the honour of being elected chief of a municipality composed entirely of English. This seems to me a fact of some significance, as regards the relations between the colonists of different nationalities.

Situated in the midst of a large plain, and separated on the south-east by steep mountains from Lyttelton, its seaport, Christchurch, though built in the rectangular style so common in the colonies, has a decidedly English appearance. The Anglican cathedral, an unfinished Gothic edifice, occupies the centre. Nearly all the houses are built of wood, with their inner walls plastered. They are said to be very comfortable to live in. Only a few of them have two upper stories; most consist simply of a ground-floor, surrounded, faced,

[3] The prices are extremely moderate: ten or twelve shillings a day, food and lodging included.

or flanked by a little garden, or at least by some fine trees. The university is an imposing edifice, of which the hall reminds one of Oxford and Cambridge; altogether, these two seats of learning seem to have stamped their likeness on this town, whose inhabitants are justly famed for their refinement of manners and culture of mind. There are several churches and schools and other buildings of architectural distinction.

The chief stir centres about the neighbourhood of the cathedral, but a short distance off the streets change to long avenues bordered with trees or quickset hedges. This luxury of foliage forms one of the charms of a town where, some thirty years ago, not a tree was to be seen. The farther we go, the more hidden in vegetation are the houses. The town becomes a garden; a few steps more we are in the country. But for the *Ti*, still visible here and there, but already in very scanty numbers, you would think yourself in England. Here, in the suburbs, all animation has ceased. You meet no one but nursery-maids with children; the men are in their warehouses or at their schools; the women are busy at their household affairs; the children alone are enjoying their freedom, which appears to have no limits. They stare at you calmly, with an air half quizzical, half precocious. You can see that nothing astonishes them. *Nil*

admirari is one of the traits of democratic and colonial society.

It is Sunday. I find the Roman Catholic cathedral filled with worshippers, nearly all of them Irish. After Mass, the priest told me that, eighteen years ago, his parish consisted of sixteen souls; to-day there are five thousand. This rapid increase is due, not to conversions, but to the immigration of Irish. If by a missionary we understand one who spreads the Christian religion, the Irishman and his wife are, so far as the propagation of the Roman Catholic religion is concerned, the first and foremost missionaries in Christendom.

But Christchurch, especially this afternoon, bears the mark of the Church of England—a quiet Sunday afternoon. In the morning the bells call the faithful to worship; towards evening all is solitude and silence. Save some men and women in their Sunday clothes, who are on their way to evening service, there is not a soul afoot under the shade of these fine trees. I take a stroll alone in Worcester Street, and I seem to be in the outskirts of some cathedral town of Old England.

This illusion is repeated at every step. I am constantly asking myself whether I am really at the Antipodes, or whether, by some magical process,

I have suddenly been taken back to Europe. As for natives, I have not yet seen one. I shall see some, they tell me, in North Island ; but the fact is, they are disappearing.

Why are these poor Maoris disappearing? The reply is, first, in consequence of the adoption of the European dress. No one has compelled them to adopt it, but, like the Japanese, they love to ape us. Formerly they had nothing but their blankets to cover them, and when they went back to their homes they cast these aside and huddled naked round the fire. On going out again they resumed them. Now, since they have taken to dressing like Europeans, they never leave their clothes, not even at night-time, and so, when they go out of doors in the mornings, they catch cold and die of pulmonary complaints. About the mines, where Europeans abound, the women contract diseases unknown before the whites came. They do not know how to treat them, and many of them die miserably. The children are born with the germ of the disease. And lastly, there are the ravages caused by alcoholic liquors.

Cook found in these regions only birds, not a single quadruped. During his visit here some rats and pigs escaped from his vessels. Since then, bees have been imported, which consume what the birds used to feed upon, and cause them to disappear.

In the Museum, of which Dr. Von Haast is the founder and director, there are birds of a kind very common only ten years ago, and now become extremely rare; others, like the *Moa*, have completely disappeared. The sole survivor is the *Kea*, a green parrot, the scourge and terror of the poor sheep; it fastens upon their backs and devours their loins. On the shores of Lake Wakatipu, and in other places, it kills upwards of ten per cent. of them.

The flora also, like the animal kingdom, is perishing by contact with the whites. The cattle and sheep, imported in the first instance from England, and now reared in ever-increasing multitudes, eat down the young plants before they have had time to scatter their seed; they destroy also the brushwood which protected the roots of the large trees; the wind now pierces the forests and dries up the ground, and the trees and other plants, thus deprived of the needful moisture of the soil, decay and die.

The Maoris know the fate that awaits them. The yellow native grass, or *tussock*, dies away when once the green English grass is planted on the same soil. Hence their saying, 'Green grassy English, *tussock* Maori.' The men, animals, and plants of the country are disappearing, to make way for men, animals, and plants imported from Europe.

This metamorphosis is evident at a glance; it is plain that a new England is being formed, while the Maori, the *Moa*, and the *Ti* are becoming, imperceptibly but rapidly, things of the past, a fable the very existence of which will perhaps be disputed by future generations of Anglo-Saxon descent. A celebrated German historian has striven to prove that the kings of Rome are but a myth; why should not some learned professor of Christchurch declare, in future ages, that the Maori was a fabulous being of prehistoric times?

This afternoon there is a procession of boats on the Avon, a small watercourse which creeps peacefully between weeping-willows, gardens, and country houses. Ladies, young and old, simply dressed, fill the windows and balconies, and the men crowd the river banks. It is a rural spectacle, which transports one in fancy to the venerable Alma Mater of the old country.

Islum, the property of Mr. Harper, the son of the Archbishop of Christchurch, is a little gem. House, garden, stream, flowers, trees, and lawn, to say nothing of the amiable owners, form a thoroughly English picture.

My young Oxonian friend and I have made here some very pleasant acquaintances. Mr. Justice

Johnston, Mr. Tancred, one of the last honourable English veterans of the Austrian army, the wives of those gentlemen, and Mr. Wynn Williams, have lived for many years in South Island, and have preserved the ideas and manners of a society which is passing away like the Maori and the *Moa*. Dr. von Haast has been a very useful friend to me. He is the worthy successor of an Austrian *savant*, Professor Hochstetter, whose scientific labours have done much to make known the resources of New Zealand, where he has left kindly and enduring remembrances.

Early in the morning we start for Waitavi, the terminus of the line intended to connect Christchurch with Nelson.

We approach the double chain of lofty mountains which form the backbone of South Island. The morning is fine and the air fresh. The sun is gilding the summits, white with fresh-fallen snow, and diffusing rosy tints on the base of these giants. Around us is a plain, striped with hedgerows of orange-yellow gorse; around us are the yellow-grey *tussock*, the green English grass, and the sheep, who fly at our approach.

The owner of the 'run,' whose guests we are to be, awaits us at the station. He is a man about

fifty years of age, the type of a gentleman of the old school. He has served in the army of the East India Company. His wife is an Englishwoman; their children are Maoris, as they say here in jest, that is to say, born in the island. He owns 70,000 sheep, and, consequently, is what they call a big squatter. He has bought, and possesses as freehold, the ground which he cultivates.

This run extends over a plain surrounded by hills and watered by two rivers. From the top of an isolated mound an imposing view is gained of the loftiest mountains of the island. This morning, as we left Christchurch, they looked like clouds creeping above the horizon; now we seem to be able to touch them with our hands. The scenery is beautiful, but gives us a feeling of loneliness. A man who lives here must have a first-rate opinion of his own powers, for he has no other resources to reckon on.

The house, which stands at the foot of the mound, and in the midst of a plantation of firs, oaks, and poplars, is small but well furnished, and extremely neat.

Our host's daughter and a friend of hers, two young ladies of perfect manners, served the dinner which they had prepared under the direction of the mistress of the house. Here all work with their hands. The difficulty, often the im-

possibility, of procuring domestic servants suffices to explain this fact. But there are other and deeper reasons. In communities created in great part by gentlemen, who have since been ousted by men of the people, it is evident that the latter must give the character to this new society. They will not be long, to judge from all appearances, in adopting, with their newly acquired wealth, the tastes of the upper classes. They will then be called *nouveaux riches*, but little by little they will appreciate the leisure that wealth confers, and New Zealand society of the next century will perhaps, in some respects, resemble the society of our old Europe. But, in the meantime, you see here on all sides people who work with their hands. Those among them who have come from the ranks of the aristocracy or the gentry, retain more or less the tone of mind, the traditions, and the manners of their class. Manual labour never degrades a man. Every year, on a certain day, the Emperor of China drives a plough himself. The Emperor of Brazil, in the presence of his suite and the loungers of Rio de Janeiro, when going on board his yacht or stepping into the railway train, carries his own bag and plaid. It is a lesson which he wishes to give to his white subjects, in whose eyes manual labour is a thing fit only for the blacks and degrading to the

whites. Don Pedro II. desires to re-establish the dignity of labour, which has naturally fallen into disrepute in a land of slaves. Here the gentlemen who labour in the fields or watch the herds are not afraid of stooping to such work. They fancy, perhaps, they are ennobling it by their condescension, but, in fact, the honour is reciprocal. They bear, indeed, on their horny hands the marks left by handling the spade, and on their brows the tanning of the sun when the day is spent in clearing the bush or driving cattle. But that does not prevent them, after leaving the fields or their sheds, from tidying themselves and being admitted to the table of the most eminent men in the colony. 'Look,' said my host to me, during a walk over his estate, 'look at these two men, real gentlemen, as you can see by their bearing more than by their dress. They are "croppers." What is called "cropping" is this. The owner of a station lets out at a very low rent, and for a couple of years, a piece of waste land to a man who engages to clear it and sow it with wheat. After the two years the owner resumes possession, replaces the wheat with English grass, and thus turns the land into pasturage. If the cropper, who should have a horse and the necessary stock of tools, is active and sober, and is not unlucky in regard to the weather and the price of corn, he usually makes in

the course of these two years a net profit of from 800*l.* to 1,000*l.*, and, going on in this way, he is able in seven or eight years to put together enough money to buy a small station for himself; but of course only on condition that he works with his own hands. If he has to employ hired labourers, he is bound to fail.'

Behind a hedge we saw lying, half hidden in the tall grass, two men of anything but attractive appearance. I congratulated myself on not having met them alone. My guide said to me, 'These are "Sundowners," who wait till sunset before presenting themselves at a station (the abode of a farmer or squatter) to ask for lodging and a supper, which are always given at nightfall, but inexorably refused if the sun has not yet sunk below the horizon.'

At some distance from the house stand the cattle-sheds and the places set apart for sheep-shearing. This is an important event of the year, and begins with the first hot weather, in about a month from now. Our host employs a hundred and twenty men at this work, which lasts six weeks. The shearers, thirty-six in number, receive a pound sterling a day. Everyone takes his meals at the station. We found there the cook, an Italian Swiss, already busy in scouring his saucepans. In the master's house it is his wife and daughters who

do the cooking. In the sheds the workmen are served by a man cook. Is it not curious? Why, they are there to shear the sheep, and not to roast them.

I saw some magnificent animals, all of them bred from merino sheep bought in Saxony. The price paid for rams is enormous.

What a lonely life is this of the squatters! The railroads in course of construction will lessen, it is true, its inconveniences, its privations, and its dangers; but it requires no little courage to establish one's household in the depth of these solitudes, far removed from all assistance, and deprived of all the resources of what is termed society. And yet they get used to this kind of life, they end by loving the vast expanses, the struggles with savage nature, and it is with reluctance, if ever they leave it, that they return to the bosom of civilised life.

CHAPTER III.

NORTH ISLAND.

OCTOBER 25 TO NOVEMBER 12, 1883.

Wellington—Picton—Nelson—New Plymouth—Kawhia—Auckland—The Hot Lakes—Political Surveys.

IT was at nightfall, on board a small steamer, that we left Port Lyttelton, situated about seven miles from Christchurch. Daybreak found us at the entrance of Cook's Strait. The memory of this legendary person is never absent from my thoughts during my cruise in these parts. I am astonished at the number of lands he was the first to see and reveal to the world; the fabulous and previously unknown seas he traversed, the difficulties and dangers he encountered. In the New Zealander's imagination this hero of the sea has already been enthroned among the gods. He is a veiled Olympian deity, shrouded from view, but surviving in the popular mind.

In front of us come out, as if suspended in the

air, the lofty mountains of Kaikora.[1] At their feet lies a labyrinth of small, irregular hills, with no vegetation save patches of yellow grass. It is a *Fata Morgana*, a kaleidoscope; the colours meet, blend, and detach themselves, and if you turn your eyes from the restless, foaming, and inhospitable levels of the deep, and lift them gradually to the mountains, you pass from saffron pink to dark blue, to azure blue, to pale blue, and you stop, as one entranced, before the glacier-peaks which, under the first rays of the sun, stand out like diamonds against a sky of pearl. In the opposite direction you make out the low-lying shores of North Island. For picturesqueness, with all deference to the fanatics of Lake Wakatipu, it is the most striking and beautiful scene that I have yet witnessed in New Zealand.

Wellington, where we land at noon, lies inside a small bay; consequently there is no open sea, but the appearance of a lake framed in with lands partly in a state of cultivation, partly closed with virgin forest. There is a broad street, but one which, strange to say, is not laid out by rule and line. It runs along the low hills dotted with houses and little gardens. It is a pretty little town, built entirely of wood, on account

[1] In South Island, at the southern entrance of Cook's Strait the peak of Kaikora rises to a height of 9,700 feet above the sea, and that of Looker-On to 8,300.

of the frequency of earthquakes. Perhaps the epithet 'little' will wound the susceptibilities of its inhabitants, who justly have a high idea of the official capital of the colony. Christchurch in South Island, and Auckland in North Island, would have better claims to this honour. It is the central situation of Wellington[2] that caused the preference to be given to it. Here you cannot but admire the palace of the Governor, the Houses of the Legislature, some fine churches, and, above all, the immense building which contains, besides the archives of State, the offices of all the Ministers. It is the vastest wooden structure in the world. The Wellingtonians are extremely proud of it, and I have never met with anyone who has not drawn my attention to this marvel. Everywhere people like to possess some object which shall be unique of its kind, but nowhere more so than in the colonies. In fact, it is a maze of apartments great and small, but all of them well furnished; and my only wonder is by what process they have succeeded in finding *employés* enough to people all these rooms, and in inventing business enough for the fortunate mortals who are called upon to manage public affairs in New Zealand. But the more I see of colonies and of

[2] In 1864. Before that time the seat of the Governor and the Colonial Government was at Auckland.

this new world of the future, the more do I see the force of the truism, that mankind is much the same everywhere, and that the *empleomania* acclimatises itself easily to every sky.

In this great *phalanstère* of bureaucracy, through the kindness of the Minister, Mr. Oliver, the head of the department of Posts and Telegraphs, I had the advantage of making the acquaintance of several of his colleagues. I meet them also at the club, where I have been invited to put up. Conversation turns on the struggles between the popular democracy and the aristocratic element, between the mob and the gentlemen, or, as others phrase it, between the people and the land-sharks. Who is to be master of the soil? There lies the whole question. A German merchant, one of the civic notables, said to me, 'Until now we have held our own. We are still the first, on condition always that we accept among us, on a footing of equality, the *nouveaux riches*, provided they are respectable.'

After a couple of days spent most agreeably with men distinguished by their position, their manners, and some by their intellectual culture, and after parting, much to my regret, with the young Oxonian, my amiable companion since I left the Bluffs, I continued my journey to Picton, on the northern coast of South

Island, at the top of a narrow sound, a regular Norwegian fiord. What the landscape always wants in these parts is man; hence the feeling of solitude that oppresses you the moment you leave the towns. There are, indeed, in the hollows of the mountains some Maori huts, and a few dark figures grouped upon some rock or rocky islet scattered in this sea, which is deep enough to allow ships of the line to sail within a stone's throw of the shore, if ships were there. Hills of tolerable height, and covered with green grass, shut in the bay. On the right and left yawn narrow gorges, wrapped in mysterious gloom. I am told that on the summits of these terraces, cut out of the mountain side, extend rich pasturages, which feed countless flocks of sheep.

At Nelson I had the pleasure of finding the Governor of the colony, Sir William Jervois.

This town is prettily situated at the end of a small bay which broadens out towards the ocean. It stands with its back to a range of high mountains, famous for their copper mines, and, with the exception of the small business quarter, consists merely of a group of cottages and English gardens stretched on verdant slopes. The inhabitants are retired men of business, who are living on their incomes, or, if old officials, on their pensions. There is not a sign of life or movement. An

unbroken Sunday hangs over this Pensionopolis, and contrasts, in my opinion, most agreeably with the bustle of the great centres of trade. I have seen in the colonies so many men crushed with business, absorbed with the desire and the need of making money, that these idlers seem to me like persons crowned with a halo. The *dolce far niente* is pictured on their happy, careless, and somewhat sleepy features. They are the contented, pleased to enjoy repose, the shade of their gardens, and the gentle warmth of a sun often half veiled by the mists of the bay; pleased also to find themselves removed from the plagues and worries of towns, and complacently conscious of having abjured the worship of the golden calf.

The Governor was about to make his official tour, and I had the honour of accompanying him. On his way to the port, in the afternoon, a crowd of well-dressed people press on the line of the *cortège*. At their head is the Anglican bishop. I have never heard more hearty cries of 'Hip, hip, hurrah!' Those who are happy respect authority. This multitude of people, laughing and shouting incessantly with all their might and all the strength of their lungs, gradually lessens on the sight as our vessel slowly gains the offing, and we still hear the noise, made fainter by the growing distance, of their hearty acclamations. A sunset,

bathed in magic tints, embellishes this scene of British loyalty at the Antipodes.

Ascending the western coast of North Island we pass Taranaki, once the chief scene of the wars with the Máoris, and renowned also for the fertility of its soil, which is even superior to that of Canterbury. The sand on the seashore is black, the blackness of iron. An American company, by means of a new process, is working a portion of this region.

Other 'Hip, hip, hurrahs!' salute the Governor on our arrival the next day, about noon, at a short distance from New Plymouth. We are hoisted ashore in a little cabin built for the occasion, and sumptuously carpeted. The Governor inspects the works of a new breakwater, receives the authorities, listens to and makes speeches. A phaeton with four horses, ridden by grooms dressed like French postilions of Longjumeau, is placed at Sir William's disposal. Outriders accompany it, and behind it come a long file of carriages and a number of horsemen. The procession has two miles to go before reaching the town, where we are met by the members of the Friendly Society and other bodies, with banners flying, all come to welcome the representative of the Queen. An

officer of the colonial force, with a martial air, and wearing a white helmet surmounted by a red plume, and with his legs thrust into immense top-boots, preserves order in this long column, keeps the road clear, and shouts out lustily from time to time the cry, taken up incessantly, of 'Hip, hip, hurrah!' In all this, I am bound to say, there was nothing comic. It was perfectly appropriate, solemn, and original. Everyone had a serious and preoccupied air, for everyone had evidently something to say to, or ask of, the Governor. We are not now at Nelson, a town which hopes and asks for nothing but repose, but at New Plymouth, a town full of youthful and exuberant spirits, vague but ardent desires, and hopes impossible to realise, but which the inhabitants, perhaps, will realise by the sheer force of will, of boldness, and of a simple faith in their destinies. These qualities, which are found to some extent throughout the colonies, struck me especially here.

In the centre of the town, near a public school, the procession drew up. Sir William, to make himself better heard, mounted on the box of the phaeton, and, standing upright, delivered a set speech. I was able to follow the impression it produced on his hearers, who filled the streets, the windows, and the roofs. In spite of the burning sun, the men were all uncovered. The new

Governor commenced by making a motion. He proposed that they should put their hats on. It was a happy way of opening his discourse. Then came words of compliment and advice, eulogiums and vague promises which bind to nothing. But the effect produced by this harangue was prodigious, and the town retained its air of festivity all the day and well into the night.

The country, which is tolerably hilly about New Plymouth, presents a prospect of green meadows, decked with yellow gorse and reddish-tinted fern. Mount Egmont,[8] the Etna of New Zealand clothed from head to foot in white, overlooks the town.

It was nearly midnight when I parted from Sir William Jervois to continue my journey, but this time in the company of the Prime Minister, Major Atkinson. My departure from New Plymouth was less brilliant than my arrival had been. In the darkness of night the Premier and myself ran hither and thither along the shore, looking vainly for the Government steamboat which was to convey us. At length we found some fishermen, who took us on board the 'Henemoa.'

This morning, at six o'clock, the small steamer

[8] 8,200 feet in height.

casts anchor in the port of Kawhia, which forms part of the independent territory called Kingsland. The position of the king, elected in the time of the League of Taranaki by several tribal chiefs, is ill defined. I regret that I cannot help admitting that Tawhao[4] enjoys but a moderate reputation. My respect for the great ones of the earth prevents me from repeating the far from flattering accounts which I have heard of this makeshift of a king.

The Colonial Government seems determined to put an end to this kingdom, but without employing force for that purpose. Moral means will suffice. They have lately taken possession of a *pah*, to establish there a police-station. At the foot of the *pah*, on the shore, a town is to be built on a piece of ground purchased from the king. A custom-house will first be established, together with a telegraph-station and a post-office. This done, the swarm of settlers will soon come, and in a few years there will arise from this untilled and deserted soil a new business centre, which will rival Auckland. High hopes are founded on this enterprise. Many circumstances tell in favour of the new settlement. Kawhia is nearer to Sydney, and consequently nearer to England, than is Auckland. There will be six hundred miles less to

[4] He paid a visit to England in 1884.

traverse. When the railway from Wellington to Kawhia is completed, the mails from North Island for Europe will go from here.

There are some coal-fields in the neighbourhood. Vessels which at Auckland have to pay from 15*s.* to 20*s.* would load here at from 7*s.* to 10*s.*

Behind Kawhia extends Kingsland, which at present, by virtue of a treaty, is closed against the whites. At whatever cost it must be opened to civilisation, to culture, and above all to speculation.

Auckland, which, if these projects are realised, will thenceforth be outside the great movement of which it is now the centre, will naturally exert all her influence at Wellington, in the Parliament and in the Ministry, to frustrate plans so prejudicial to her own interests. But the force of circumstances is sometimes irresistible, and in this case circumstances seem to favour Kawhia.

It was in the company of the Premier and Lieut.-Col. Reader, the Commissioner, head of the armed constabulary, that I set foot on this land, which was, only a month ago, politically a virgin soil. Everything here is green. The turf resembles the emerald green of Ireland. On the shore are some Maoris' huts and some 'tabu' or sacred trees, the Maori name of which I have forgotten, and I have

not been able to learn the botanical name. Some natives, squatting motionless on their heels, and wrapped in their blankets, do not condescend to look at us. I admire the way in which they manage to reduce to a small compass their tall and slender bodies while crouching down in this position.

We reach the camp by a steep path, and are there received by the commandant, a gentleman-like man and in an excellent humour, as we have brought him his wife and son to spend some hours with him. As the steamers which carry the mails do not touch here, Kawhia is not yet in the civilised world. The commandant, like his officers and men, lives under canvas, and they occasionally find themselves short of provisions.

Seen from the *pah*, the bay resembles a lake. Towards the north, some mountains with rugged outlines rise to a considerable height. A vast sheet of water, now as smooth as glass, separates us from these mountainous regions. Not a ship is to be seen, save here and there a boat manned by Maoris, gliding silently over this mirror, which reflects the lonely shore.

On leaving Kawhia Bay, looking southward, a strange fantastic sight attracts our notice. Light mists, which take the azure tints of the sky, make the coast invisible. In the midst of this blue curtain, suspended in the air, looms a white

triangular shape. It is the cone of Mount Egmont. We are eighty miles away from it as the crow flies. It is one of those magical effects so common in New Zealand, so rare everywhere else.

The steamer passes close by a small island as white as snow, and called White Island. It is the haunt of birds whose plumage has given it the colour and the name. We see innumerable multitudes of these denizens of the air and water. They sit there motionless, one beside the other, male and female, hatching their eggs. The captain of the ship, who spends his life on the coasts of New Zealand, tells us all about their ways and habits. Certainly, in these distant journeys, you rarely pass a day without meeting something novel, strange, and puzzling; but the most interesting object is always man, and especially the man who lives amid these scenes. This tar, a Canadian by birth, who has scoured every sea, belongs to that class of adventurers who, according to their nature and the stress of circumstances, become either freebooters or heroes. The ocean and unknown shores form the scene of their activity. Most frequently they live, work, and die unknown. Born in a higher or more conspicuous sphere, they would fill the world with the fame of their exploits or their crimes; but, notwithstanding the obscurity that shrouds their existence, they form

an important element in the newly growing world, and they play, albeit behind the scenes, a leading part in the history of the colonies.

After coasting along a pretty tract of country we arrived towards evening at Manukau, and thence came by railway in less than half an hour to Auckland, the former capital and still the principal town of North Island.

Auckland, November 5–12.—Seen from a height, such as that on which stands the excellent Northern Club, where I am staying, the town has the aspect of a metropolis. From the top of Mount Eden, crowned by an old *pah*, to the south-east of the town, the eye takes in a panorama of immense extent and real beauty. At your feet, and towards the north, are the town and the port, full of ships of every tonnage; beyond, lies the vast surface of the Hauraki Gulf, shut in here by the land which stretches out in a northerly direction, there by a little archipelago of islets, beyond which spreads the open sea. Turning southward, you look over the narrow tongue of land which lies between you and the little bay of Manukau. Around you are gardens, villas, and straggling villages. All this is very fine and even picturesque, but the enthusiasm of the inhabitants passes all bounds and tends

to chill the stranger, if it does not excite in him the spirit of contradiction. They compare Auckland with Naples, Nice, Genoa, and Constantinople, and Auckland surpasses all. This is what they call in the colonies 'blowing.' If the talk turns on the products of nature or industry, the picturesque charms, the climate, the men and things of the country, the refrain is always the same—they are the best in the world. In the face of such exaggerations one is not allowed to maintain a polite silence; one must gush in echo of his New Zealand friends. It is a weakness, an infirmity of children, which is only met with in new countries. The descriptions of travels in the United States at the beginning and even in the middle of this century are full of anecdotes and quizzing about the Yankees' way of going into ecstasies about themselves. The War of Secession closed the period of their youth. They have now attained their majority and given up this habit. It will be the same here and in Australia. In Cape Colony, whose existence dates back more than two centuries, no one blows his trumpet in this manner. A man is always prone to exaggerate his first success, no matter in what enterprise or study, but the farther he advances the more he finds out how far he has still to go. Then comes the reaction, and he loses heart. Only with maturer years a well-

regulated mind finds its proper balance. It is the same with communities.

In the upper town, ensconced behind the trees of a fine park, stands the Governor's palace. Beyond it come elegant houses, gardens, and long avenues. The commercial quarters of the lower town are just like the other great centres of Australasia.

The exuberant vegetation reminds you of the latitude in which you are. The inhabitants are naturally proud of their climate, but strangers, who have settled here for many years, assure me that, being warmer, more moist, and more variable than that of the temperate zones of our continent, it exercises an enervating influence, and that children born in the colony are not physically as strong as their fathers who have come from Europe.

Here, as at Dunedin, Christchurch, and Wellington, I have kindnesses showered upon me. These New Zealanders, so fond of boasting, never allude to one great quality pre-eminently their own—their hospitality, which has the great charm of coming straight from the heart.

Sir George Grey has left his little island to come and spend a few days here, and I have the good

fortune to see him frequently. The life of this remarkable man is well known in England and the colonies. Born in 1812, he explored, as a young officer, a portion of Western Australia, and afterwards resided as a magistrate at Albany. In turn Governor, Administrator, and Commander-in-Chief in New Zealand, twice Governor of Cape Colony and High Commissioner of South Africa, he has left everywhere lasting traces of his activity. Since his retirement from public service he has lived in New Zealand. He takes an active part in the political affairs of this young colony, and finds himself sometimes raised to a pinnacle of public favour, sometimes plunged in the depths of unpopularity. During his long career, the independence of his judgment and character made him an awkward subordinate for his superiors, but an excellent head, whether of a colony or of a party. Here, in the Parliament and elsewhere, he is accused of having espoused the cause of the extreme sections of the democratic party. It is not my business to examine how far these charges are well founded. One must guard oneself against false appearances, and also against the judgments formed of statesmen by politicians.

Personally, Sir George Grey is a charming old gentleman, with blue eyes, bright complexion, and white hair, and with a mind cultivated and enriched

by reading; a great lover of books, an eloquent talker; in spite of the democratic predilections which, rightly or wrongly, are ascribed to him, a man of polished manners, and, though he has spent his life at the Antipodes, the type of an English gentleman of the old school. He and Sir Bartle Frere, slender as is the affinity between them, are the two most conspicuous figures in the Southern Hemisphere.

Sir George kindly takes me to his little island of Kawau, lying north of Auckland, in the gulf of Hauraki. The distance is about twenty-six miles, and we take three hours and a half to accomplish it. It is a holiday in honour of the Prince of Wales's birthday. Shops and factories are closed, but a multitude of steamboats, crowded with excursionists in holiday trim, are ploughing the waters of the bay. Our little vessel is packed full. There are plenty of women well dressed, but without the least pretension to elegance. The whole has a *bourgeois* stamp. There is nothing 'fast' about it. To be sure there are some couples honestly and artlessly making love; but, '*Honi soit qui mal y pense.*' In general, everything in these islands has an air of respectability. The people treat Sir George with a certain deference, which is reflected on his companion. The captain declines to take our five shillings, the return fare, saying that he is honoured

by having us on board. The weather is superb; just enough of a stern-breeze to counteract the head-wind caused by our rapid passage. We glide gently on this glassy surface which mirrors here small bluffs, and there small promontories crowned with thickets. At length we are at Kawau. The steamer doubles a small point, and enters a bay opening into a creek at the end of which stands, shaded by magnificent trees, the residence of my host. It is a handsome building, made of concrete. Inside are works of art, curiosities, and a library rich in rare and precious books. To-day, in honour of the heir to the British crown, the apartments, pleasure-grounds, and park are thrown open to excursionists, who, after having admired the treasures of the house, are strolling on the turf and in the little wood which climbs the hillside at the back. The whole island is simply a park, a succession of hills covered with trees and plants brought from all parts of the world. You see here the venerable kauri (*Dammara australis*) and some other indigenous trees and shrubs; all sorts of conifers, and several kinds of oak from California; the noble and somewhat stiff-looking pine of Norfolk Island; superb specimens of the flora of the North and South Pacific; various kinds of Australian eucalyptus; the magnificent arauzaea; coniferæ from Japan; weeping willows from China; pines from the island of

Teneriffe; fibrous plants of Peru and Chili; nearly all the trees of South Africa, including even one or two silver-trees; the camphor-tree and the *Laurus Cinnamomum* of the Malay Archipelago; and lastly, countless varieties of the European flora. Kangaroos skip awkwardly on the paths, and a colossal ostrich struts along with an air of scorn. Chinese pheasants,[5] with white rings round their necks, start up at every step you take in this mazy chaos of many-tinted green, which represents the vegetable kingdom of the globe. It is not a botanical garden, not a virgin forest; it is the earthly Paradise before the Fall.

To the Hot Lakes, Oct. 29–*Nov.* 5.—The curious and conscientious traveller has sacred duties to fulfil. Nobody goes to Rome without seeing the Pope; nobody goes to New Zealand without visiting, or at least announcing his intention to visit, the Hot Lakes. To spare my faithful valet the miseries of sea-sickness I leave him at Auckland, and start on my voyage alone. A fearful sea; the bay of Tauranga like a basin of boiling water. The tiny steamer, scarce out

[5] The Chinese pheasants have been extremely prolific, and are to be found throughout New Zealand.

of harbour, takes to cutting furious capers. The rain falls in torrents and penetrates into the miserable smoking-room, whither, after supper has been served, the ship's cook comes to help me while away the time. There is also another gentleman of sinister aspect, but in the colonies we are all brothers and companions. Jack is as good as his master, as they say in New Zealand.

The cook, an amusing and interesting fellow, is ..or has been, evidently, a gentleman, and Heaven knows through what strange vicissitudes he has come to choose his present calling. To judge from his dishes, he is no born cook. It is quite a common thing to see sons of good family, after running through their property, turn the servants of their former servants, who from superior wits and better fortune have risen on the social ladder. A gentleman who occupies an official position of considerable importance, and who himself belongs by birth to the aristocracy, tells me, 'The younger sons of gentlemen who come here with money lose it, either from not understanding business, or from growing dispirited after their sudden entrance into an uncongenial sphere. They become bored and miserable, and, for want of other means of distraction, take to drink. No one could imagine the changes they go through—the ups and downs of their existence.

I myself am a case in point. I was once an officer in a smart regiment in India. In consequence of a quarrel with my colonel, I sold my commission and came to New Zealand. There I lost all I had. Finding myself without a farthing, I worked for some months as head driver of sheep. It is a rough life, but one which, according to the ideas of the country, does not demean a man. However, I changed it for that of a miner. With three companions I went to the mines of Lake Wakatipu. For several months we worked there sixteen hours a day. I wonder to this moment how my health was able to stand it, considering that my mates, who were common men, succumbed to the labour. I scraped together a little money, which I immediately lost'—he did not tell me how—' and I was about to *revenir à mes moutons*, when, thanks to the intervention of some influential friends in England, I was appointed to the official post in which you see me.'

The other gentleman, the man of gruff appearance and more than slovenly dress—a 'bad lot,' as my new friend the cook whispers in my ear—joins in the conversation. He takes a very black view of things, and deplores the immorality of the Ministers and the venality of the members of Parliament. This virtuous man in the guise of a scamp never stops talking. It is late when I retire to the stuffy

atmosphere of my cabin, where the rolling of the vessel makes me pass a sleepless night.

The next morning, at ten o'clock, in a pelting rain, the 'Glenelg' arrives off Tauranga, and Major Swindley comes on board to meet me and takes me to a charming little hotel, where I find excellent cooking, and a nice little sitting-room with a blazing fire. The major is the head of the constabulary of his district, and is to be my companion on this excursion. Towards noon the weather clears up, and a small Californian buggy takes us to the Gate Pah of sad memory, distant two miles and a half. It was here, in 1864, that the British troops, after having fired upon each other by mistake, were seized with a sudden panic and took to flight, deserting their officers, who continued the combat till the morning. At daybreak the Pah was found abandoned. This night combat, and the terrible losses which the English suffered, recall to mind the 'triste noche' of Cortes.

The Pah, situated, like all the Maoris' strongholds, on a small eminence, commands an extensive view over the broken plain and the low hillocks covered with arbutus. The reddish tints of the native fern, blended with the greyish green

of the other shrubs, give an appearance of melancholy to the scene. In fact, these two colours, green and red, are the prevailing ones in this part of North Island.

The officers and privates killed at the Gate Pah have been buried in the grave-yard at Tauranga. A simple monument records their names.

This town consists of a small group of wooden houses. The trees which surround it have all been planted by Europeans. Weeping willows are here, and Norfolk pines, and poplars. There are some rising plantations in the environs. From every point you gain a view of the bay, unenlivened by a single sail or ship. An isolated rock, which rises to the height of 800 feet above this vast silence-stricken basin, serves to guide the few vessels that visit these solitary regions.

Some English missionaries have imported hither the sweet brier. This plant, like the English gorse, has overrun both islands, and seriously interfered with the clearing and cultivation of the soil.

Tauranga, with its two hotels, established two or three years ago, owes its existence to the Hot Lakes and geysers, which are beginning to be frequented from November to April by persons suffering from gout or rheumatism.

Leaving Tauranga at eight o'clock in the morning in a buggy drawn by four capital horses, we traverse a labyrinth of ravines and hills interspersed with small plains. Above the horizon appears the wooded crater of the volcano of Mount Edgecumbe. This mountain excepted, horizontal lines predominate. We pass through a few scattered plantations, and, after crossing a bridge, enter the Maori 'reserve.' By this term is understood a territory belonging to the natives, where, without their consent, whites are not allowed to settle. Nevertheless, the Government exercise a certain influence there; they are having roads made, and schools established for native children.

The country is more or less uncultivated. The pale red native fern, the bright green *tu-tu*, a poisonous plant fatal to cattle, various kinds of white-flowered *manuka*, and the *ti*, a tree belonging to the family of lilies, reign as absolute masters of the soil. You see also tufts of tussock here and there, but in smaller quantities than in South Island, and of a whitish tint, which produces the effect of snow and gives a singular appearance to the landscape. In some places the illusion is complete, and you wonder how these specks of snow resist the heat of a nearly tropical sun. Groups of Maoris, men, women, and children, startle our horses by their cries, which are meant

as a welcome. We leave on our right the high road from Tauranga to Ohinemutu, made impassable by the recent rains, and drive through a tract of country which is everywhere the same, solitary and imposing in its wildness.

We are allowed to enter some of the Maoris' enclosures. The wooden houses covered with heavy roofs, and flanked at each angle with handsomely carved pilasters representing, together with the symbol of creation, the first ancestors, male and female, of the family, who are always painted in red, indicate a degree of culture far superior to that which I have met with in other savage or semi-barbarous countries. Nothing gives a better idea of the architecture of the Maoris than the hall of ancestors which Dr. Von Haast has had built in the museum at Christchurch. The designs are extremely curious, and have a vague resemblance to the decorations on Egyptian monuments. The sculptors work without a model, using both hands together, with a tool in each.

After skirting a pretty sheet of water called Roto Iti (little lake), we reach the banks of the great lake Roto Rua (*roto*, lake; *rua*, hole). The dense columns of steam rising on the opposite shore proceed from the famous geysers, one of the wonders of New Zealand, and, I think I may add without 'blowing,' one of the wonders of the world.

At five o'clock in the evening we alight before the Lake Hotel, having covered fifty-five miles from Tauranga.

Ohinemutu is a small Maori village, built on a tongue of land projecting into the lake. Every house is fenced round with a stockade. The inhabitants are loyalists, never having taken part in the wars against the English. They have just erected, in the style of the country, a building intended for the meetings of the heads of families. In the centre of the hall stands a pedestal, on which the bust of Queen Victoria is to be placed with all solemnity, in the presence of the Governor, who is expected here on a visit.

Two years ago not a white man was to be seen here; now, thanks to the Hot Lakes and the doctors of Auckland, some shops and two hotels, filled during the season with bathers, have been built on this ground which is perforated with innumerable little geysers and strewn with little pools of boiling water, rendering it difficult in the day and dangerous in the night to walk about the streets. Some Europeans, in a state of drunkenness, have met here with an agonising death. This evening we share the establishment with the proprietor, the founder of Grahamstown in the gold-bearing district of the Thames. He is a grave and solemn personage, who is not wanting, however, in

affability, and condescends to answer the questions I address to him.

This morning I took a bath in the hot water of a small geyser which rumbles, boils, and steams a few steps from the hotel. Near me a Maori woman was cooking in a pool. Walking over this ground mined with fire, I was constantly haunted by the fear of dying the death of a lobster.

The great geysers of Wakarewarewa, two or three miles from here, are indeed more like an Inferno than anything that the imagination of a Dante could create. The steam blinds, the heat suffocates, the noise deafens you. Clinging to the arms of a Maori, you look down into this whirlpool gaping at your feet and ready to engulf you. The country, a broken plain, intersected with ravines and entirely clothed with fern, is unattractive. Eastward is the black line of the forest; northward, the lake, the vast surface of which dwarfs the surrounding hills. But the geysers form one of the most striking sights I ever witnessed.

The village of Wakarewarewa, with its tussock-roofed houses, takes us back to the prehistoric times of the Maoris. If anything reminds the visitor of Europe, it is the cross which, bent from its upright position by the wind, surmounts the roof of a hut somewhat more spacious than the

rest. This hut is the church, built at the cost and partly by the hands of a Scotchman, Father MacDonald, a pious and venerable pastor, who spends his life amidst his flock.

A little farther on we pass through a fine forest. Here are the black pine, the red pine, and, above all, the noble kauri, which is only found in the North Island. Out of Europe the kauri, the Wellingtonia, the Norfolk Island pine, and the cedar of Lebanon are the monarchs of the forest. Here we see magnificent specimens of the kauri, but alas! many of these trees seem doomed to die of decay. They are in various stages of decline—some scarcely touched, others stripped of their foliage, some even of their branches. Many of the straight trunks are of a cadaverous white. Their enemy is a plant called *rata*. It climbs up the trunk, grips it like a boa-constrictor, and slowly but infallibly destroys it. Seen at a distance, the *rata* looks like a cable. The Maoris have it that this plant is born in the head of a caterpillar. The legend is not unpoetical, and, in point of fact, there are caterpillars known by an excrescence on the head somewhat like a *rata*. The innkeeper at Ohinemutu showed us several specimens. The kauri trees, like many other conifers, attain a considerable height; Nature plants them a good way apart. Their branches, though large

and spreading, are too short to meet and get entangled, but the low brushwood that grows up about their stems forms a compact and impenetrable mass. The brilliant green of the shrubs, standing out against the bluish green of the kauri, breaks the monotony of a single colour. The great beauty of the kauri is in its trunk: so strong, upright, smooth, shining in the sun and clothed in shadow with warm tints of bright brown. All these trees keep their foliage throughout the year, or rather renew it imperceptibly. What they want is freshness and grace. In general, there is nothing here in common with the wooded parts of Europe, or the virgin forests of the tropics. The 'bush' of this island is unique of its kind: it attracts, it touches, it saddens you. It is like a person who interests you, and whose features wear the expression of approaching death. I confess the Maoris themselves produce a somewhat similar impression upon me. Inanimate nature, like mankind, seems destined to give place to the new-comers.

After leaving this wood, with many regrets, we follow the road along Lake Tikitapu (Blue Lake), which fully deserves its name of Blue, and reach the shores of Lake Roto Kaki. About four o'clock we come to the Maori village of Wairoa, eleven miles from Ohinemutu. Here we are in the heart of Maori-land. Excepting two or three

missionaries, the only Europeans established in this district are the proprietors of a pretty little hotel which would do honour to the Isle of Wight. The life of pioneers is seldom wanting in interest. The innkeeper began his as a shepherd; his wife earned her living by looking after pigs. At Auckland, where afterwards she took service as nursery-maid, she educated herself, and now she is certainly a charming, pretty young woman, very neatly dressed, and a perfect manageress of the hotel.

We pass by the school just as the children are coming out. It is one of that class of schools, established and maintained at the cost of the Colonial Government, and called in England 'undenominational,' from which religious instruction is excluded. 'Inside these walls,' says my companion to me, 'the children never hear even the name of God uttered.' At this moment one of the tattooed scholars comes up to me with an insolent air and asks for money. As I pass on without noticing him, he runs off, crying, 'God —— you!' Evidently these charming boys are not left in ignorance of the name of God.

This morning we have risen with the sun, which is shining brilliantly, and descend by a rugged

path into a deep gorge opening on to the shore of the lovely and, comparatively speaking, vast lake of Tarawera. Here, a boat manned by four Maoris and the famous Kate is waiting for us. Kate is a Maori half-blood, of middle age, and still retaining some traces of beauty. She once saved the life of an old tourist, who, heedless of her advice, had slipped into a small geyser. For this deed she wears on her breast a medal presented by the Colonial Government.

This worthy woman, of swarthy complexion, elaborately tattooed, modest in manner, and decently dressed, holds the tiller; the boatmen row lustily, and we glide with speed across this large expanse of water which mirrors a cloudless sky and the surrounding vegetation, topped with mountains of moderate height and glowing with the rosy tints of the heather. Midway on the lake we see, rising high above its eastern shore, which here is like a long, low breakwater of green, the precipitous sides and cone of Mount Edgecumbe. Soon afterwards the boat, veering southward, takes on board, near a small fishermen's village, some provisions in the shape of fish and prawns, and lands us at the mouth of the little stream Kaiwaka, the outlet of the famous hot lake Roto Mahana, and seven miles from the point where we embarked. We walk along the

left bank of this stream, then cross over in a canoe to the other side, and set to work to scale a little hill. Path there is none, but we make our way as best we can through the fern, the tussock, and tufts of *manuka*, with their big white flowers gently stirred by the breeze. At length we come to the hot lake. In front of us, and not far off, ascend the famous 'white terraces,' exhaling clouds of steam. Some rising ground conceals the 'pink terraces' which are on the left shore. Lake Roto Mahana is of no great size, and though surrounded with hills which the fern has clothed in rosy hues, and the foot of which is covered with green foliage, is not beautiful in the ordinary acceptation of the word. It is even called ugly. For my part, it strikes me as being of incomparable beauty. Here the great artist Nature disdains the effects produced upon the eye by richness of colouring and boldness of design. She contents herself with a few dashes of the brush, and takes only a few pale tints from her palette. By lowering the shores of the lake, which are simply accessories to the scene, she gives height to the terraces, these wonders of the world, which form the essential part of the picture, and this picture is remarkable for a simplicity and a grandeur which it would be vain for me to attempt to describe in words. At such moments as this I

feel the insufficiency of human language, more fitted, as it is, to portray the workings of the mind and the movements of the heart than to convey impressions produced externally through the medium of the senses.

We have reached the foot of the 'white terraces,'[6] which in reality are faintly coloured, a dull white bordering on pearl. A pond, visible only when close to its banks, occupies the summit. It is the crater. The boiling water flowing from it floods the terraces, and, lessening in temperature as it streams down the broad stages of the slope, settles in little basins like shells of alabaster. These are natural bathing-places, from three to four feet deep. The water in these basins is of an azure opal blue. I could not learn what was the cause of this. Little holes, bored by Nature in the broad stairs of the terraces, puff out clouds of steam, white above and ultramarine blue below. Is it the reflection of the water contained in these baths? From these same basins rise from time to time little columns of water in the form of fountains—bunches of rockets in a show of fireworks. As you come near the crater at the top, the heat of the water and the steam drives you away after a

[6] I am told that these rise to a height of more than 100 feet and are from 150 to 200 feet in width.

few moments. The edges of the terraces charm the eye by their beauty of outline, and by the exquisitely carved pendants with which the petrified water has decorated them in the course of centuries. Guided by the incomparable Katé, and shod in thick boots, covered with stockings to prevent them from slipping, we walk for more than an hour in the water which turns to stone whatever is left there. Some years ago an English lady left a shoe, the tininess of which makes you long to admire the foot that wore it. It still lies on the spot where it was left. It is *tabu*, sacred, and the Maoris, with Kate at their head, would make it awkward for anyone who should touch this relic.

A native canoe takes us across to the 'pink terrace,' which is not strictly pink, but rather salmon-coloured. To see really pink, purple, and scarlet rocks, you must go to Arabia Petræa. This terrace is not so high and large as the white terrace, but its steps are less dilapidated, and you see here to more advantage the hand of the architect. Some silly people have scratched their names upon them, and alas, *scripta manent*: it is impossible to efface them.

I bathed in one of the little basins which Nature has dug out. Coming out of it I had to go some hundred steps to find my clothes, but, in

spite of a piercing wind the change from the hot water to the fresh air seemed extremely pleasant and did not do me any harm.

After bathing, we took our breakfast, not on the grass, for there is none, but on some pumice-stones, under the shade of a clump of flowering *manukas*, in company with Kate and some Maori fishermen. They took us back in their canoe to the place where we had left our boat. The Kaiwaka, a small stream of lukewarm water, which is nothing but a series of rapids, winds snakelike between two screens of foliage; *manukas*, which here are like shrubs, *tu-tus* with their poisonous leaves, and a dense border of native flax. At some places, where the stream narrows, the trees form a tunnel beneath which the boat darts along at a giddy speed.

Retracing our route, we came towards evening to Ohinemutu, after a journey on foot, and by boat and carriage, of more than thirty miles.

The weather is frightful. At six o'clock we are in our carriage, and at eight o'clock have reached the edge of the great forest which separates Lake Roto Rua from the shores of the Waikato. We passed through it on horseback, and in spite of a pelting rain which pierced through our

mackintoshes, and in spite also of the trees with which the labourers engaged in constructing a carriage-road had obstructed the path, I have rarely enjoyed more thoroughly an excursion through a virgin forest. As we emerge from the wood and gain a rising ground, a boundless panorama unfolds itself before us. We see a plateau torn with deep ravines, covered with brushwood, dotted with little quincunces of kauri, which as yet are untouched by the axe of the clearer, and traversed far away by chains of hills, the blue tints of which vary with the distance. We have left the 'reserve,' and are now in the town of Oxford, consisting of two houses. In one of these, the inn frequented by stone-breakers and woodcutters, all of them whites, we find the Dublin 'Weekly Freeman' and the 'Imitation of Christ.' Shortly afterwards we enter the valley of the Waikato. This noble river, an effluent of the big lake Taupo, which lies in the centre of the island, rolls its somewhat muddy waters at our feet, at the bottom of a fissure in the plateau. This latter part of our route between Oxford and Cambridge seemed to me particularly beautiful. This is not everybody's opinion. Those who appreciate the Campagna of Rome will agree with me.

At six o'clock in the evening we arrived at Cambridge. The rain had lasted all the day, and

never ceased till the moment we dismounted. We had been singularly unlucky, but yet the journey had been one of the pleasantest in my tour.

Some houses and gardens, scattered on the plateau at the foot of which flows the Waikato, constitute the town of Cambridge, the centre of a pastoral country where everyone is engaged in cattle-breeding. A branch connects it at Hamilton with the unfinished main line, between Wellington and Auckland. Country, town, inhabitants —all have a bucolic character. It being Sunday, we are obliged to spend the day here, as the Sabbath is not consistent with railway travelling.

The next day we returned to the capital of North Island.

Passage from Auckland to Sydney, October 12–17. The day I left Auckland one of the most terrible storms I have ever known swept over the bays and the city. The club-house rocked to its foundations. The 'Zealandia,' one of the four large steamers plying monthly between San Francisco and Sydney, had been expected for several days, but was not yet signalled. People were beginning to grow alarmed, when at midday, despite the fury

of the elements, she appeared in the roads. At midnight, accompanied by Sir George Grey, who kindly came with me to the steamer, I went on board. The first persons I met were Lord and Lady Rosebery. To come across pleasant acquaintances again, when least expected, is always a bit of good fortune, and, under present circumstances, the meeting was auspicious.

Among the savage peoples whom bad fortune has brought in contact with the white man, the Maoris, more than any others, have attracted the attention and curiosity, I will add also the kindly interest, of Europe. Their beauty, their love of independence, and their bravery, so often shown in bloody combats with their invaders, excited general admiration. Thus one remembers the cries of distress which were raised by the colonists when the last British troops left New Zealand. In recalling them, the Queen's Government were simply applying to these islands the principle they had recently proclaimed, namely, that the colonies with a responsible government should thenceforward provide for their own security. Here the task seemed beyond the power of these young and far from populous communities. Nevertheless, the problem was solved. The natives gradually settled

down, and now they have almost ceased to be a source of anxiety. Driven back into the 'reserves,' and into what is called Kingsland, both situated in North Island which is being more and more penetrated by civilisation, the old masters of the soil are beginning to resign themselves to their fate, which means, as they know and feel to be the case, the near extinction of their race.

According to a tradition widely spread among the Maoris, their ancestors, after leaving, about the beginning of the fifteenth century, 'Hawaiki'—by which some understand the Hawaiian or Sandwich Islands, and others, one of the Samoa group—were the first settlers in New Zealand, then entirely uninhabited. Since neither the trade-winds nor currents can have driven their canoes towards the south, this legend apparently must be received with caution. On the other hand, the Polynesian origin of these people is evident at a glance. Sir George Grey, who is supposed to be most familiar with the language and the manners of the Maoris, regards them as the degenerate descendants of a race highly civilised in ancient times.

Some Wesleyan missionaries, who came hither in 1835, began the work of conversion, and several tribes seem to have embraced Christianity. However, to judge from what everyone, with rare

unanimity, informed me, these labours have produced very imperfect results. No sooner have the preachers turned their backs, than the natives forget their teachings. Nevertheless they have retained some vague notions of the Old Testament, and with the aid of these confused recollections some of the tribal chiefs are now occupying themselves in constructing a new religion. The number of missionaries has considerably diminished. The societies are sending scarcely any more, since they have concentrated their activity in the islands of the Pacific. Monsignor Luke, the Roman Catholic bishop of Auckland, has a high opinion of his little Christian communities placed under the influence and continual guidance of their pastors, but the want of priests prevents him from extending the work more widely. It is needless to add, that the little flock of Catholic natives is lost in the midst of masses who fluctuate between their traditional superstitions and Christian doctrines, but who, at least, have ceased to be cannibals. This is certainly a great result when we consider that as recently as 1840 cannibalism was generally practised. The museum at Christchurch possesses an instrument of complicated construction, and testifying to a certain skill of workmanship. It is a tool used for opening the victim's skull and extracting the brains.

Everyone agrees in admitting that the Maoris are gifted, and up to a certain point, beyond which they never go, very intelligent. In the streets of Auckland I was introduced to a Maori dressed like a gentleman. He was the chief of the tribe of Ohinemutu. He had a clear complexion, a face superbly tattooed, and a quick and lively eye. Thanks to my companion, who acted as interpreter, I was able to converse with him. After a few moments I forgot that he was a savage; I seemed to be speaking with a European.

The Maoris pass especially for shrewd observers. During my excursion to the hot lakes, Major Swindley heard our boatmen say of us, 'What a difference between these gentlemen and the crowd of whites who come here in the summer! The latter are noisy and quarrelsome, and waste their time in eating and drinking, and hardly ever see anything of what they come to see. This is quite another thing. This is what we call travelling.' They are inclined to irony. 'You talk to us of God,' said the chief of a tribe to a missionary, 'you bid us lift up our eyes to heaven, and while we are doing so you steal our lands.' He was alluding to the times of the first companies, when the acquisition of large tracts by means of glass beads and pipes was the order of the day.

I have already spoken of the *soi-disant* monarch Tawhao and his kingdom in Kingsland. The Colonial Government is alleged to have the intention of putting an end, by indirect means, to the highly inconvenient independence of this *enclave* which forms a barrier to direct communication between Wellington and Auckland. The establishment of a post in the harbour of Kawhia, garrisoned by 130 of the armed constabulary, is the first step, as we have seen, in this direction. I have no desire to judge this policy, difficult as it would be to justify it on moral grounds. The force of events sometimes creates unforeseen and irresistible necessities. If the Maoris take up arms once more—and if they do, it will probably be for the last time—it is in Kingsland that the rising will take place. On this point a superior officer of great experience, and an unquestionable authority in such a matter, said to me, 'An insurrection is by no means impossible. But we shall not be taken by surprise. The Maoris are not treacherous. Friendly natives will warn us when there is danger, or when they are resolved to attack us. It is what they always do. But when once they have given fair warning, they will do their utmost to destroy us, and scruple not to employ every kind of stratagem. A Maori friend of yours, if he sees that you cannot escape from hostile natives, will

kill you to spare you a cruel death and the shame of being killed by an enemy, in other words, of dying the death of the vanquished. At present, the Maoris keep quiet because they know that we are prepared to beat them; our safety requires that they should know we are on the alert. This is a sure means of putting a stop to their rebellious instincts. The presence at Kawhia of 130 of the constabulary, under a brave and intelligent officer, will suffice to keep the peace. Our men, though surrounded by natives, have nothing to fear.'

These last words sum up the situation. The white has nothing more to fear from the Maori, the Maori has nothing more to hope for from the white. There is no longer any Maori question.

But there is another question, and a practical and burning one, which overtops all others. In these islands the supreme power is shifting more and more, if indeed the shifting process is not already completed. New Zealand is changing masters. 'The first colonists,' I have been told, 'belonged nearly all to the English aristocracy or gentry. Then came the discovery of gold at Otago. From that day began the immigration *en masse* of the lower middle-classes and the people.

The social level has gradually been lowered. Now it is the democracy who have the upper hand. The Ministers, the officials, the members of the two Houses, belong nearly all to the lower grades of society, when they do not actually come from the ranks of the people; and, moreover, the children, born here, of the first colonists, though many of them have been educated in England, adopt the ideas, the manners, and the habits of their new surroundings, so different from those of their fathers.

It is plain that a social and political revolution is being effected gently, and without any violence, but, as appears to me, irresistibly. What my informant told me of the difference between father and son in their modes of thought, their sentiments, and their very language, struck me from the first few days of my tour in this colony. But this is a natural consequence of the displacement of power, the importance of which I am not exaggerating. In the family it is the parents, in the State the masters—those who hold the power—who in the long run give the tone. Here the masters are the people—or the 'mob,' as the dispossessed say. In my talks with the latter I constantly hear a distinction drawn between the gentlemen and the mob; but, in regard to manners, it seems to me that at the Antipodes the mob are ascending the social scale, while the gentleman born

here has to descend the ladder with a good grace. This will end in their meeting halfway. Evidently a Zealand nation is being formed. The Anglo-Saxon race will predominate, but it will comprise the elements of other nationalities, above all the German element, and this new people will bear the stamp of democracy.

The man of the people thinks and feels himself the master. New Zealand is the paradise of the man who works with his hands. Hence the saying, 'Eight hours of work, eight hours of play, eight hours of sleep, and eight shillings a day.' The wages are enormous when compared with the price of food and the necessaries of life. In South Island, some seven or eight years ago, the field labourer got from 4*s.* to 4*s.* 6*d.* a day. Now he earns from 7*s.* to 8*s.*, and on the west coast as much as 10*s.* Living is cheap: meat costs a third and flour one half less than in the mother-country. Although clothes imported from England are five per cent. dearer than at home, people can dress more cheaply in a country where luxury is unknown, and where the mildness of the climate renders winter clothing unnecessary.

It is, as I have said, the Eldorado of the working-man. But in his brilliant sky there are two black spots to disturb him. In the first place there are those like him who keep pouring in from

the old country, and who, by increasing the number of hands, threaten to lower wages or lengthen the hours of work. He is therefore a sworn foe to immigration.

There is, moreover, the class, though far from numerous, of owners of the large estates, devoted mainly to the breeding of sheep and cattle. This brings me to the great question of the day, the question of landed property. To understand it, it will be useful to cast a look back.[7] It is well known that possession of New Zealand was taken by Cook in the name of George III. In 1814 the Colonial Office nominally annexed these islands to the British Empire. After that, adventurers began to visit these still mysterious regions. In 1825, without the sanction, or rather in opposition to the intentions, of the Secretary for the Colonies, a New Zealand Company was formed in London under the auspices of Lord Durham, with the avowed object of buying land from the native chiefs. It started with the principle that the natives were the owners of the soil, and had therefore the right to sell. This Company, which went through several changes,[8] sent out in 1839, notwithstanding the

[7] I borrow the few facts which follow—and the accuracy of which has been confirmed to me by old residents—from the historical sketch in Trollope's *Australia and New Zealand.*

[8] It became the 'New Zealand Association' in 1836, and the 'New Zealand Land Company' in 1839.

opposition of the English Government, its first ship to New Zealand, and bought some land there, feigning to ignore the fact that these islands had been already declared English colonies, and that, consequently, the chiefs of the various tribes were subjects of the British Crown. Before the end of the year the Company's agents had bought a tract as large as Ireland. The chiefs were paid with muskets, gunpowder, red nightcaps, pocket handkerchiefs, and suchlike chattels. Before long the Government found out that in many cases the natives who had professed to sell the land had no title of their own, and that the sales had never been sanctioned by the real owners. On June 15, 1839, New Zealand was proclaimed a part of New South Wales, and Captain Hobson was sent out with powers to assume the functions of governor. He landed near the northern end of North Island, and before founding, somewhat more south, the town of Auckland, signed a convention with forty-six chiefs, known by the name of the Treaty of Waitangi, which is still law, and is the basis on which Great Britain founds its claim to the possession of New Zealand. By this Act it was stipulated that the united tribes of New Zealand owned the Queen of Great Britain to be their Queen. Her Majesty, on her side, owned that the land of New Zealand, for all purposes of private possession,

belonged to the native tribes; and lastly, she promised them her protection.

The principle established by this treaty is contrary to previous use and practice, which had been founded on the assumption that savages had no rights of property, and that civilised powers became, by the mere fact of their taking possession, the owners of the soil; in other words, that the land belonged to the Crown. That principle has theoretically the force of law in the Australian colonies. But in this case the tribes had been recognised as owners, and therefore, when government was established on the basis of this treaty, the acquisitions made by the company of Lord Durham and his colleagues were subjected to a rigorous investigation of claims. It was then found that the land bought by Europeans for a few ships' cargoes of goods and miscellaneous chattels amounted to more than forty-five million acres. It was enacted that the title of the purchaser should be made good by Crown grants, and that these grants should be given only on two conditions: proof was required, first, that the tribes had had power to sell, and secondly, that an equitable price had been paid. The natural consequence was the cancelling of most of these sales and the restoration of their land to the natives. Those purchasers whose claims were allowed, or their

assignees, form the small class of big land-holders, who are now the objects of censure and attack from the popular party.

Notwithstanding the exceptional generosity, taxed with weakness, which characterises the proceedings of the Government towards the Maoris, the latter have shown very scanty gratitude. In 1853 they formed a land league against the English. The original centre of this movement, and the chief theatre of the war that followed, was the Taranaki district, lying on the western side of the North Island. It was then that, for the first time, a certain number of tribal chiefs elected a supreme chief, or, king, who was, in reality, a mere phantom. Until 1883 Kingsland remained hermetically sealed, and it is only just now, as we have seen, that the local government has undertaken to enter that territory and open it to colonisation.

The constitution of New Zealand dates from an Act of 1852 passed at the instance of Sir George Grey. Since then it has been modified, amended, and assimilated to those which prevail in the other colonies endowed with a responsible government. The Maoris enjoy full political rights, and return members of their colour to the House of Representatives.

I met several large landowners, and found them all, without exception, either exasperated

or discouraged, but, above all, irritated against the Government, which, according to them, was being dragged at the tail of the extreme party. On the other hand, it is alleged that the present Ministers, in order to keep themselves in power, affect democratic principles which in their inner conscience they repudiate, and that they endeavour to combat in secret what they proclaim aloud in Parliament and in the press. Sir George Grey has decidedly placed himself at the head of the popular party, whose cause he serves with the spirit of a young tribune and the experience and authority of an aged statesman.

This question of landed property is the staple of conversation. I have heard it discussed by men in power, by men in opposition, by leading commercial men, by politicians of all sorts, English, New Zealanders, and Germans.

What they tell me is to this effect: Since taking possession of New Zealand and Australia the English Government have committed a grave error, the consequences of which are weighing on us still. In Australia they declared the land to be the property of the State, thus ousting the natives altogether. In New Zealand, after twisting and groping about, and resorting to indirect methods, they have done the same, with this difference, that they have 'reserved' some dis-

tricts, where the natives still remain the owners of the soil. All the rest has been left to the disposal of the local government and legislature. The result of this is (speaking only of New Zealand), that a very limited number of persons, about a thousand or twelve hundred, have acquired, at a minimum price, by means of money borrowed in England, eleven million acres, representing a capital of 500 million pounds, of which 270 millions are still unpaid. These large landowners rule the Government and command a majority in the Parliament. The Parliament, or General Assembly, is composed of two Chambers, the Legislative Council and the House of Representatives. The members of the Legislative Council or Upper Chamber are appointed for life by the Governor in concert with the Ministry, but since the Ministers do their best to favour the large landowners, the doors of this Chamber are only open to those landowners or their friends. In the House of Representatives the method of election assures to them, at least, a powerful influence. This explains the situation. An immense portion of territory is in the hands of a few moneyed men, several of whom enjoy an income of from 20,000*l.* to 30,000*l.*, and who have no interest in cultivating the soil because they find it profitable to leave it in sheep-runs. They look only to preventing

smaller men from acquiring small holdings, and, thanks to their influence with one Ministry after another, and with a Parliament composed largely of their creatures, they seem likely to perpetuate this state of things, to the serious injury of new immigrants and the detriment of the land, which thus remains uncultivated.

This question is complicated by that of public works, highways, and roads and railways.

A Bill, passed by the two Houses under the pressure of public opinion, which was in a highly irritated condition just when railways were being commenced, declared that, in view of the eventual increase in the value of the lands traversed by the various lines, the owners of those lands should contribute, in proportion to their means, to the expenses of construction. This Act has been repealed, and the owners, whose lands have increased tenfold in value since the railway was made, have not contributed a penny to its making. Hence the anger of the small owners and immigrants. If it is a question of running a line of railway through land which is either unsold or belonging to natives, who are always disposed to sell, the friends of those in power are guided in their purchases by hints given from official quarters, and lots bought by them one day for a pound are worth ten pounds the next. It is under the pressure of public indignation

that the project of land nationalisation has come to the front.

It is needless to add that I am not vouching for the truth of these assertions; but such are the charges brought against the Government by a large portion of the public, and by some of the foremost men in the colony.

Sir George Grey has drafted a Bill containing a declaration that all the soil of New Zealand is national property, and a Commission is to be appointed for the purpose of valuing the land in both islands. Sir George estimates the average value at a pound an acre. The acre is to be charged with a land-tax of fourpence, but this tax is to be increased progressively in proportion to the number of acres concentrated in the same hands. The promoter of this Bill hopes that, by this means, the large land-owners will be forced to sell a portion of their lands to the smaller ones and the new-comers. I did not conceal from him my surprise at hearing him favour schemes which seemed to me essentially Socialistic. He replied that desperate diseases required desperate remedies. It remains to be seen whether the remedy is not worse than the disease.

The Radical party, who know or profess to know that the future is theirs, go still farther. They demand simply the abolition of property and

the adoption of the system of leasehold, for a fixed time, not to exceed twenty-one years.

To judge from what Ministers have told me, and what they say in public, they would cordially agree with those who demand the nationalisation of the soil and the complete and absolute cessation of the sale of Crown lands. The entire property in the land, they say, ought to pass to the nation. The freeholders should be turned into holders under the law. The Bill which is to embody these arrangements will not be passed immediately, but it will be passed at a day not far distant. Meanwhile, the Government is no longer to sell any Crown lands, but, by way of experiment, to let them out in small lots for a fixed time.

Such is the programme of the Ministers of the day. Their sincerity is doubted, by what right or on what ground I know not. But, sincere or not, their language is only the expression of the settled wish of the masses, who, if they are not yet in possession of supreme power, will become so inevitably, surely, and in the near future.

While writing down in my journal the facts and reflections above recorded, the 'Zealandia' is skirting the arid, rocky, and broken coasts of the northernmost part of North Island, inhabited

by a few hundred whites, and containing an unknown but inconsiderable number of nomadic natives. During the whole of this voyage the sea, which does little honour to its name, has treated us very roughly. But the American leviathan, which never rolls, and pitches but very slightly, moves on none the less majestically, if not rapidly, to its destination. One day we were able to enjoy an extremely rare sight, that of a storm lit up by a splendid sun. At length, on the morning of the 17th of November, the 'Zealandia' passed between the heads of Sydney Bay, which suddenly displayed before us its incomparable beauties.

PART III.

AUSTRALIA.

CHAPTER I.

PASSAGE FROM COLOMBO TO ALBANY, GLENELG, AND MELBOURNE.[1]

APRIL 9 TO 27, 1884.

Eruptions of submarine volcanoes—The Coco Islands—Albany—A Cyclone—Glenelg—Arrival at Melbourne.

THE 'Shannon,' of the P. and O. Company, left Colombo, Ceylon, April 10, 1884. The sky, by a favour exceptional at this season, is unceasingly lavish of its smiles. We glide rapidly but with gentle motion over the Indian Ocean, which

[1] I landed three times in Australia: at Melbourne, on my way from the Cape; at Sydney, on my return from New Zealand; and at Melbourne again, after finishing my tour in India. For the convenience of the reader, I have discarded chronological order, and compressed into one chapter the notes I took during my three visits to Australia. I have already given an account of my voyages from Africa to New Zealand, and thence to Sydney. By an anachronism which I cannot avoid, and for which the reader must forgive me, I begin the third part of this book with the description of my last voyage to Australia. The account of my unpleasant passage through Torres Straits follows in its natural order.

usually, at this time of year, is lashed by fearful hurricanes. In some places we see far off the white streaks formed by the pumice-stone thrown up above the surface of the water by submarine volcanoes.

We pass near a group of islets, the Cocos, possessed and cultivated by a Scotchman and his family under the Dutch flag. This Robinson Crusoe, I am told, is doing uncommonly well. A small sailing-vessel which he owns forms his means of communication between his little kingdom and Batavia, where, for him, the civilised world begins.

As we approach the coasts of Australia the weather breaks up. The waves sweep the steamer from stem to stern. To enable me to get from my cabin on the fore-deck, near the pens, to the large dining saloon, a party of sailors has frequently to be sent to my assistance. But I prefer solitude, even though I have to share it with the sheep, to the huge cabin filled with sick passengers, singing ladies, and crying babies.

At length we sight Cape Leeuwin, and the next day (April 21) the 'Shannon' enters King George's Sound, distant from Colombo 3,785 miles. Nothing can be less cheerful; at first, low rocks speckled with sand; then the bay with a framework of rocky hills, either bare or covered with heather. Not a tree, not a trace

of cultivation; but a whole fleet, or several fleets, could ride there at anchor with ease. Nothing would be easier than to fortify the entrance; and that is what they intend to do.

The mail-steamer has anchored before the growing town of Albany. Seen from a distance, it reminds me of the small seaport towns of Cornwall or Ireland. Close by, it looks like what it is, an Australian town in embryo: white houses with grey roofs, streets marked out by line, and of excessive width, still waiting for houses to border them. There is a fine Anglican church and a very pretty Roman Catholic chapel, where a Spanish priest officiates. The distance from here to Perth, the capital of Western Australia, is about 230 miles. In a short time a railway will connect the two towns; Albany will then become the entrepôt of wine, wheat, and other produce of the country about Perth, where German colonists play an important part. The climate is mild, even in winter; never very hot, but always damp. You would seem to be in Ireland. The trade-winds blow from west and east alternately throughout the year.

Mr. Loftie, the agent of the Colonial Government, who is also called Resident, and who lives with his wife in a snug cottage which, by a miracle, the hurricanes have not yet swept away,

kindly did the honours for me. And how fond they are of this town; in their eyes it is charming, and, above all, rich in a future of prosperity! Already, through the prism of their colonial imagination, they see these long roads, now bordered with quickset hedges, transformed into roads filled with people on foot and horseback, with steam omnibuses and brilliant equipages; and they fall into ecstasies beforehand over the beauty of the edifices which will rise one day on either side. It is this faith to which they adhere, so characteristic of colonists, this robust and simple faith in the future, which urges them forward, and, notwithstanding all partial failures, will lead them to success. So true is it that a man only achieves great things by having the courage to attempt the impossible. Thus they made me admire their club, a little bit of a house; where a shelf with a few books upon it represents the future public library; the Anglican church; some good-looking houses near the harbour; gardens in embryo whose future trees and shrubs will have to stand the rude onslaughts of the trade-winds; and, lastly, the view of the bay, which is desolate now, but which will not be so when the sand shall have been changed into cultivated fields and the brushwood into parks, and when the rocks shall be crowned with pretty houses shaded by the eucalyptus or the Norfolk

Island pines, and steamboats shall plough the waters of that silent and solitary lagoon. Is this a dream? Assuredly not. All this has been seen elsewhere, and why should it not be seen in Western Australia? The secret is to have a firm purpose, and this they have.

A steam-launch takes me to the 'Shannon,' which I reach soaked to the skin by the spray and rain. The weather suddenly turns fine and cold. Old sailors who know these latitudes shake their heads and say nothing. Is this a sign of ill?

The next day we were caught in a cyclone; it blew from the north and drove us southward. The sea was magnificent—an immense cauldron of boiling water. When, at times, a pale ray of light for an instant pierces through the clouds, the waves assume sapphire tints; but when the sun hides itself behind the grey, white, or black curtain, the sea looks like a huge winding-sheet ready to envelop us in its folds. We are terribly tossed about. Having the hurricane-deck all to myself, I am fastened to my chair, and the chair is made secure with ropes. The spectacle is sublime. Is there any danger? A needless question indeed; and what is the good of asking it? The problem is how to get out of a funnel which is moving probably in a southward direction, and the diameter of which is probably some twelve miles. But

where is the centre? Therein lies the whole difficulty. I have heard it said of captains that they are guided, in such cases, by unerring signs. I have heard others declare that it would be folly to put faith in these signs. Be that as it may, one thing is certain: we must get out of this magic circle, or we are sure to be swallowed up.

It is night, but not a pitch-dark night. Pale glimmers flit over the waters. Whence they come I know not. I doze at times and dream of the radiant sky of that grand and noble country which I have just left behind me. I seem to be jolting on the howdah of an elephant in full flight across the burning sands of Rajpootana. Then, awaking with a start, the stern reality comes back to my mind. But curiosity, and an ardent longing to forecast the issue of our adventure, suppress every other emotion. Shall we succeed in breaking through the circle? A sailor, who has become my friend, comes from time to time to arrange my furs and bring me the news. He tells me that nearly all the passengers are sick, and that few of them know how matters stand.

At length morning dawns, but the hurricane loses nothing of its violence. The whole day passes in this manner. From my seat I command a view of the several decks. The ship is excellent; the engines very powerful; the English captain, officers,

and crew all to match. They seem all impressed with the importance of their duties, but I find no trace of emotion in their manly faces. The sailors and servants, who are Lascars and Malays, seem demoralised. Fear blanches their dark cheeks.

The night was still very bad, but this time I slept soundly. Next day (April 24), at five o'clock in the morning, the 'Shannon' cleared the area of the cyclone. The sun and the sea-horizon being now visible, the captain is able to make his observations, and finds that the vessel has been driven 383 miles to south, without advancing a mile towards her destination.

At noon we sight the Kangaroo Islands, inhabited by three hundred white men, who live by fishing. At nine o'clock in the evening we arrive off Glenelg, a sort of outskirt of Adelaide, the capital of South Australia. The tempest continues, and though sheltered by the shores, the 'Shannon' rolls at her moorings.

We passed half of the next day at this terrible anchorage, engaged in unshipping the cargo. I was not able to see Adelaide, the capital of this colony, and the centre of a highly cultivated district, which produces corn and wine, and has made remarkable progress during the last few years. Among the most prosperous of the planters there are many Germans.

Southern and Western Australia receive the rains brought by the south and south-westerly winds. The soil is so warm that the water evaporates before sinking into it, unless the wet weather has been preceded by a strong wind of sufficient duration to make the earth cold. The atmospherical conditions of Victoria and New South Wales are quite different. These colonies, being subject to the influence of the equatorial regions, get their rains from the north and north-east.

On the 17th the 'Shannon,' being too large a vessel to ascend the Yarra-Yarra, drops anchor by the quay of Williamstown, at the entrance of Port Phillip. An hour afterwards we are at Melbourne.

CHAPTER II

VICTORIA.

FROM OCTOBER 5 TO 15, 1883.
FROM APRIL 27 TO MAY 5, 1884.

Historical notice—Effects of the discovery of the gold mines—Appearance of Melbourne—The intercolonial railway.

THE history of this colony is very simple.[1] At the beginning of the century a lieutenant in the English navy arrived at the entrance of a bay, up which he sailed and which was named Port Phillip, in honour of Colonel Phillip, the first Governor of New South Wales. In 1835, a certain John Batman, born near Sydney, and settled in Tasmania, then Van Diemen's Land, came hither and signed a convention with the natives. A Mr. Fawkner and some other Tasmanian farmers followed on the heels of the first pioneer of the future colony of Victoria, and Fawkner settled on the piece of ground where, a short time after-

[1] I think I shall do well to remind the reader briefly of the origin of the Australian colonies. See *Handbook for Australia and New Zealand*, and A. Trollope's *Australia and New Zealand*.

wards, rose the metropolis of the colony, the town of Melbourne. The dealings of these first settlers with the native chiefs, from whom they had bought their land, were not recognised by the Governor of New South Wales, the English Government having adopted the principle that the soil of Australia is the property of the Crown, and that the natives have no right to dispose of it. In 1836 the first English official arrived, and in the next year the new settlement exchanged its original name of Glenelg for that of Melbourne, after the Prime Minister of the day. At that time, and for some years after, this capital consisted of a few wooden huts, two wooden public-houses, and a wooden church, for which a tree served as a belfry. Mutton was still scarce, and so kangaroo flesh was eaten. By an Act of 1850 Port Phillip was made a separate colony under the name of Victoria, and in 1855 received a constitution with a responsible government.

This young colony, the youngest of all except Queensland, began under far from favourable auspices. She could not hope to compete with South Australia, which had already become a wheat granary; nor with New South Wales, so far as producing wool was concerned. She struggled on therefore, with some difficulty, till, in 1851, some gold mines of extraordinary wealth were discovered

near Ballaarat. From that moment the fortune of Melbourne was made. Gold, gold, and still more gold. Immigrants arrived in multitudes, belonging for the most part to the lower classes. In a short time gold and democracy reigned, as they reign there still, supreme. A walk in the streets is enough to show this. Gold and democracy have left their stamp on everything.

Speaking here not of democracy, but of gold, I am reminded of the saying often heard in California, and repeated here: 'Mining is a curse.' 'Let us cherish no delusions,' exclaimed a Protestant preacher at San Francisco; 'no society has ever been able to organise itself in a satisfactory manner on a gold-bearing soil. Even Nature herself is deceitful; she corrupts, seduces, and betrays man. She laughs at his labours. She turns his toil into gambling and his word into a lie.'[2] I heard the same story in South Africa, in New Zealand, in Australia. But the gold mines, often so fatal to faithful and constant worshippers of the golden calf, become transformed into a blessing of Heaven to those who, disabused by their cruel deception, resolutely turn their backs upon them. These men are not long in discovering, within reach of their hands, other more

[2] I have quoted this passage already in my *Promenade autour du Monde*.

solid, more real, and ever multiplying treasures on this virgin soil, on which they would never have set foot if the precious metal had not attracted them. It is the same with all countries where gold mines are found.

Melbourne, October 5–11, 1883.—I am enjoying repose, and the kind hospitality of Lord Normanby. Early in the morning I stroll about the grounds in front of Government House, and with the aid of a small key find my way into the Botanical Gardens. And what a charming sight it is! Instead of the eucalyptus-trees, which in this country remind us at every step that the diameter of the globe separates us from Europe, I find here trees of foreign importation. Conifers predominate, and among them Norfolk Island pines are naturally the most conspicuous. Well-laid-out paths gradually descend the slope which leads to the lake. Superb swans—some snow-white and others of a rich velvety black—are gliding majestically along the water, which reflects the gigantic trees upon the banks and the exotic plants on some of the islets. From an eminence here the eye takes in the vast panorama of Melbourne. The town, with its suburbs, stands on two hills, and on the valley between them, and

then straggles on other rising ground beyond. Look around you where you will, you see nothing but houses and gardens, and on the horizon, the faintly marked outline of a chain of mountains, like softly tinted clouds, whose colours vary with the changes of the atmosphere. The Botanical Gardens, with their groves and summer-houses, their rivulets and lakes, flanked by the Government House, which is imposing, and would be handsome were it not for its tower, deserve their reputation, and seem to me unique of their kind. The fresh and variegated verdure contrasts pleasingly with the greyish-pink masses of the houses and spires of the town which form the background of the picture. The Yarra-Yarra flows between you and the principal quarter of the town. The rest melts into the distance, and it is only by the different intensity of light that the eye can measure the enormous area covered by this young metropolis.

I spent much time in strolling through the streets. Not, indeed, that they seem to present any features of particular interest, but there is life and animation in them, notwithstanding the general slackness of business which prevails here as elsewhere. In the middle of the day the women, all well dressed, are in the majority; it is only in the mornings and towards evening, after the

shops and counting-houses are closed, that the male population appears. The men have all a family likeness; they are seeking for gold, though not in the mines. Everyone is bent on this object. Hence a certain similarity of expression which is seen in all their faces. It is a sort of moral uniform which they have all put on. The women have a less preoccupied and more prepossessing air. Towards four o'clock ladies begin to crowd the streets where the best shops are found. Fine carriages are then to be seen, each with a coachman in livery, but without a footman. There are no men-servants; those of Lord Normanby were brought by him from England. Not long ago they would have left him to hurry off to the gold mines. To-day, they stick to their master.

Two classes of buildings attract my notice: the banks, by their somewhat pretentious magnificence; the churches, by the variety of style, in which the Gothic element predominates. In the best-built thoroughfares there are gaps which strike the eye unpleasantly; these are plots of land which are waiting for purchasers. It is needless to add that the streets intersect each other at right angles, and stretch out to interminable lengths. At points where they mount up abruptly they seem to touch the sky. The same is seen at San Francisco. Altogether, Melbourne itself is more suggestive of

America than of England; but men and women have preserved the British type. The streets, or portions of streets, where there are no shops, are planted with trees; but in the commercial quarters trees are prohibited. The municipality, which is composed partly of shopkeepers, considers that the screen of foliage prevents the windows from attracting customers.

Many of the buildings are tastefully constructed, and it strikes me that the architects have studied at Rome, and in France and England. It is easy to recognise the model which they have copied, or which has inspired them. The large edifice containing the offices of the Ministers—a fine specimen of Renaissance architecture—the handsome Roman Catholic cathedral, in the Gothic style, and several other churches, are really works of art. No doubt with gold—and of gold there is no lack—it is easy enough to erect great public buildings. But here they build them well. This is a rarer merit than people often think, and it is only fair to notice it.

The inhabitants are proud of their town, and they have reason to be so. Considering that little more than forty years have passed since Melbourne was a desert tract, inhabited by savages and kangaroos, the whole may well appear a dream.

Government House, which, as I have said,

crowns a height outside the town on the left bank of the Yarra-Yarra, was built a few years ago at the expense of the colony, at a cost of 100,000*l.* The ball-room is eighteen feet longer than the great hall of Buckingham Palace. The Victorians wish to outstrip all the world. They are found fault with and ridiculed for this ambition, but, as it seems to me, unfairly. People who have no misgivings, whose enterprise is unlimited, and who are checked by no obstacle—these are made of the right stuff and can go a long way. It is not simply ostentation, it is a proof of force and daring, and force and daring lead to success when they do not lead to ruin.

The size of this edifice, and especially of the reception-rooms, increases the expenses of the Governor, and becomes socially a cause of embarrassment. Every Victorian has a right to be present at the ball given by the Governor, whose hospitality knows no limits but those of the locality. Thus, the larger the rooms the more mixed is the company, but no one is shocked at this, except those who cannot or do not wish to understand things as they really are.

My host took me round the suburbs, and to the village of Kew. It was a drive of about fifteen

miles over undulating ground, traversed by excellent roads, which were in fact wide streets, and seemed wider than they really were from the insignificant height of the houses; I ought rather to call them cottages. These are tastefully built, roofed with corrugated iron, surrounded on three sides with verandahs, and set in the midst of small gardens, or at least with pretty lawns in front, which now look fresh and charming, but which for nine months of the year are smothered in dust. It is not only the well-to-do or rich people of Melbourne who live here; there are also whole quarters inhabited by small people. Though we passed through at a brisk trot, I had time to notice the bright windows and clean white curtains, and to admire the order and neatness which marked these modest dwellings. The Yarra-Yarra imparts some variety to the monotonous succession of cottages and gardens; it creeps and winds about between the weeping-willows planted on its banks. At some places, but not many, it might even be called picturesque.

At this season the changes from winter to spring, from rain to sunshine, from storm to calm, are very sudden. The sky has a scowling appearance, and even when it smiles for a moment, it

smiles grimly. Big heavy clouds cast their long black shadows on the earth. Gusts of wind disperse them and bring them back again. The sun is oppressive and the wind freezing.

The public library is open to everyone from ten o'clock in the morning till ten o'clock at night. Each person finds for himself, and puts back on its shelf, the book which he wants. I found there a very fair number of readers, but most of them were indifferently dressed and seemed to have come only to while away their time. They certainly did not belong to the better classes of the population. The *élite* work, they have no time to read.

This evening, a charming little dinner at Government House. Among the guests is a young and pretty Australian lady, who is starting to-morrow, with her children, for London. Her husband, a big squatter, is to follow her at once. This young couple speak of the voyage as one speaks of a trip from London to Brighton. The wife leaves in the morning, the husband is to take an evening train. At the Antipodes, in fact, you lose the feeling of distance, and cease to trouble yourself about accidents at sea. When a man lives on the top story, he runs up and downstairs without noticing it. His visitors, especially those who come seldom to the house, reach the top landing out of breath. Mountaineers walk, with-

out the smallest sense of fear, along precipices and paths the very sight of which would fill with terror a dweller on the plain. It is all a matter of habit.

Melbourne, from April 27 *to May* 5, 1884.—This is my second visit to this town, and I have come here just as winter is approaching. It is the last glimpse of autumn, sapphire weather as they say in Turkey; a brilliant sun, a cloudless sky of a light but somewhat opaque blue, like Sèvres china. The air is brisk and exhilarating, the country is burnt up by the great heat of the summer, and the grass is changed into dust. The leaves are still green, but of that dull and sombre hue of ever-greens which, in spite of the changes of the seasons, wear the same livery throughout the year. Except in the Botanical Gardens and the fine plantations in the upper part of the town there is the eucalyptus, nothing but the eucalyptus, with its drooping leaves and gnarled and twisted branches, which seem to say to you, 'Do not come here to seek for shade; I have none to offer you.' But I care little for what is passing on the earth, I look up to the heavens; I breathe this delicious air, and, after the stir and excitement of the last few months, I seem to be enjoying in this earthly Paradise the repose of the blest.

Lord and Lady Normanby have left. The Queen's flag no longer floats from the tower of Government House, and the closed doors and windows show that the representative of the Crown is away. Everyone talks to me of the late Governor. When he was here, they spoke of him less often. That is a testimony in his favour. In quiet times, a high official has no need to figure constantly in public. It is enough for him to keep the machinery going, to oil it a little now and then, to avoid all unnecessary fuss about himself and never to make a commotion. This is the way to inspire confidence in the stability of public affairs. Without such confidence there is no work, without work there is no public prosperity. This is the view taken by the men, most of them persons of importance, whom I meet at the Melbourne Club. The late Governor—a son of the Marquis of Normanby, who was my fellow-ambassador at Paris during the second Republic and the *coup d'état*—had been an active member of the Whig party in the House of Commons, and succeeded, during his long career as Governor at Halifax, in New Zealand, and at Victoria, in turning to account the experience he had acquired in the English Parliament. He is one of those instances which are still to be met with in England, of a statesman grafted on the sportsman. Though colonial

etiquette did not allow him to pay visits or to show himself in the streets, except with an equerry at his carriage door, yet once outside the town he himself drove his four spanking horses with the skill of a perfect whip, through this crowd of horny-handed sons of toil, who, in spite of all their democratic habits, seemed pleased to look at a real Lord of the old country.

I roam about the Botanical Gardens, which, thanks to the water supplied by the Yarra-Yarra, have kept their freshness. It is Sunday, and so the paths and lawns are filled with visitors. Some men and women belonging to the Salvation Army are singing and preaching to an audience gathered around them on the turf. There is some laughter and coarse 'chaff' from the crowd. Foremost among these rude jesters are the 'larrikins,' that breed of roughs who infest the big towns in Australia. The soldiers of the Salvation Army, particularly the women, have a very ordinary appearance. Their songs remind me of those of our blind men on the bridges. From time to time one of these devotees takes to preaching. 'When will you die? You don't know. Perhaps in two hours, perhaps in three, perhaps to-night, perhaps to-morrow. The Saviour stretches out His arms

to you. Repent.' The woman who is preaching repeats these words over and over again in the tone of some school-girl who recites her lesson with an accompaniment of the gestures of an automaton. Fresh laughter follows from the crowd, and fresh jeers are hurled by the 'larrikins.' A man who looks half like a clergyman, and half like a mountebank, directs the exhibition. Nothing can be less edifying. And yet, after all, may not this be a protest, a grotesque protest, if you will, against the great movement which is tending to unchristianise the world?

I am pleased with the club where I am staying. My sitting-room resembles a cell, and I sleep on a little bed like a monk's. There are one or two straw chairs, but the washing-stand and tub are princely, and that is all I want. The meals are good and well served in a capital dining-room; and in the library, with large windows open to the air and sunshine, I can take my ease in the roomy arm-chairs. Besides the Australian papers, which can only interest those who are on the look-out for gold, or who wish to buy or sell land, sheep, or cattle, there are the newspapers and latest publications of London. The service is in keeping with everything else. In short it is a model club. If

there is no difficulty in being admitted to the receptions and balls given by the Governor, it is not so easy to gain admittance to the Melbourne Club. Men who have risen from the ranks of the democracy soon become aristocrats. The spirit of exclusiveness, which seems so deeply rooted in the human breast, laughs at the laws of equality. History proves this; and my travels round the world confirm the truth.

The University, a fine building surrounded with gardens, is, in every sense of the word, a cradle of science. Both professors and students are highly spoken of. The great enemy of science in a new country is, and will be for a long time to come, the universal craving to make a fortune as quickly as possible. Science itself is not the object of a young Australian student's aspirations; he regards it simply as a means of enabling him to reach more speedily the goal in view, and this goal is money-making. Those who are exceptions to this rule—and some exceptions there are—must be first-class men, and, if in addition to their zeal they have any natural gifts, they will become the lights and leaders of science.

A fancy has seized me, for the first time in my present tour, to go to the play. I walk down Bourke Street, one of the main thoroughfares running parallel with Collins Street, and step, through a vestibule splendidly lit with the electric light, into a hall nearly dark and half empty. I am in the Opera House. The name is more elegant than the stage or the audience. Offenbach's *Barbe Bleue* is the opera, arranged specially for this theatre. The piece, in the form in which it is presented, the company, the stage-scenery, the orchestra, the theatre itself, and the audience are altogether far from attractive. Let me hasten to add that I am singularly unfortunate in having chosen this theatre; nor let us forget that in London and Paris there are places of public amusement no whit superior to this den which is honoured with the pompous name of Opera House.

Some young members of my club, to whom I had told my misadventure, proud of their town, and anxious to efface this bad impression, were kind enough to take me to the *Bijou* theatre, which, both as regards the house and the audience, is excellent, and where I saw a piece capitally acted. I am told that very good English companies are sometimes to be met with in Australia, but that first-rate actors rarely or never come here, since

the Australian at Melbourne, as at Sydney and Adelaide, pays only four, and on great occasions at the utmost five shillings for his stall. He never goes beyond. These prices would not suit a Patti, or a Nilsson, or other stars of first magnitude. Madame Ristori, the queen of tragedy, ventured many years ago into these Antarctic regions; but, if what I heard is true, it needed the harvest she reaped in North and South America, where gold is lavished on the celebrities of the drama, to make up the deficit on her tour in Australia. This precedent is not encouraging for the stars of our European stages.

Can we blame the Australians for this? For my part, I think they are right. The immense majority of them are occupied in making money, and those who have made it are far from numerous. Nobody likes to draw a bill of exchange on a future of uncertainty; accordingly they pay their four shillings for a stall, and no more; and in so doing they do well.

Coming out of the theatre, I thought I was on the Boulevard des Italiens at Paris. The crowd was dense in Brook Street. There were plenty of common people, but also plenty of ladies and gentlemen in evening dress. Shops were displaying their wares; restaurants, lit with gas or the electric light, invited the passer-by to partake of

lobsters, oysters, fruits, and dainties of every kind. People were passing to and from the supper-room. I seemed to be back again in Paris. The illusion was complete, but it did not last long. All this stir and life are concentrated in a very small area. A few steps more, and you come to darkness and solitude.

I have already spoken of the gold mines, and of the disappointments suffered by the immense majority of the miners. Only very few of them have become rich. The principal source of the large fortunes which have been and are still being made in Victoria, lies in the sale and purchase of land. There are men who make a trade of it, and who sometimes amass colossal wealth. They buy runs, and, after farming them and stocking them with sheep, sell them again at a big profit, out of which they buy other runs, and sell these again in like manner. After a certain number of years, when they consider their work completed, they realise the dream of their life and return to England. This is the way in which the class of *nouveaux riches* is formed. But the genuine squatters, those who go in not for speculation but for sheep-breeding, are losing their importance, and gradually descending the social ladder.

I am assured that immigration, which was

so large after the discovery of gold, has almost entirely ceased during the last few years. The Government, composed of representatives or friends of the lower classes, who are opposed to immigration, refuse to grant any more subsidies for that purpose. Until lately, part of the expenses of the voyage out was defrayed by the colony, but that assistance is now withheld. 'The common people,' I am told, 'who are now, thanks to the electoral law, our masters, are not wanting in intelligence. Their views are narrow, but they know...what they want, and they know their interests, that is to say, the interests of their class, which are not always those of the country generally. They find themselves in possession of an immense territory. Whether this territory shall be more or less cultivated is a matter to them of small importance. They wish to possess it for themselves alone, and to deal with it to their own exclusive profit, and what they dread above everything is a lowering of the wages of manual labour.' 'No competition,' therefore, is their cry. They are willing enough to share the cake among themselves, but not with the new-comers as well. 'Look,' said a charming old gentleman to me, 'at those men who from nine o'clock in the morning hang about the drinking-bars, and gain their living as street-porters, or by other occupations of that

sort. These are our masters. Every one of them has a vote. They fix the time of work at eight hours, they demand exclusive rights, and they have put a stop to immigration. They do not understand that this way of going on is the financial and economical ruin of the country. For the time they are happy, comparatively prosperous, and content, but they are living on their capital.'

People of better station have been driven out of nearly all employments. Feeling themselves beaten, they submit to their fate in silence, with the resignation of powerlessness, especially when, as in all probability is the case, they have to renounce all hope of a return of better days. These new masters seem to me somewhat like children who, having found their way into a dining-room, shut the doors to eat up by themselves the dinner prepared for a hundred guests or more. Unable to eat it, they will give themselves indigestion, and the remainder of the dinner will be wasted.

At the club where I am staying and elsewhere I constantly hear the men and the affairs of the colony discussed. As regards the men, opinions are divided; but as regards affairs, there is but one voice: Vic-

toria, from every point of view, is the best place in the world. Not young men only, but old men as well, and those in comparatively high positions, the pioneers of Melbourne, who have lived here for forty years, are fond of retailing these panegyrics. This is, as I have already said, 'blowing.' They blow their trumpet well and lustily, and I do not blame them. After all, it is only the candid expression of a deep and simple conviction. And then, it is so pleasant to see men perfectly satisfied. I have never met with perfectly satisfied people in Europe.

Though the country round Melbourne is not picturesque, there are some pretty places in the environs. St. Kilda and Brighton-beach, for example, are not without a certain poetry with their little gardens and houses, perfectly neat, but built more or less by contractors on the same model, with the sea-shore and sea-breeze and the blue mountains in the distance, and with the friendly and hospitable people whom you find there.

Black Spur, a place in the forest, is quoted for its picturesque beauty. You see there the largest trees in the world. Formerly the famous Wellingtonias of California were the sovereigns of the forest; they are now dethroned by the gigantic eucalyptus-trees, some of which attain the prodigious height

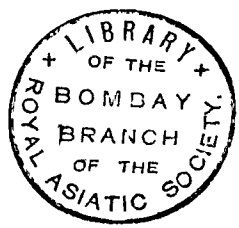
of 420 feet. Close by these wooded regions lies a wine-growing district. I was sorry to be unable to accept the invitation of a Swiss gentleman, M. Hubert de Castella, whose vineyards are celebrated and yield a wine which, if it can bear shipment, will perhaps compete some day with our best European vintages.

From Melbourne to Sydney, May 5 and 6.—After long hesitations, discussions, and negotiations, which give an idea of the nature of intercolonial relations, the Governments of Victoria and New South Wales agreed at length to connect their railways at Albury, a frontier town situated on the Murray. By this means a through route has been made between Melbourne and Sydney. They have even established a direct service, and it is now possible to travel in twenty hours the 580 miles which separate the two capitals. This express train, which goes thirty miles an hour, has still the charm of novelty for both towns, and the newspapers give regularly the names of the passengers.

The country is the same as I have seen in all the other colonies of this continent. Eucalyptus-trees, as far as the eye can reach; long lines of wire-fencing, stretched horizontally, forming the enclosures of the squatters' stations; very few towns,

and those for the most part consisting only of some cottages, which, with their verandahs in front, and one or two conifers at the side, are all of the same pattern. Nothing can be more dismally monotonous, unless it be the forest, here dense, there half cleared, there completely levelled. The full moon floods with silver light the trunks of the trees, either scorched, or half stripped, or stretching out their leafless branches like skeletons. The day, in lighting up the scene, takes away the elegiac poetry of the night.

Goulburn has a pleasant appearance. It is a genuine town, but the country remains the same. The eucalyptus is here as everywhere. At length the far-stretching outlines of the Blue Mountains peep above the horizon, then they draw nearer, and the white masses of Sydney, tinged with pink, unfold themselves full in front. Half an hour more, and we alight at the huge terminus of the metropolis of New South Wales.


LIBRARY OF THE BOMBAY BRANCH OF THE ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.

CHAPTER III.

NEW SOUTH WALES.

FROM NOVEMBER 17 TO NOVEMBER 29, 1883.
FROM MAY 6 TO MAY 20, 1884.

Historical notice—Appearance of Sydney—Botany Bay—The University—Excursions to the Blue Mountains and on the Hawkesbury River—The unemployed men.

THE honour of having discovered this continent belongs to a Portuguese explorer, Manuel Godenho, who in 1601 landed on the north-west corner of Australia. After him came the Dutch navigators, the most celebrated of whom, Abel Jan Tasman, gave the name of his superior, Van Diemen, then Governor of the Dutch East India Company, to the island which, thanks to the English, now bears his own. The mainland, or New Holland, became Australia, or the country of the South. The French, also, without ever establishing an actual footing, have had their share in the discovery of these distant regions. But the great explorer was Captain Cook. It was in 1770 that, on his voyage

from New Zealand, he landed at Botany Bay, surveyed a large portion of the eastern coast, and formally took possession of the country in the name of the King of England. Commodore Phillip, the first Australian Governor, arrived in 1787. His mission was to found a penal settlement. These depôts of convicts, as is well known, have been suppressed; but the system of transportation, though abandoned more than thirty years ago, has left traces here behind it which neither time nor the large influx of new immigrants have as yet been able entirely to efface. 'It is a sore which is not yet healed,' said a lady who was born in the colony to me. 'Take care how you touch it; never utter the word "convict."' This stain, though half effaced by time, and invisible to the inexperienced eye of a stranger, still afflicts the colony. Men are known who have convict's blood in their veins, and the sons have to expiate the crimes of their fathers.

Two peculiarities in the history of New South Wales deserve notice. American colonisation sprang mainly from private adventure. The foundation of colonies in Australia was not the result of private enterprise, but of the policy of the English Ministry. Its origin, like its development until the creation of a responsible government in 1856, had a purely official character.

Another peculiarity is that New Zealand, Van Diemen's Land (now Tasmania), Victoria, and Queensland were originally dependencies of New South Wales.

Sydney. From November 17 *to November* 29, 1883.—Sydney Harbour, say the Sydneyites, and also visitors who are unprejudiced, is of incomparable beauty. This seems to me true in the sense that it has nothing in common with any of the other places which are reputed to be the most picturesque in the world. More beautiful than picturesque, I might compare it to the face of a woman whose features would leave you unmoved were it not for the indescribable charm which reflects upon them the soft feelings of the soul.

Let me describe the details of the scene. What you see is a vast surface of water, opening out eastward near the Heads to the ocean, and running far into the land in bays and coves which appear innumerable. At the end of the harbour flows in the Paramatta, bluish-green like the trees that line its banks. On the southern shore, which is broken and indented, now retreating, now jutting out in little promontories, stand the different quarters of the town. In front of you, looking north, are the

houses and gardens of a kind of suburb called North Shore. Along each side of the harbour runs a chain of low hills, sloping up and down in endless succession; for, whichever way you turn, the eye is arrested by details which conceal, while leaving you to guess where they are, other objects like those in view. It is a picture of which certain parts are lost in the half lights. You attribute this to the limited horizon of the eye, for the picture itself has no limits. The first impression Sydney creates is that of infinity, and it is constantly revived. This is the charm of the ocean and the firmament; they picture to us something we can define but cannot understand. To give an idea of the size of this harbour, they tell you that a boat, leaving the entrance by the Heads and following all the little windings, would have to traverse more than 400 miles before returning to its starting-point.

The slight elevation of the hills serves to make the vast extent of the harbour more conspicuous. The wonderful harmony of proportion in sea and land forms, in my opinion, the great attraction of the picture. I will speak of the colouring by-and-by. If the artist had added some lofty mountains of fantastic shape, they would have arrested the eye of the spectator, have flattened the hills, which are already so low, and have reduced, by

the contrast with themselves, the dimensions of the sheet of water which, with the sky, forms the principal element in this master-piece of nature.

The shores of the harbour, where not tinged with grey and light pink by the houses of the town, are covered with foliage—in other words, with the eucalyptus, of a blackish-blue or a greenish-black colour. In the gardens are some Norfolk Island pines and some weeping willows from the island of St. Helena, which impart a slight variety to these sombre and uniform tints; but the greenish-black predominates, and the impression produced by this verdure is gloomy, monotonous, and, under a grey sky, funereal. As the distant sea-line, visible only from the high points of the town, is shortened by the Heads, the harbour looks like a lake, and you are quite astonished to see men-of-war, mail-steamers, and other vessels of large draught, lying at anchor inside it.

To sum up, Sydney Harbour offers to the eye simply a basin of water enclosed, as it were, in a carved frame; and yet such is the effect produced, that it is held to bear comparison with Rio Janeiro, Naples, and Constantinople. I admit a faint resemblance to the low and wooded hills of the Bosphorus, but in other respects I repudiate the comparison. I quote these cases as a proof of the

marvellous effect produced by means so simple. It is the sky, with its variations of light, that works this miracle. Here my pen stops. I must not attempt the impossible. I have seen the harbour looking like a half-finished water-colour sketch; sea and sky blent together, grey on grey, and black on black, a mere rude outline; then, a few momentary rays of pale sunlight, which suddenly intensify the darkness of the clouds; and then again, according to the state of the atmosphere, the farthest parts of the bays and creeks standing out or receding, with the varying expression of a man who in turn laughs, weeps, is angry, or pacified. At other times, when the weather is perfect, which is rare at this autumn season, you would, but for the black shadows, fancy yourself transported to the shores of the Mediterranean, the bright clear blue of which is flooding sea and sky. I walk along the harbour on a delightful path at the foot of the hill occupied by the Botanical Gardens. On my left stands the Government House, like a silhouette of deep but transparent black; beyond it, is another tongue of land of a shadowy black; and in front of me, the outline of North Shore, likewise black, but of an opaque tinge. Between these hills and the spot where I am standing, the sun's rays, which strike vertically but cannot pierce the clouds of smoke puffed out by steamers large and small, pro-

duce a fanciful effect. But all the rest is gold and lapis lazuli.

Sydney bears the stamp of what she is—a daughter of Old England and the metropolis of Australia. The streets, which are not inordinately wide nor mathematically straight, follow the configuration of the ground. It is evident that their origin dates from a time when America, still an English colony, did not give the fashion to the Antipodes. Sydney has nothing American about her, and in that is unlike Melbourne, or Brisbane, or the towns of New Zealand.

Government House, a masterpiece of the Elizabethan style, stands in the midst of a splendid park, with a view over the harbour. It has been built, I think, about thirty years. The Houses of Parliament and Treasury buildings, a number of churches, a magnificent Roman Catholic cathedral now in course of construction in the centre of the upper town, near some fine public gardens; at the west end the University, which, standing as it does on high ground, attracts the eye from afar by its imposing mass; and a number of handsome private houses justify the enthusiasm of the inhabitants. The parallel streets, all of great length, which form the headquarters of commerce and industry, are gay with numbers of richly furnished

shops, and in the afternoon, between four and five o'clock, crowds of pretty, well-dressed women, under pretence of making purchases, come here to display their attire.

In the upper part of the town a series of fashionable, and consequently quiet, streets, were it not for the steam tramways which infest them, lead along public gardens towards the western quarters of Sydney. There, turning to the left, you encounter a succession of headlands where stand the residences of the wealthy people of the colony. The scene is indeed beautiful, an English landscape with semi-tropical and Australian vegetation, and with occasional glimpses of the harbour, which disappears and then, when least expected, comes suddenly into view. You can never forget Pott's Point and Darling Point; Double Bay and Rose Bay, with their pretty villas and bewitching gardens; nor the Heads and the lighthouse, with the electric light, recently built at a cost of 30,000*l.*, which throws out a light almost unbearable to the eye at a distance of four or five miles, and being, as it is, the finest lighthouse in the world, is at once the pride and joy of the people of Sydney. I was enabled to examine its machinery, the simplicity and smallness of which contrast so strongly with the magnitude of its illuminating power.

I am sharing with Lord and Lady Rosebery the hospitality of the Governor and Lady Augustus Loftus, who have kindly given us an opportunity of making the acquaintance of the leading men, official and social, of the colony. My brief but frequent intercourse with the Chief Justice, Sir James Martin; the Prime Minister, Mr. Stuart; the Attorney-General, Mr. Dalley; the puisne judge, Sir George Innes, and his charming wife; Mr. Mitchell, Sir Patrick Jennings, and many other notabilities, will always recall agreeable associations to my mind.

To-day a grand garden-party at Government House. It was like one of those so much in vogue in the fashionable world of London, and generally, it must be confessed, so dull. But here, at the Antipodes, it is different. The men, indeed, look grave, and some of them preoccupied. It is easy enough to leave one's office or warehouse, but not so easy to leave behind the worries, the hopes, and the cares of business. The young ladies, however, married and single, are in high spirits. All of them are remarkable for the modest elegance of their dresses, many of them for their beauty, and those born in the colony for that mixture of vivacity and languor which is the peculiar charm of the Creoles of the Antilles.

Though the fiery orb of a pitiless sun is drawing near the horizon of the ocean, the heat is still that of a summer's day at Naples. A week ago, you would have thought yourself in England in the early part of April. The natives have not praises enough to lavish on their climate. But European residents find it debilitating and irritating to the nerves, and declare that it gradually saps vitality. The truth lies, perhaps, between these two extreme assertions.

An excursion to Botany Bay. I notice with surprise that the woods and solitude begin the moment we have left Sydney. The aspect of the bay and of its shores corresponds well to the name, which has become a synonym for a resort of criminals, if a vast silent sheet of water; if low rocks either bare or clothed with miserable gum-trees which surround it on three sides; if a shore deserted and unoccupied, save by a small detachment of artillery and a signal station—if, in a word, these elements of a landscape, taken together, are calculated to produce a vague impression of crimes and punishments. Nothing can be more dismal. The very sky, with its dull leaden colour, as I saw it, adds to the dreariness of this spot. On the stony beach, the French Government, in the time of the Restoration, caused a monument to be erected to

the memory of La Pérouse. An inscription records that the last news received from this intrepid circumnavigator of the globe was sent by him from his anchorage in this bay in 1788. A few steps farther stands a tomb, still in a good state of preservation, which contains the remains of a monk, the chaplain of the expedition, who died here during La Pérouse's stay.

We pass by the three or four tents of the artillerymen, some of whom, forgetful of the snakes which abound here, are lying stretched upon the dried-up grass, and apparently in the enjoyment of deep slumber. So true is it that a man easily grows familiar with an ever-present danger. The snakes in this part of the Australian continent constitute, I am told, a real plague. When riding in the forests, in times of great heat, especially at midday, one is constantly coming across them on the paths. All that need be done is to give them time to slip away, for they shun man. The venomous death or deaf adder is too torpid to wake up at the sound of the passing footstep, and is all the more dangerous for that reason. Its bite is invariably fatal. At night-time these reptiles frequent the flagstones of the railway stations, and it is well to be cautious in going there. Nevertheless, such casualties are extremely rare.

Here and there the wood dips down to the

margin of the sea, or rather lagoon, and, bending over the watery mirror, seems to glance with self-complacency at the twisted, short, and slender branches of the trees, scantily clothed with drooping leaves, and yielding a passage to the sun's rays. Farther on, we come across a family of civilised aborigines, if indeed a pair of trousers and a pipe can entitle them to this adjective.

The University dates from 1851. Mr. Dalley, the Attorney-General, is kind enough to take me there, and the Rector does the honours of the place. He is the celebrated Greek scholar, Dr. Carolus Badham, a former pupil of Pestalozzi, and has studied in England, at Strasburg, and at Rome. In appearance he is the genuine type of a philosopher of the sixteenth century. Everything about him seemed to me exceptional: a learned philologist at the Antipodes, who is able, by the weight of his name and the charm of his manner, to attract youths around him, and impart to them the taste and the cultivation of science! The doctor speaks several languages—German, French and Italian—and all with a perfectly pure accent.[1] The edifice itself, the hall, and the various rooms and collections, convey the impression of a richly

[1] I grieve to say, that a short time after my visit death removed this learned man.

endowed and admirably managed institution. Four denominational colleges are affiliated with the University. In the schools, so called, the State subsidises secular education, and tolerates, but does not subsidise, religious instruction. If I rightly understood the explanations given me on this subject, the present system is a kind of compromise between the old one and that pursued in the undenominational schools, where religious instruction is absolutely forbidden. This latter system, if I am not mistaken, is generally adopted in New Zealand and the other colonies. The mass of the people—I am speaking now of the Protestants—although they go to church on Sundays, and are for the most part believers in Christianity, demand the abolition of all religious instruction from the schools. Their object is to avoid in their families or parishes religious animosities and irritating discussions or questions of dogma! The Roman Catholic clergy, with the bishops at their head, protest against a system which is based on the divorce of faith and science.

To-night there was a grand ball at Mr. Mitchell's at Darling Point. The apartments would do honour to the West End or Belgravia. The ball-room, which was crowded, seemed to me particu-

larly tasteful. The uniforms of the naval officers stationed here showed off with advantage against the sombre black of the civilians' evening dress. The whole was done in grand style. In this democratic world, where Jack is as good as his master, some courage is required to give entertainments. If only one could do without servants! But *hinc illæ lacrimæ*. At a recent ball, just as the guests were going in to supper, there was a strike among the men-servants. Happily the men hired for the evening, and some sailors from the men-of-war, were able to supply the gap.

A most delightful morning in the country. The railway takes us to Richmond, whence we paid a visit to a stud. Woods, woods, everlasting woods. Enclosures, pasturages, and sheep; fine orange-trees, and then bush again, and eucalyptus-trees of various kinds. On the horizon in front of us are the Blue Mountains, and the nearer we approach them the bluer they become. And, by way of crowning the day, a kind of biblical repast at the house of the stud-owner, a fine specimen of the patriarchs of the pasturages of Bersheba.

The Colonial Department contains the offices of the most important ministry of the colony. Structurally, it is a model of a Government building on a large scale—no luxury, nothing superfluous, but what is necessary in perfection. Near it there is a public library, open from ten o'clock in the morning till ten o'clock at night. What would our librarians of Europe say to these night hours? They would strike at once. All the same, it is a great advantage to men, who are busily engaged during the day, to be able to devote their evening to reading in a well-ventilated, well-warmed, and well-lit room, and all without a penny to pay.

There is also a museum and a public gallery. The pictures, most of which are water-colour paintings, come from England. Sydney is in all these respects a great centre. And to think that this colony is not a hundred years old, that scarcely forty years have elapsed since it was freed from the leprous taint of a convict settlement, and that the total of its white population scarcely exceeds 800,000 souls!

The Premier, Mr. Stuart, and the Attorney-General, Mr. Dalley, take us to see the Blue Mountains. The Governor and his guests, the leading men in politics and society, occupy several

carriages in a special train which bears us rapidly to our destination. The sylvan scenery, notwithstanding its monotony, is not wanting in picturesqueness.

The deeper the railway plunges into the recesses of the mountains and the higher it climbs their slopes, the farther does the burnt and dusty plain behind us spread out above the horizon like a huge yellow curtain. But in front, and on each side, and above us, there is nothing but forest, that is to say, the everlasting gum-tree with its crooked branches, its grey or white trunk topped with a plume, and its greyish-green foliage, shaded at this season with the yellow and red tints with which the spring-time colours the budding leaves. With us in Europe these are the autumn colours of the dead leaf, but here everything is unlike what is seen in other parts of the world. In these forests there is no game at all, except small bears and kangaroos. The latter are killed by blows with rattans. In some battues from three to five thousand are destroyed in a single day.

Another peculiarity of these forests, which I have already described, is the absence of shade, coupled with the absence of water. As for the configuration of the ground, it is a series of flat-topped hills, which jut out into the plain and there end suddenly in the form of abrupt spurs.

The railway crosses the principal chain by means of two zigzags, considered to be one of the wonders of the colony, and consequently of the world; and, in truth, they do credit to the engineer who has had the daring to design them, and the skill to construct them so well.

Katoomba is the name of a station near which, on the top of a hill, an excellent hotel has just been built. The view is superb and the air exhilarating; but it is above all the colouring, running through the whole scale of blues—cobalt, ultramarine, sapphire, and opal—it is this variety of shades of a single colour which gives to the panorama a character unique of its kind.

This morning we made an excursion on the banks of the Hawkesbury. We are a large party, and, as before, the guests of Mr. Stuart and Mr. Dalley. A boat takes us to the other side of the gulf. While approaching Manly Bay a score of large vessels, under full sail, and some steamers are seen with their dark outlines against a sky of pearl, which melts away into the horizon of the Pacific.

Some broken ground, half wooded, half covered with fern, separates the bay from the sea. Roads there are none, but small ponies, harnessed to buggies, take us quickly across the sand.

A lion couchant with the face of a man guards the mouth of the river up which we are to go. This lion is a rock, and this rock is an islet. Nothing can be more fantastic.

A pretty boat, daintily appointed, and a little tug are waiting for us here. Both banks look like a maze of wooded hills. The forest comes down to the edge of the water, which reflects the whitish trunks, some smooth and upright as marble columns, and others convulsively twisted—skeletons of giants still standing, although long since stricken with death. The foliage is sparse, and the sun pierces through it; there is, therefore, little shade, and ever the same Australian monotony, though broken here by vistas which vary at every turn of the river, by the ripples of the water, and by the gradations of light, which change with the distances. On the banks there is not a trace of dwellings. We left the most populous town of this continent this morning at sunrise, and now, at noon, we are in the depth of solitude.

Higher up, the banks are lower and show signs of life. First, some huts of fishermen and woodcutters are seen; then, in numbers increasing as we go up, enclosures and farmers' houses. The eucalyptus is no longer supreme. Here and there the forest has been cleared. Near some houses, and on the banks of the river, some weep-

ing willows have been planted which are said to have once shaded the tomb of Napoleon.[2] The Hawkesbury creeps lazily between this double hedge of rounded clumps which contrast with the native vegetation. Their drooping branches dip, and are reflected, in the sleeping waters of the river. At this hour the sun, now setting among clouds, in which the lightning is playing, floods their foliage with magic light. A few moments more and the twilight spreads its transparent veil over the scene. Deep silence reigns in the air, on the water, in the woods. We pass close by a camp of aborigines grouped round some fires which they have lit before their tents. After this evening of tender sadness come suddenly flashes of lightning, thunder, and a storm of unusual violence. Then a night warm, calm, and serene. At midnight we are back at Sydney, after an excursion of 147 miles.

Sydney. Second Visit: May 6 *to May* 17, 1884.—I am again enjoying here the glorious weather that I left at Melbourne, only the sun is more

[2] There was a time when Napoleon's name was very popular in the colonies. The introduction of the weeping willows which are seen in New South Wales dates from that period. They were brought thither on board vessels from Europe, which always touched at St. Helena.

burning and the air less elastic. For this reason during the great heats the people of Sydney—those who are able to leave—go in quest of somewhat cooler weather to Melbourne, or, better still, to Tasmania.

During my second stay in the capital of New South Wales I lodged at the Australian Club. At luncheon time you see there the leading merchants, officials, and politicians; in fact, *serious* men, or those who pass for such. The *jeunesse dorée* prefer the Union Club, which is better adapted to the wants of modern times. But in the one as in the other, the arrangements and the *cuisine* leave nothing to be desired. In the reading-room are found all the Australian papers and editions of the leading English journals, abridged for colonial use; but, so far as I could ascertain, in all these countries little interest is taken in European men and matters. There is also a German club, appointed like those in the fatherland.

For some time back some thousands of men have been seen nearly every day marching slowly and in silence through the most frequented quarter of the town. On reaching the entrance of one of the large public gardens, they stop near the statue of the Prince of Wales. There, from a platform,

some tribunes of the people deliver speeches. These processionists are workmen out of employ, who think by this means to excite the public and intimidate the Government. The trades-unions, which play a great part in the colonies, provide the unemployed men with the means of living. I have more than once stopped in my morning walk to listen to these street orators. Self-styled gentlemen alternate with the workmen, and the orators in jackets and caps seemed to me less violent in their language, and more convinced of what they said, than the gentlemen in town attire and tall hats. The latter simply repeated the stale phrases of professional demagogues. It was a violent and dishonest incitement of the poor against the rich. The workmen-orators related their difficulties and sufferings, and declared their wish, and at the same time their inability, to find work. They finished nearly always with a protest against immigration. All they asked for was to work, but on condition that the State should protect them against competition. The men in black clothes and tall hats demanded simply the spoliation of the rich.

While the platform was thus occupied, the workmen in the procession, evidently indisposed to listen to lucubrations which they knew by heart, dispersed in the garden, smoked their pipes in silence, seemed bored and sullen, but in no way

disposed to acts of violence. The audience was composed of passers-by. I saw in this chance-collected crowd several well-dressed persons; they were probably small tradesmen and small manufacturers, and they listened to the speeches with unbroken attention. Some cabdrivers, despite the timid protests of their fares, stopped on the way. The rest of the audience consisted of common people. The venom, if this name may be given to the brutal calumnies hurled against the propertied classes, was not distilled drop by drop, but poured out in floods, and evidently not without producing an effect on some of the audience.

If the Ministry are inactive, the reason is that they have to reckon with the advanced party. Nevertheless, these scenes, which excite the public more and more, are beginning to alarm them, and I am told that park-meetings at least, if not processions, will be forbidden, on the pretext that the garden and the statue of the Prince of Wales might suffer injury in consequence! The authorities will never venture to give the real reason. Nobody will be deceived; the pill will be gilded in open deference to the good pleasure of King Mob.

It is plain that all is not rose-coloured in these communities so full of youth, of life, of hopes, and of reckless aspirations. I ought, in truth, to add that at the clubs, where I was kindly received,

and even in official spheres, I have met few persons who, without exaggerating the evil, have concealed from me their uneasiness. This is briefly what they say in private. Processions, meetings, harangues at the street-corners still go on, and are intended to intimidate the Government and terrorise the public. They wish, in the first place, to have immigration into New South Wales stopped, as in fact it has been in Victoria. The men in power do not, and perhaps do not wish to realise the dangers of the situation, and, in order to stave off difficulties of the moment, frequently make dangerous concessions to the demagogues. The trades-unions are a power, and take their orders from Europe and America. The working-men, made more and more exacting by the wavering conduct of the Government, do not stop there. They demand also, following the example of their brethren in New Zealand, the 'four eights'—eight hours for work, eight hours for eating and amusement, eight hours for sleep, and eight shillings wages. Those who come from England are, and show themselves to be, delighted at first with their lot. They compare their new life with that in the old country, and appreciate very highly the relative prosperity which they find in Australasia. Here, as in New Zealand, provisions are very cheap, and the cost of clothing

is not more than five per cent. higher than in England. Moreover, there is no winter, and consequently no expense for warm clothes or fuel. But the agitators are not long in getting hold of these contented souls, and in a few months they have changed them into malcontents.

All these complaints of my friends end with this refrain, 'I see many rocks in our way.' Nevertheless, with all their fears for the present, there are no misgivings as to the brilliant destinies of the colony, and their sighs usually end with a small blast of the Australian trumpet. It is just as if they were to say to you, 'Don't alarm yourself about this country. It is the first country in the world. We shall get out of the mess.'

CHAPTER IV.

QUEENSLAND.

FROM NOVEMBER 27 TO DECEMBER 13, 1883.

Brisbane—Darling Downs—Rockhampton—Townsville—Thursday Island—Political survey.

QUEENSLAND originally formed part of New South Wales, was separated from it in 1859, got rid of its convicts, and attracted, by the discovery of gold mines in various parts of its territory, a crowd of immigrants; but was, is, and will probably remain, an essentially pastoral country.

A small steamer which keeps up the communication between Sydney and Brisbane conveys us, Lord Rosebery and myself, accompanied by Sir Patrick Jennings, who kindly acts as our guide on this journey.

We steam along the coast, a series of headlands with picturesque outlines and plains between them, and pass by Macquarie, formerly one of the

largest penal settlements, and so on from cape to cape. All these rocks still bear the names that Cook gave them.

The second day our vessel, after having doubled Cape Moreton and stuck fast, as often happens, on the bar of Brisbane, enters the river of the same name and ascends it without any further accident. The mango-trees, intermixed with the eucalyptus, which nevertheless predominate, remind us that we are drawing near the tropics.

On arriving, towards evening, off Brisbane, after a voyage of forty-eight hours, we have the lively pleasure of leaving our vessel and accepting the hospitality of Sir Anthony Musgrave, the new Governor of the youngest, but not the least important, of the Australian colonies.

During my stay in this town, notwithstanding the torrents of rain that swept from time to time over the thirsty land, the sky seemed to me like lead and the atmosphere like a furnace. But the Brisbaners will not admit that it is even hot in their country, except now and then.

Brisbane impresses me as a young man who knows what he is and will one day be worth, and who sees no reason for making any mystery about it.

The new Parliament Buildings are very fine. The architect seems to have admirably solved the problem how to shelter the members from the

severity of the climate, which people are loth to admit in theory, but against which, in practice, they endeavour to protect themselves.

The museum does honour to its curator and founder; it contains some very curious objects relating to the aborigines.[1] I admired there also some stuffs woven by the Maoris of New Zealand with the feathers of birds belonging to races now extinct.

The towns of Australia, excepting Sydney, are all alike. Everywhere are the same straight broad streets, intersecting each other at right angles and flanked with low buildings all cast in the same mould. Here, with the exception of two or three large arteries, all the houses are raised a few feet above the ground. It is an attempt to escape from the white ant, that fearful scourge of the torrid zones.

At the entrance of the town, upon the quays, a large and handsome building strikes the eye. It is a convent of Sisters of Charity. A few steps farther rises the still unfinished cathedral. Here, as in all the colonies, the Roman Catholic element is conspicuous, and perfect harmony prevails everywhere between the different religious communities.

The ground occupied by Government House droops towards the river. In the gardens which

[1] In Australia, the word 'aborigines' denotes the savages of the country. Whites born in the colony are called natives.

surround this pretty residence, built wholly of wood, stand some fine exotic trees. The turf was dried up by the sun, but the heavy showers of last night, the first that have fallen for seven months, have freshened it wonderfully. I cannot say as much for the air, which has become hotter and more close after the rain. The house itself, with its rooms open day and night, being closed only with venetians, which admit the air into the apartments without opening them to view, reminds me of Singapore, Ceylon, Pernambuco, and other equatorial towns. The activity, animation, and prosperity of its inhabitants have stamped on the capital of Queensland the character of all the large Australian towns. The hills in the environs are dotted with cottages and gardens. All are alike—walls washed with grey, leaden-coloured roofs of iron, little gardens beside, before, and behind the houses, which are nearly always flanked with one or two Norfolk Island pines or some Australian acacias, if not with weeping willows. The fierce drought of the last seven months has spread grey and yellow tints everywhere, but the landscape, although so monotonous, is not devoid of certain charms.

Darling Downs, December 1 *to* 3.—The Darling Downs, the most fertile part of the colony, are

situated on the western slope of the chain called Coast-range, which skirts the eastern coast of the continent. The great squatters of the Darling Downs form the aristocracy of Queensland. The pasturages where they breed their sheep and cattle, especially their sheep, cover an area of about seventy-five square miles. Beyond them, towards the west and north, begins an unknown land. It is being opened up, it is true, more and more, and a certain number of hardy colonists, braving dangers and privations, have settled some hundreds of miles inland. But it is none the less still a world of mystery.

A broken plain separates the sea from the Coast-range, whose crests are but the edges of a high plateau sloping gently towards the west and south-west. The springs on the eastern declivities of the chain pour their scanty waters into the Pacific, while the streams rising from the plateau flow towards the south-west, form the Darling and other rivers, cross the continent, and, joining with the Murray, fall, not far from Adelaide, into the Indian Ocean.

We are now on our way to this interesting district. The bush begins where the town ends. These forests are, for the most part, what are called open forests, that is to say, partially cleared. All this country is scarcely anything else. Here

and there are some small farms and some groups of houses called towns, the whole merged in the bush, which is a little more varied in foliage and a little less blue than that of New South Wales.

The ground rises gradually, and the narrow-gauge railroad plunges deeper and deeper into the forest, till it reaches the foot of the lofty wall, some two thousand feet in height, up which it has to climb. This difficult and dangerous task the engineers have not hesitated to accomplish by means of very small curves. During the ascent you enjöy one of those views peculiar to Australia—severe, imposing, changing with the bends of the mountain, and yet always the same. Mountain-chains with flat summits, clothed with woods of eucalyptus-trees, succeed each other and stretch away southward, bright blue, dark blue, grey blue; while below you are deep gorges, from which rise the tufted plumes of the everlasting gum-tree.

The train, after having climbed the plateau and skirted the town of Toowoomba, the capital of Darling Downs, stops at Oakly station, 124 miles from Brisbane.

Some buggies take us rapidly across a plain covered with pasturages to the station of Sir Patrick Jennings.

It is the sheep-shearing season, and we are taken straight to the sheds where this important

operation is performed. I will pass over the animals who are being stripped of their fleeces, for I know nothing about this matter, but I am told that they are merinos of the best sort. What interests me more than the sheep are the men I see at work. There is a series of processes to go through, and all is done with systematic order. The shearers, who are young men—some of them rather delicate in appearance, who have been born in the colonies, others broad-chested, square-shouldered, and strong-armed, who are Europeans—work with a wonderful rapidity, which is explained by the terms of their engagement. They are paid by the piece, that is to say, at a rate of so much for every twenty sheep. As a rule, it takes five minutes to strip each sheep of its fleece, which, passing then to other hands, is thrown so as to fall flat upon a table, a feat that entails a certain knack acquired by practice. The poor animals, driven out of the wool-shed, rush off bewildered at the loss of their wool, and as if ashamed to show their nakedness. The fleeces are then sorted, folded up, and carried to their proper bins, where they have to remain from eight to twelve hours, to get rid of their animal heat. After that, they are pressed together with other skins, and made up into bales, each of which is wrapped in a piece of canvas, stitched and marked on the spot. Two of these bales, fastened

together with iron bands, form the article as it is exported to London.

The shearers can earn from fifteen to eighteen shillings a day. The men occupied in the other processes get ten. In addition to this, they are fed. Their drink consists of tea, made very weak and without sugar. During all this period, which lasts from six to eight weeks, the men strictly abstain from all alcoholic drinks; but on leaving the station, most of them take good care to make up for lost time. It is then that hard drinking goes on.

One of the workmen, a powerful, grizzly-haired man, busied in pressing the skins, attracted my notice by his obviously Teutonic face. I spoke to him at once in German. His stern features relaxed, and, in reply to my questions, he told me his simple story. 'I was born,' he said, 'near Berlin. We earn here far more than in the Fatherland; but that does not make much difference, for life here is dearer, or rather we live better and don't deny ourselves good food. We have meat every day and plenty of it. Every one of us, provided he works hard, is sure of finding a living. Absolute want is unknown.'

Sir Patrick told me that this man had formerly been in his pay, and earned 100*l.* a year. He left his service to become a 'free selector.' His wife

takes care of the house and their little garden, and also looks after the few sheep which they possess. He himself goes about for work from one station to another. He is therefore a prosperous man. The conscription in Germany, and his own anti-military tastes, induced him, like so many other of his countrymen, to emigrate. This is the history of all the 'free selectors' and small farmers. Unless they are good-for-nothing fellows, they soon become prosperous.

This station, one of the most considerable ones of Darling Downs, is called Westbrook. The dwelling-house is some miles off. The plateau retains the same character; pasturages enclosed by fences alternate with the forest, which as a rule is only half cleared. The tops of the mountains which we have crossed are still visible, but they look like low hills, and seem scarcely to rise above the level of the plain.

Westbrook is a spacious house. A large verandah shelters the bedrooms. In front of my room some black spots are shown me—the blood of a cobra killed yesterday by a cat. A few months ago, when I first made my *début* in the land of snakes, I should have spent a sleepless night. Now I have not a trace of fear. One gets used to everything.

Our party is breaking up. Lord Rosebery, piloted by Sir Patrick, returns to Sydney by land, and I turn my steps towards India. A friend of my host has undertaken to conduct me through the Eldorado of big squatters.

Drayton is a half-deserted group of houses. It contains the oldest church—an Anglican one—of Darling Downs, and a little way off on the edge of the forest stands a wooden hut surmounted by a cross. This is the Roman Catholic church. Drayton belongs to the past. The much younger town of Toowoomba, with the railway which passes through it, but which avoids Drayton, takes from the latter the elements of vitality. Drayton is perishing like the eucalyptus, which is slowly put to death by making a circular incision at the bottom of the trunk.

Toowoomba looks grand. Many of its streets, of inordinate length and width, are still waiting for their rows of houses, but the town is already an important centre, surrounded by villas and gardens. The Norfolk pine seems much in fashion, and it deserves to be so. With this exception, fire and axe are destroying every vestige of wood over the entire town. Germans form a third and, moreover, the most prosperous part of the population.

A mile off stands an isolated house called

Harlexton, placed on the highest point of the Coast-range, at the very spot where the railway tops it, commanding a view on one side over the plateau, and on the other over a chaos of gorges and spurs. A stream, which rises behind the house, escapes, in a series of cascades, and flows away to the Pacific. A few steps away, on the other side of the villa, we see a narrow watercourse running westward. The goal of its long journey across the continent is the Indian Ocean.

Two gentlemen of Toowoomba have come to dine with my host, who, engaged as he is in land-jobbing, has explored previously unknown parts of the colony. He describes to us the feelings of a man who is near dying of thirst. In fact, the want of water, the great scourge of Australia, is the only hitherto insurmountable obstacle to the colonisation of the interior.[2]

Hitherto I have met with few Chinese in Australia, but I am assured that, in spite of the stringent laws passed against them, their number is constantly increasing. Every son of the Celestial

[2] I made at Sydney the acquaintance of Mr. Robert Watson, a man very honourably known in the colony. He had been commissioned by the Government of Queensland to explore a part of the continent with the object of tracing a line of railway intended to connect Brisbane with the Gulf of Carpentaria. The want of water is one of the principal reasons why this project has had to be abandoned. The account of his expedition seemed to me full of interest. See *Queensland Transcontinental Railway*, Melbourne, 1883.

Empire, no matter how poor, is bound on landing to deposit ten pounds, which are given back to him when he leaves. But this does not stop immigration. The coolie finds no difficulty in borrowing from companies in China the sum—a considerable one for the poor fellow—which is to open to him the doors of Australia. Once there, he is sure to succeed, and as soon as he can he will discharge the debt. I find here confirmed what everyone says of the Chinese: they are the best gardeners, the best agricultural labourers, the best workmen of every sort, the best cooks, and the most honest and law-abiding people.

The 'Dorunda,' Captain Hay, of the British India Company, is waiting for her passengers at the mouth of the Brisbane river.

This company, which is managed by first-rate men, among whom Mr. Mackinnon is foremost, has been largely developed during the last few years. Their vessels, leaving England and passing through the Suez Canal, carry the mails and passengers, especially emigrants, to Queensland. They traverse enormous distances, without stopping or coaling, as, for instance, that from Aden to Batavia. Other steamers of the same company work a line on the East Coast of Africa, which, starting from Bombay,

and touching at Aden, Zanzibar, and other points of the East African sea-board, terminates at Delagoa Bay. A regular service, which is very popular in India, has also been established between Singapore and Calcutta.

The 'Dorunda,' like all the vessels of this company, is a fine ship, intended to carry emigrants and cargo, and constructed accordingly. As the accommodation reserved for those who are not emigrants is somewhat limited, cabin-passengers usually avoid these steamers when going to Australia. But they can be recommended for the return voyage, as containing then few emigrants and very few other passengers. But what people fear are epidemics, especially small-pox, which constitute a latent but permanent danger on board the big emigrant steamers.

Being anxious to see the north-east coast of Queensland, Torres Straits, and the Dutch Indian Archipelago, I decided, notwithstanding the advice of my friends, on a route which is reputed dangerous both on account of the climate and the numerous coral reefs encountered on the way. In fact, the company, since it was first started, has lost several vessels. But now, thanks to the excellent lighting of the coasts and the accurate knowledge acquired of these previously seldom-visited seas, accidents and disasters have become extremely rare. The

banks of coral stretch from north to south, leaving between them and the coast immense lagoons which they serve to shelter from the wind, when blowing from the east. As this inner sea is comparatively shallow, not more than 120 feet in depth at most, captains have the advantage of being able to anchor in a fog and lie to without danger until the weather clears again.

The Government of Queensland, which encourages immigration by all the means at its disposal, grants a free passage to young women, and every steamer (the service is a monthly one) carries from eighty to a hundred of them. Colonists who are in want of a servant, or who, as most frequently is the case, wish to get out a female relative, apply to the Immigration Department at Brisbane, and there deposit two pounds, intended for the young person as her outfit for the voyage. The passage, as I have said, is paid by the Colonial Government. Most of these young women belong to the lower middle classes; nursery-maids, governesses, and other young persons who have received a certain education are found among them. Spotless character and irreproachable morals are the first conditions of admission. During the voyage out, these young female emigrants, placed under the care of a matron and two under-matrons, conduct them-

selves well. They are put under strict rules; they have to get up at the first sound of the bell, dress in a given time, and tidy their cabins, which are inspected after breakfast by the matron. They are divided into messes of ten persons, who take their meals together, when the eldest or the most staid among them presides, with the title of captain! The after-cabins which they occupy are closely shut off from the other parts of the vessel. On the deck, a double hand-rail separates them from the first-class passengers, with whom they are forbidden to speak across this barrier. Even their father, mother, or brothers can only see them twice a week.

In infant colonies, like Queensland, the doctrine of *crescite et multiplicamini* constitutes a most important element of development and future greatness. This explains the bounty of the local government, and its desire to supply the colony incessantly with an article as precious as it is fragile, but which, thanks to good packing, arrives always in good condition.

We have on board a matron who is on her third voyage. She is an Australian woman, unmarried, and about thirty years old, well educated and with the manners of a lady. The Government of Brisbane employs five or six matrons in this work. They are paid their expenses of the voyage and

during their stay in London, and receive 50*l.* in addition, as a fee for each trip.

The other emigrants are divided into two classes, married couples and bachelors. They occupy separate quarters in the centre and fore part of the ship.

The servants and sailors on board the 'Dorunda' are all Lascars, natives of the environs of Calcutta, and number about a hundred. The captain, officers and quartermasters, altogether twenty men, are English, and there are a dozen passengers besides. An insufficient proportion of whites to blacks, if the difficulties of navigation in these seas are considered, and also the nature of the shores, which are either uninhabited or inhabited by cannibals. But I am assured that, in the event of a conspiracy, the Lascar servants of the officers would give timely warning to their masters. I am told the same story wherever a handful of English are living in the midst of blacks. There is always a faithful servant, the 'Friday' of Robinson Crusoe, on whom they rely in the hour of danger.

Our ship is steaming along the coast in glorious weather. The sea, here in reality but an immense lake, looks like a sheet of glass. The coast is rather picturesque, with promontories jutting out

in succession, each like the other. But there are few trees.

The town of Rockhampton, situated in the interior, exactly under the tropic of Capricorn, lies behind a chain of mountains which have the drawback of hiding it from the navigator and depriving it of the healthy sea-breezes. While our steamer is loading a prodigious pile of bales of wool, the captain takes me on board a small launch to Rockhampton, thirty-five miles by river. The farther we go the more burning becomes the air. In a little creek a big alligator, half hidden in the mud, is sleeping peacefully, and no one thinks of disturbing him. He is an old and familiar acquaintance of the river boatmen, who, however, abstain from bathing in the stream.

Rockhampton is a furnace. One Mr. Feez, a Bavarian, the pioneer *par excellence*, and one of the founders of the town (1857), does the honours. A street—the principal, if not the only, one—extends along one side of the river, the banks of which have just been connected by an imposing bridge. On a height is seen an imposing school, and on another hill an equally imposing hospital. All around the trees have been felled, which gives the town a bare and indescribably dull appearance. But if Rockhampton does not yet shine by its charms, it has already acquired very high importance as a centre of exportation.

Next day the 'Dorunda' touches at Mackay, the largest entrepôt, after Rockhampton, of the wool sent from the stations in the interior.

We passed one day the steamer, belonging to the same company, which had left London nearly two months ago. It was crowded with emigrants. Massed upon the deck, they saluted us enthusiastically. These good people seemed enchanted to be drawing near the close of their long voyage, and soon about to tread the soil of their new country.

I have heard much said of the picturesque charms of Whitsunday Passage. It has some resemblance to the inner sea of Japan, but without the incomparable beauty of the latter.

All this coast is now admirably lighted by a number of lighthouses, constructed at the expense of the colony. A Queensland Government cutter, stationed at Thursday Island, brings to the keepers from time to time their stock of oil and the necessaries of life. As this sea-board is peopled with hostile tribes, islands difficult of access to the savages' canoes have been chosen, as far as possible, for building these towers, each of which is surrounded with an outwork, and left in charge of four men, who live there with their families. What a life!

Townsville, so called after its founder, Captain Towns, numbers, thanks to its gold mines, more than six thousand inhabitants. This youthful place has become, moreover, the great depôt and centre of export for the inland wool-trade. From time to time the squatters come here to lay in provisions and regale themselves awhile at an excellent hotel on the solid comforts of civilised life. This hotel passes for the first in Australia. It owes its reputation to the cleverness of the proprietor and the skill of a Chinese cook, who is paid five pounds a week. Townsville spreads up the first slopes of an arid mountain, and surpasses the other towns of Australia, which otherwise it resembles, in the number of its small gardens. Nature in her wild state begins where the town ends, and seems even to penetrate the town itself, to judge from the forest bushes in full flower at this season, which intrude themselves freely at the street-corners or in other places, in fact wherever suits them best. This intimacy between savagery and civilisation has a certain touch of poetry about it. In the gardens the *Pontiana regia*, imported from India, and now all covered with yellow and purple flowers, affords a slight shade and makes one forget the monotony of the buildings. It is Sunday, and a buggy conveys us slowly towards the Roman Catholic church, along the burning sand of the shore. In the after-

noon we visit the environs. The heat is truly overpowering. We drive in a wagonnette alongside of the railway which connects the town with the mines. No sooner have we left the shore than we find ourselves right in the forest. Some minutes later, the last houses have disappeared behind us, and we are now in solitude. The bush is less ugly than in the south of the continent. The eucalyptus is everywhere, but its leaves seem to me greener and the varieties more numerous. The poplar gum-trees, which belong to the same family, and are known by their white bark, and the pandanus or corkscrew-palm, impart some variety to the habitual sameness of Australian forests. As it is Sunday, we meet some buggies with people inside, and a cart full of sons of the Middle Empire. The latter are on their way to some gambling-house, or to one of those dens whither opium-smokers repair on holidays. Here the number of the Chinese is steadily increasing. As labourers, they are preferred to the Kanaks (of the Sandwich Islands), and to the Singhalese of Ceylon. But neither one nor the other can be dispensed with, as the tropical climate renders white labour impossible.

The object of our excursion is the Vale of Acacia. This is the name given by two enterprising men to their gardens in the midst of the forest. They settled here only a year ago, and in

this short space they have cleared and planted this tract of land. An agent whom they employ in New Guinea sends them rare plants, more or less known, and especially new kinds of orchids. They are beginning already to export them to India, California, and England. The *Cassuarius Johnsonii*, a large bird with brown plumage, uncouth feet, and a slouching gait, which has a certain affinity to the ostrich, is quite in his place in the midst of this exotic, varicoloured, and shining foliage. On the branch of a tree we surprise a tree-frog in the act of attacking a gigantic ant. A frog that lives on trees! It is one of those things only seen in Australia.

On our way back we come upon a family of aborigines, camped in the bush, composed of the chief, about forty years of age, his two wives, and a sick daughter; the man is conspicuous for his repulsive ugliness. Two soldiers of the native police are with them. The women turn away from us, but do not escape being seen. All of them seem cast in the same mould: a bestial countenance, a ferocious expression, a low and stunted figure. We cannot help admiring the skill of this hideous fellow in throwing the boomerang, a terrible weapon, and yet nothing but a piece of wood in the form of a sickle. It flies away, darts up to a prodigious height, describes zigzags, and, finally descending,

returns to the point whence it started. When used for fighting, it is hurled so as to touch the earth, and it strikes its victim on the rebound. To determine the point of attack by calculation would be a problem beyond the power of a geometrician, but it is one which the savage solves by instinct and practice.

Our vessel, after quitting Townsville, rounds the Magnetic Island, the ferruginous rocks of which deflected the compasses of Cook. On the shore of this uninhabited island some sheds have just been built, intended for quarantine.

The nearer we approach the equator the moister becomes the air, which has hitherto been excessively dry. Alas, all is not rose-coloured in these long voyages under the latitudes of the torrid zone! Thus, unfortunately, the captain of the 'Dorunda' had not had time, before leaving Brisbane, to clear the hold of the water accumulated there since leaving England, the pestilential smell of which poisons the cabins. Add to this innumerable cockroaches of monstrous size.

These loathsome animals are shipped on board with the coals. They gnaw rather than bite the hair and nails, and their disgusting smell, coupled with imaginary terrors, disturbs the traveller's

sleep. The food also, composed of tinned meat and vegetables, and the damp heat, which grows more and more intolerable, enervate and depress most of the passengers. I see them stretched in their armchairs. Drowsiness and melancholy, the precursors of illness, are getting the better of them. The old tourist does his best to put a good face on it. As he drags himself painfully along the deck, in feeble make-believe of a 'constitutional,' and sees his companions in misfortune fast asleep, he thinks of the fourth act of 'Robert le Diable.' But here there is no magic wand. Nobody can waken these sleepers. The nights especially are fearful. I always spend part of them in the armchair of which the good captain has deprived himself for me. It is on the fore-deck, and there it is delightful. The warm wind of the vessel plays upon your cheeks. But it is only an illusion. You suffer for it none the less, and few venture to remain there all night. The extreme dampness, which engenders fever, forces you to return to the stuffy heat, the smell of the bilgewater, and the terrible cockroaches in your cabin.

We keep coasting along and skirting the shore, which becomes more and more broken, but covered with brushwood, and is inhabited by savages, who,

according to the accounts of travellers, confirmed by official papers, present the lowest type of the human race. The aborigines of Queensland are nomads of the most barbarous kind; cannibals who know nothing of agriculture and recognise no law. Nevertheless, the extraordinary development of their language would seem to justify the theory of learned men who maintain that this race, after having attained a comparatively high degree of civilisation, has gradually degenerated before sinking to their present state of utter degradation. Planters, in increasing numbers, who have been bold enough to land on these coasts of evil fame, have ventured to settle here together with their wives and children. Behind their huts, which are built in the form of blockhouses, begins the forest, and in the forest, as they know well, prowls the savage. Thus they never stir out spade in hand, without a revolver in their belt, and a gun on their shoulder. They either kill or are killed, and it is most often they who kill. The atrocities committed on both sides, but particularly by the whites, make one's hair stand on end to listen to them. Let us hope that the rumours which constantly reach Brisbane, Sydney, and Melbourne are exaggerated. This is the way in which the conquest of the savage world is being accomplished.

The farther north you go the greater is the

danger. The deeper you penetrate into the interior, peopled as it is with tribes enfeebled by famine, the smaller it becomes.

We have on board a merchant who has settled at Normanton, a small but growing town, inhabited by four hundred whites, at the end of the Gulf of Carpentaria. There is no church, no doctor, no chemist, but only banks and hotels. Nevertheless it is what is called a rising place. Hopes are entertained, at any rate on account of the sheep-stations. which are beginning to appear in these remote regions. I asked the merchant's wife, whom he had just brought from Townsville, and her sister, if they were not afraid to banish themselves to these solitary parts. They said they were not; the only thing they feared were the blacks. And well may they fear them. Her husband tells me that on the shores of the Gulf of Carpentaria the aborigines, who are dying of hunger, send out bands of some twenty at a time to hunt. When these young men fail to bring in enough game—and there is not much of it in these forests of gum-trees—the last to return is killed and eaten. Mr. —— has lived much with savages. According to him, they are afraid of the whites, and only attack them at favourable moments, especially at night time during their sleep. They are considered perfect adepts in the

art of approach, by creeping through the brush-wood, without making the smallest noise.

Cooktown, which bears the name of the great navigator, is in full decline. Born with the discovery of gold in the neighbourhood, it has been dwindling away since the mines have been abandoned. Many of the houses are empty and falling to ruin.

The heat increases, and we are close on summer and drawing nearer and nearer to the equator! The captain, who has sailed much in the Indian seas, tells me that the Red Sea, the Persian Gulf, and the regions of Eastern Australia are the hottest in the world.

The navigation also, in the midst of these banks of coral and islets, which scarcely rise above the surface of the sea, is perilous in the extreme. For four days and four nights the captain has not left the bridge. His officers are round him, studying the charts, exchanging their observations, and directing the man at the wheel.

Thanks to the full moon, the 'Dorunda' has ventured to enter Torres Straits during the night.

This morning (December 18) she casts anchor a few fathoms off Thursday Island.

At Sydney, Brisbane, and Melbourne, people spoke to me with enthusiasm about this enchanting island. It is true that those who described its poetical charms had not visited it themselves.

But what a disappointment! It is a sort of Sound, shut in by low and rocky isles and islets, some covered with eucalyptus, others with scrub, and all of them destitute of springs.

The town (!) of Thursday Island occupies a low-lying tongue of land which projects into the sea. The bush begins behind these miserable dwellings, the fronts of which are washed by the sea. At the end of this sandy promontory, which terminates in a small mound, stands the house of the magistrate. He has had cleared away the light brushwood and the trees which surrounded his residence, in front of which floats the Queensland flag. Close by is the court-house, a wooden hut, with the judge's bench, the jury-box, and the prisoners' bar. Happily, owing to the lack of population, no crimes are committed in this fortunate island. Workmen (blacks) who have broken their contracts supply the only tenants of the prison, another small building at the side of the court-house. This latter serves also as an assembly-room whenever an entertainment is given to the captains and

officers of men-of-war and other visitors, and as a church on the few occasions when a clergyman appears in these regions. A fourth house contains the offices of the magistrate, the Customs, and the Post. Lastly, a cottage, serving as a barrack, accommodates the five soldiers of the white constabulary who form the armed force of the island.

Within gunshot of the official quarter stands the town, consisting of about a dozen poor-looking houses, two or three shops, and a couple of inns, the latter always crowded. The hotel-keepers therefore, soon make their fortunes. This is explained by the number of steamers that touch here; first, the small colonial steamboats which carry the mails, then the large packets which ply to and fro between Sydney and Hongkong, and, last but not least, those of the British India Company.

The floating population of Thursday Island and of the adjacent islets amounts to about fifteen hundred persons, of whom forty-five are whites. The rest are Malays, Pacific Islanders, Chinese, and a very small number of Japanese. The children of the Rising Sun do not emigrate. There are no aborigines in Thursday Island and very few in the islets around, but the shores of the neighbouring continent swarm with them.

The chief, and I believe the only, industry here is pearl-diving. The whites do not take to it.

None but men of colour, belonging to the races I have just named, espouse this dangerous calling. And yet accidents are rare. The sea is alive with sharks, but they scarcely ever attack the diver, whose dress frightens them. Nevertheless, the 'shellers,' as they are called, never like meeting this formidable monster of the deep, which comes near them, peers at them with his small eyes, swims round them, jostles them, and finally leaves them slowly and with seeming regret, but without doing them any harm.

To reach the magistrate's residence you have to cross a fiery zone—the open space which he has cleared round the house. But inside, thanks to excellent ventilation, the atmosphere is comparatively cool. The magistrate finds the climate hot but healthy. His wife, who thinks otherwise, groans over the first approach of summer. Mr. Lether has lived here for eight years. He it is who recently proclaimed the annexation of New Guinea to Queensland, which the English Government immediately annulled.

Stepping down to the shore we see a canoe approaching, filled with aborigines from the mainland opposite. They are quite black, and wear nothing but a sort of diadem of white shells. Impossible to imagine anything more hideous, more fantastic, and more decidedly savage.

In the afternoon the 'Dorunda' weighs anchor, and soon after, passing near Booby Island, formerly called the Post Office, leaves Torres Straits. This islet is nothing but a low rock wholly destitute of vegetation, except some scrub in the trenches hollowed out by the rain. On the top is seen a cairn, where, before any steamers came thither, the captains of sailing-ships deposited their letters for Europe. The next comers made a point of forwarding those letters, and left their own. Clouds of sea-fowl, the only inhabitants of this rock, fly away scared at our appearance, and fill the air with the noise of their wings. We leave on our left Prince of Wales Island, and steam, guessing its whereabouts rather than seeing it, along the southern coast of New Guinea.

The sea is like a lake, the moon veiled, the air warm but less burning since we left the Australian continent and plunged into the vast spaces of the Arafura Sea.

Whoever has followed for the last fifteen or twenty years the movements of political opinion in England and the colonies, must have thought that the separation of the latter from the mother-country was merely a question of time. Many politicians looked on this event as imminent, others

as in the near future, and all, or nearly all, as inevitable. People in England made up their minds to lose the colonies, began to examine the advantages that would result to the mother country, and, in short, prepared to be resigned and to make a virtue of necessity. I am not speaking now of that school of English politicians whose avowed aim is the dismemberment of the British Empire; I have in view simply the bulk of newspaper readers and the political world in general. The publications of the time attest this. Anthony Trollope, in his book written twelve years ago, made himself the mouthpiece of this opinion. The colonies, it was said, are like children who have attained their majority; daughters who are going to be married. The parents have brought them up and given them a dowry, and they are about to part with them, not without heartache, but on good terms. When I heard statesmen of high rank and long experience, with whom I was intimate, hold this language, I could hardly believe my ears. But the fact is incontestable. It is needless to add that these were not the opinions of all the politicians whom I knew.

Since that time a great reaction has set in in England, the origin of which seems to me to coincide with the reawakening of public opinion since the Russo-Turkish war.

But what are the feelings of the colonies? I know not how to express them more faithfully than by summing up the views of some men who speak on this subject with authority.

'The Australians themselves,' said an English statesman to me, 'are proud of their attachment to their mother-country, the Queen, and the Royal family. It is a praiseworthy feeling, which has also the merit of being sincere. But in politics too much weight must not be attached to feeling. Moreover, this affection will naturally be weakened by time. It will be less lively among future generations born in the colonies. No doubt it is an important element, but its importance must not be overrated.

'What constitute the strength of the ties which unite the colonies to the mother-country are common interests, at once important, positive, and palpable. Hence no one here dreams of separation. They know that they would gain nothing, and that they would lose much, by such a step. The colonies possess the most complete autonomy, a constitution wholly democratic, and almost republican. They are model republics, in the sense that nearly everyone is rich and independent, without having to suffer the inconveniences and dangers which elsewhere periodically recur with the election of the President. In this case the

Queen sends every five years a Governor, who is not an autocrat like the President of the United States, but the representative of constitutional royalty. In America, every four years, business is arrested, public order is disturbed, and passions are let loose to the point sometimes of threatening even public life itself. And why? In order that the nation may elect an absolute master, irremovable by law during his period of office. Here everyone understands this, and everyone knows how to leave well alone.

'People in Australia have also carefully weighed the political and material advantages accruing to the colonies from their union with England. As to military matters, it is true, they are obliged to trust to their own resources; not a single English soldier now remains on Australian soil. But, in case of need, they believe they can reckon on the naval forces of the Queen, the colonies themselves not possessing any fleet. Financially, the old country is a mine of gold infinitely richer than any now being worked in Victoria, New South Wales, Queensland, or New Zealand. The wonders that excite your astonishment are produced very largely with the gold extracted from the coffers of the mother-country, which is ever ready to advance whatever funds are required. No doubt money is cosmopolitan, and knows

neither frontiers nor patriotism, but English lenders will perhaps be less free with their money when it comes to be a question of lending to a stranger, that is to say, to countries which, as a consequence of separation, will be wholly emancipated from English control. And lastly, Australians know what it is to share the prestige of a great power who is mistress of the seas.'

I do not hesitate to say that the foregoing remarks correspond with my own impressions.

One of the leading Ministers of one of the principal colonies said to me: 'The colonies are loyal, it is their interest to be so; and, what is more, they are loyal from the heart. The emigrants from Great Britain carry with them to their new country their attachment to the land of their birth. Their children, born in Australia, have not, it is true, the same traditions or the same reminiscences. They are loyal, but in a secondary sense, because their parents were loyal, and consequently the feeling of loyalty is less active among them. On the other hand, the territory which we possess is immense. The new enactments which at this moment are being drafted in all the colonies will give, in spite of the selfish and unenlightened opposition of the masses, a new impulse to emigration, and the new-comers will entertain the old feelings of loyalty to the mother-

country. You must not compare Australia with the United States, which are the offspring of a revolution. With us, no painful memory of the past has ever intervened to disturb the cordial character of our relations with England. Whatever may be the political views or doctrines of our emigrants, they come here to gain their living and to make a fortune. They do not come to realise this or that political idea.'

Let us hear again one of the big squatters. 'People are very democratic in Australia, but they are not republican. They are attached to the Royal family and to England. I am not speaking only of gentlemen, but of the large majority of immigrants who spring from the people. Those born in the colonies share these sentiments, but they draw a distinction between immigrants and their fellow-citizens of Australian birth. During the last elections an elector said to me, "I do not share your political opinions, but I shall vote for you, as you have married a woman born in Australia."'

But if no one in the colonies now aims, or perhaps has ever aimed, at separation, the notion of a confederation is more and more occupying their thoughts, and this federation presupposes, as an indispensable condition, an Australian customs union

with or without New Zealand. This has hitherto been the main obstacle to the realisation of a project frequently mooted, but never yet seriously debated. A few days after I left Sydney a Congress, composed of Ministers of all the Australian colonies and New Zealand, was about to meet in that capital to arrive at a solution of this important question.[3]

Ten or twelve years ago the conclusion of a federal compact was looked upon as the forerunner of separation from England. The body, it was said, will be too big, and the ties which connect it to the old country too slender. They will break. This was then an article of faith. At the present day, on this point also opinions have become modified. A new idea is beginning to gain ground: why not include the mother-country in the federation? The most advanced men have taken hold of this notion. This is their programme: England, like the colonies, will adopt universal suffrage pure and simple; the House of Lords will disappear, and be replaced by a Legislative Council from which the hereditary principle will be eliminated; Australasian deputies, sent to London, will take part in all the labours of the English Parliament. The fusion between England and the colonies will be complete. The Atlantic and the Indian Oceans will

[3] This Congress separated without achieving any definite result.

have ceased to exist. I thought I myself was dreaming when I heard these dreams set forth, not indeed by visionaries but by sober-minded men, by high functionaries and even by a Minister in office. This, I repeat, is the programme of the most advanced men, but it is the programme which has the most hold upon the masses, who, thanks to universal suffrage, have the supreme power in their hands. I am anxious to add that at Sydney, in my talks with Ministers and the leading landowners and merchants, I have never heard an opinion expressed but what bore the stamp of common sense, moderation, and a just appreciation of facts. These people are by no means enamoured of such a project of federation with England as is formulated by the Radicals. But the growth of this idea, fanciful as it now appears, of a grand confederation which would completely revolutionise Old England, or rather, which would create a new England by the handiwork and after the pattern of her children in Australia—the growth of this idea among the masses here is, to my mind, an indubitable fact.

During my stay in Australia I found some alarm prevailing in consequence of reports, which were constantly arriving from New Caledonia and

Europe, of an extension of the convict system, then in contemplation by the French Government. On this subject I will quote once more the words of a Minister in office: 'What absorbs our attention at present is the Foreign question. It is one which concerns all our colonies alike. The question is how to keep clear of political dangers which threaten us from outside. We cannot tolerate the possession of New Guinea and the New Hebrides by a foreign power. The existence near us of a convict settlement (like that of New Caledonia), from which convicts might escape daily, to land in small bands upon our shores, would be a source of embarrassment and danger to us. We have asked the Imperial Government to annex the southern coast of New Guinea, or at least to establish a protectorate over those territories, while offering ourselves to bear a portion of the expense occasioned by maintaining a small naval station in those quarters.'

I have already reminded the reader that the annexation of New Guinea to Queensland, proclaimed by the magistrate of Thursday Island, was annulled by the English Government. Urgent requests made again and again to the same effect were, in spite of the growing exasperation of the colonies, at first categorically refused by Lord Derby, then gently put aside, and ultimately admitted in prin-

ciple, reserving the discussion of terms.[4] This fact, which is extremely significant, exemplifies the nature of the relations between the colonies and the Imperial Government.

I have no intention of discussing the most important question of all, known as the Land question,[5] which relates to the acquisition and possession of land. It would lead me too far afield, and would only interest actual or intending landowners in Australia. I will only remind the reader that, originally, after the expropriation, in principle and practice, of the indigenous inhabitants, the soil was declared the property of the Crown. Subsequently, on the establishment of constitutions with responsible government, the possession of the soil was vested in each colony, on condition that the local government should dispose of it to those colonists who might wish to

[4] Since my return to Europe, partly under the pressure of public opinion in the colonies, but above all in view of the sudden and unexpected development of German colonial policy, which has been inaugurated with such energy, the English Government, recanting its antipathy to any territorial extension of the Colonial Empire, has made important annexations in New Guinea and East Africa.

[5] I must refer the reader, on this subject, to what Anthony Trollope has written, and to a countless number of pamphlets, books, and official documents published in Blue-books.

acquire lots, with the intention of living there and working them, either by rearing sheep or cattle, or by tillage or otherwise. It is well known that the squatters, who formerly composed the aristocracy of the colonies, are not the owners of the vast runs, but only farm them, and that the 'free selectors,' as they are called, who seek to purchase small lots enclosed in these runs, can acquire them as they choose, notwithstanding the protests of the squatter, who looks upon the 'free selector' as the worst and most dangerous of his enemies. It is also well known that politics and private interests sometimes exercise a certain influence on the way in which lands put up for sale are disposed of, and that land speculation has assumed large proportions. We can understand, therefore, why new land laws, bearing on this burning question, are now being debated in the Parliament of Sydney, and are coming to the front in the other colonies. The spirit in which these new laws will be framed is not open to doubt: they will tend to favour the purchasers of small lots and to hinder the formation of large landed estates.

Various opinions are held respecting the present state of affairs in Australia. Let us first hear the pessimists. 'It is true,' they say, 'that these

colonies have produced wonders, and have produced them in a wonderfully short time. At first sight this would almost seem to be the work of magic. They have built towns of astonishing splendour and magnificence; they have reared imposing public edifices, and covered the waste with charming dwelling-houses, villas, and gardens. Their railways are spreading with amazing rapidity, and South Australia has achieved a gigantic work in the construction of a telegraphic line right across the vast continent. But all this has been done with money borrowed in England, where an enthusiasm has sprung up about Australia. Government, companies, individuals—in a word, everyone is over head and ears in debt. The colossal obligations contracted by the State are pledging its future to a frightful extent. The existence of the companies depends entirely on the fluctuations in the markets of Europe, that of individuals on the business transacted by the banks which have furnished them with funds. Many of the Sydney people have a fine house, ostentatiously furnished, at Pott's Point, Darling Point, or in other fashionable suburbs, keep their carriage, and live with their families in grand style. But the fact is that all this luxury is paid for with money borrowed at some bank. They have or make enough to pay the interest on the capital so

borrowed, and to keep their household going; but the day when the bank shall demand repayment of the loan they will be ruined. Business is bad everywhere, but elsewhere the crisis can be tided over without a collapse occurring. Here we have not the elasticity required for the rebound. Last year the sailors of the English squadron forming the Australian naval station deserted in large numbers in consequence of the enormous wages they were offered. Now you see thousands of men unemployed thrown on the streets of Sydney and Melbourne. The Government gives them free lodging for the night, assists them indirectly, and sends many of them into the interior, whence they will return immediately from lack of work. The mischief is increasing, and such a state of things is thoroughly unsound; and yet projects of annexation are the order of the day! The Western Pacific is to become an Australian lake; Queensland is claiming New Guinea and the New Hebrides; New Zealand, the islands of Samoa and Tonga; Victoria and New South Wales, other groups in Oceania. It is a craze which is accounted for by the wants of speculators, constantly in quest of lands to buy or sell. These individuals or companies, with the aid of their friends who sit in the Legislative Assemblies, now have it all their own way. The pretended fear of convict recidivists, escaped

from New Caledonia, and of imaginary dangers of attack from some hostile power, are mere pretexts devised to agitate the public.'

To these gloomy conclusions and sinister forebodings the optimists, who form the immense majority, reply with a smile that seems to say, and says: 'It is true that the debts contracted by the State in the colonies, especially New Zealand, seem crushing if you look at them with European eyes. But people forget, or do not sufficiently understand, that we are minors with great expectations. We may surely be allowed to saddle ourselves with a few little debts before entering on the enjoyment of our patrimony, which, so to speak, is unlimited. This explains the temptation to borrow and the facility of obtaining money.

'We possess a whole continent, which still is in part, and in large part, dormant capital. This capital must be turned to account, and that is precisely what we are doing. Our critics remind us of the climate and the dryness of the soil. The interior, they tell us, is a waterless desert. We shall transform this desert into an immense garden and rich pasture-lands; we shall find water; we shall contrive to draw it from the bowels of the earth. Successful attempts have been made, and are being made, in different parts of South Australia, and in many places artesian wells are already fur-

nishing abundant supplies. If the scarcity of water is the chief obstacle to surmount, at any rate it is not insurmountable.

'These are not mere empty words. To judge of the future, you have only to consider the present. Cast a look back, and compare what we were with what we are. Measure the distance which our colonies have traversed—the oldest of them within the space of scarce a century, its younger sisters in less than half that time, both in less than thirty years, for our birth really dates from the establishment of constitutions with responsible government—from the day, in other words, when the Crown, contented with the shadow of sovereignty, abdicated its power in our favour. Civilisation, divided into several army corps, with the sea for a base of operations, is marching by converging or parallel routes, is attacking, overthrowing, and destroying her enemy, barbarism, wherever that enemy is found. Nothing can resist her; neither man nor inanimate nature.

'The natives, who on this continent may be said to take the place of big game on others, fly when we come in contact with them. At any rate they are disappearing. It seems to be so decreed by Providence, and we accept the decree without scrutiny. Moreover, we would not have it otherwise if we could. Overburdened with work, we have no time

to spare for philanthropic or religious meditations. If it please God to rid us of the aborigines, so much the better; if not, we shall be able to defend ourselves. The stories told about acts of cruelty committed by our planters in Queensland are exaggerated. No one denies that the velvet glove is not always used, and that in these incessant struggles, provoked by cannibals, our pioneers, constantly exposed as they are to massacre, sometimes let themselves be drawn into reprisals which we all deplore. But we belong to the Anglo-Saxon race. We are born philanthropists. Many attempts have been made to improve the moral condition of the savages; for instance, they have tried in the north, with only moderate success, to organise a force of constabulary composed of aborigines. But, on the whole, we must confess that every attempt which has been made to civilise tribes reduced to the lower depths of physical, moral, and intellectual degradation, has proved a total failure.

'And, like man, Nature also in her wild state is retreating, flying, and changing herself the moment we come in contact with her. Immense tracts have been, and are being constantly, turned into pasturage or broken up with the plough, and forests are being cleared and intersected with roads and railways, along the coasts and deep into the interior, whither

bold explorers are incessantly penetrating. Their reports warrant the most brilliant hopes. We now know that all in those regions is not mere steppe and sand, that water is not wanting everywhere, and that with time, labour, and money, the complete conquest of this immense continent will be achieved. Well then, we have no lack of time, for we are young; nor of strong arms—the mother-country sends us these, and new generations of Australian birth recruit the number; nor of money, for the capital that is flowing in from England is being added to that which we have created, and are from day to day creating by the sweat of our brows.

'Look at our flourishing and prosperous towns, so many centres of civilisation, inhabited by people who are hard-working, peaceful, self-governing, law-abiding, and free from the taint of pauperism (you have not met a single beggar amongst us), and from the other evils which infest your European cities. Granted that you find here people in debt; that in our daily transactions there are ups and downs; that we also are experiencing the stagnation of business which is weighing now upon the world, and which is simply the result of overproduction in Europe; and that some of our labourers are thrown on the streets of our towns. These are facts which nobody could or would deny. But they are clouds that will pass by, and, more-

over, we are less affected than Europe by them. The complaints about land speculation, and about the connivance of some of our politicians in certain abuses, are not worth discussion. We are but men, and do not pretend to be exempt from human infirmities.

'You need have no doubts about our loyalty. Children of Old England, we stick to our traditions and the recollections of history, and, though we profess the most advanced democratic theories, and endeavour as far as possible to practise them, the sight of a lord is gratifying to our eyes, and that of Royalty puts us into ecstasies. We are strongly attached to the old country, but we are spoiled children, and our mother can refuse us nothing. When she seems about to thwart us, we get angry. She then ends by giving way, and on these terms we shall always be well-behaved and affectionate children.

'On the whole, the state of things is sound and the future brilliant. We have been the first to put in practice the great principles of modern philosophy. In this respect we have distanced the United States, whose citizens practise equality but only exercise political power once in every four years, and then merely to part with it immediately to the master of their choice.

'We are the atheistic State *par excellence*, but

this atheistic State is composed of Christian citizens. The divorce between Church and State is complete, and religious instruction is banished from most of the schools supported by Government grants. It is the only means of enabling families of different religious denominations to live peaceably together. European States have begun to take the same course. Several of them have freed themselves from the supports of the old Christian society, which is now but a thing of the past. They are advancing in this new direction, some rapidly, others with slow and uncertain steps, some again in spite of themselves, and not without betraying a helpless inclination to stop, and even to retrace their steps. Europe is marching on the track of Australia, who has become the model of the modern State.'

I postpone the examination of these views to the end of my journey.

What is the meaning of the word 'Australasia,' so often used in our days by English geographers and travellers? Is it Australia *and* New Zealand? Or are we, by a mental reservation very popular in the colonies, to include also in this term some archipelagoes of the Western Pacific, or, better still, the whole Pacific, which, as the colonists are pleased

to think, is destined to become one day an Australian lake? Usage, which alone can decide the matter, has not yet given its verdict; but it will be allowable henceforth to say that, if the colonists of Australia and New Zealand, sprung, as they are, from a common stock, offer striking analogies, the territories they occupy have no family likeness. The difference between Australia and New Zealand is evident at a glance. Australia is a continent, New Zealand an island—in reality two main islands separated by a narrow channel, but forming only one country. It is a territory which is limited, explored, known, and in great part opened up if not cultivated. Australia, whose coasts are hardly touched by cultivation, and whose interior is still shrouded in obscurity, strikes the imagination by the immensity of its seemingly boundless extent—as boundless in appearance as the field it offers to enterprise, speculation, solid activity, and the risks and sports of chance.

In New Zealand, everything is done in the light of day; in Australia, behind a veil. The New Zealand colonist knows that behind the mountains lies the sea. The Australian colonist knows that behind the Coast-range begin vast tracts without limit and without water, and therefore inaccessible, unknown, and mysterious. According to the temper of his mind, he will rush

either to these regions, with all his heart in the work, determined to snatch her treasures from the bowels of the inhospitable earth, or else, afraid to lift the veil that hides these solitudes, he will not care to venture thither, but will establish himself on the sea-coast.

It is this contrast between New Zealand limited and known and Australia unlimited and unknown, that gives such a different character to these two colonies of the Antipodes. This radical difference in the configuration of the soil reacts, as would naturally be expected, on the temper of the colonists. The New Zealanders know the reasonable extent of their hopes, for they know their country. The Australians, knowing little of their own, give free play to their imagination. The Governments, especially those of South Australia and Queensland, vie with each other in their efforts to open up the interior to cultivation. They are constantly sending thither explorers, as indefatigable as they are bold, who, braving the aborigines and the drought, traverse, sometimes alone, the immense deserts of the continent.[6] Thus the Australian is,

[6] During one of my visits to Melbourne, a native of that town, who had sprung from the people, arrived there from the Gulf of Carpentaria, after a journey alone, for the mere love of adventure, across the entire continent. This circumstance is not an isolated one, and astonished nobody but myself. But it seems worthy of note as showing the rashness characteristic of the Anglo-Australian race.

in the honourable acceptation of the word, essentially an adventurer.

It is not so with the New Zealander. He tills his fields or feeds his cattle upon them. He, too, is a conqueror; but the object of his conquest is a known land. He takes things more quietly, is more attached to the soil he treads, less extravagant, more matter-of-fact, if you will, than the Australian. In his two islands the pioneer has served his time; in Australia he still forms an indispensable element of the growing nation.

No doubt, along with these points of contrast some strong points of likeness are observable, but there are few interests in common. At Sydney, Melbourne, and Brisbane, even the most fervent advocates of confederation are forced to agree in this admission, but whenever the subject is mooted at Dunedin, Christchurch, or Auckland, people smile. They are willing to admit, nay, they desire, a customs union or some such arrangement with the Australian colonies, but they repudiate the notion of a great Australian State governed by a general Parliament. They are well aware that, in the event of a conflict arising between the interests of New Zealand and Australia, the representatives of the two islands in the Parliament at Sydney would constantly find themselves outvoted. 'No,' is the conclusion of all their reasoning, 'we don't want to become a dependency of Australia.'

PART IV.[1]

INDIA.

CHAPTER I.

JAVA, SINGAPORE, CEYLON.

DECEMBER 14, 1883, TO JANUARY 16, 1884.

In the Dutch seas—Batavia—Mussulman fanaticism—Buitenzorg—Monopoly and forced labour—Regents and Residents—Tjandjur—Bandong—The volcano Tankuban-Prahu—Visit to the Regent—New Year's eve—From Batavia to Singapore—The Chinese element—Voyage to Colombo—Kandy—Excursion among the mountains—The Cingalese—Kaffirs in the island of Ceylon—Departure for Madras.

THE 'Dorunda' is steaming slowly against a head wind. The thermometer is rising. Squalls in quick succession envelop us in white steam, like that from boiling water thrown into a grate. We have been sailing for a week under the tenth parallel of south latitude. The sun, nearly vertical

[1] I have borrowed from Mr. W. W. Hunter's *Imperial Gazetteer* and the *Indian Empire* of the same author, the few facts of history and geography which I have thought it necessary to insert in my narrative.

overhead, is setting on fire the thick, heavy, damp air that we breathe. At Thursday Island most of the passengers left us. We have now only the young 'matron,' two young widows, a young and second-rate dandy, who is aspiring to the laurels of a 'globe-trotter,' and three or four mutes, who smoke or drink, each after his own fashion. The captain, a good, gentle, grave, and melancholy man, improves on acquaintance. We pass hours together sometimes without exchanging a word. His whole mind is in his duties, and when free he seems engrossed in sad thoughts. 'What are you thinking about?' I asked him one day. 'My wife and children whom I left in London.' Poor man, he has only fifteen days to spend with his family between his voyages to the Antipodes, and from London to Brisbane and back takes four months and a week. He is a self-made man, and his merit alone has made him captain of this great steamer.

His officers, cheery, jovial, well-mannered young fellows, do their best to make themselves useful to the passengers. Each of them represents a different type of the British tar.

The sailors—Lascars from the neighbourhood of Calcutta—are frail, agile little creatures, with small, well-modelled hands and feet. They have the walk and movements of a cat. If they tread upon

your foot, you are hardly aware of it; if you knock against them, you seem to be running against a stuffed doll. When 'Lights out' is sounded, you see them on the main deck, squatting close packed in two long rows, their hands resting on their knees and their knees dovetailed between those of the man opposite. They never cease chattering, and talk of nothing but rupees, annas, and women, that is, marriage. They then stretch themselves upon the deck, each where he was squatting while the chatter lasted. They are fast asleep in a moment, and the engine and elements keep up the conversation. I never see the cook, who is also a Lascar, pass from the larder to his kitchen without feeling sinister forebodings. The fellow has somehow the look of a Madame de Brinvilliers.

During the day a double awning, two pieces of canvas placed one above the other so as to allow the air to circulate between them, protects the ship against the fierce heat of the sun. The deck is almost deserted. Shakespeare's 'Winter's Tale' transports the old tourist into a world of fancy. The warm wind of the vessel brings to him, with the sounds of the piano in the ladies' cabin, broken snatches from 'Lucrezia Borgia,' the 'Somnambula,' the 'Barber of Seville.' You hear them

seldom nowadays, these grand Italian masters, but their melodies, out of fashion, though for ever beautiful, make you young again, and take you back to days now long gone by.

The outline of the great island of Timor, seen suddenly behind a veil of gauze, of the colour of gold dust, awakes me from these reveries. Here we are safe and sound in the waters of the Dutch Indies.

'Lights out!' has sounded, and the two lamps on deck are extinguished. It would be pitch dark under the awning but for the stars which are reflected in the sea, the glitter of the phosphorescent light thrown off from the sides of the vessel, and the streak of silver light in our wake. And now comes the terrible moment for descending into the inferno of my cabin. And to think that we have been going on like this since December 14!

To port and starboard curtains of white and gold, and on these curtains soft green spots of fantastic, strange, and fairylike forms, approach and recede from the 'Dorunda' in turn. Farther on we are steaming close by some islets which unfold all the exuberant wealth of tropical vegetation.

The sea has ceased to be a desert. The conical white sails of numbers of coasting-boats stand out against the foliage of the shores. We see, too, a steamer with a Dutch flag, sent to these parts to lay a telegraphic cable.

During the night our ship has passed through the Straits of Bali and has entered the Java Sea. The giant volcano we see before us, the cone of which seems to touch the sky, belongs to the large island of this name. Here the sea from one extremity of the horizon to the other is streaked with white lines; these are pumice-stones, the traces of the catastrophe which last August (1883) ravaged the Sound.

At length, on December 23, on a perfect morning, our steamer moors in a large bay enlivened by clusters of big ships at anchor and by other vessels coming and going. The low shores resemble a green ribbon, above which two colossal but extinct volcanoes, Mount Salak and Mount Gedé, loom blue in the distance.[2] We have reached Batavia, 3,680 miles from Brisbane.

Batavia is such a town as you only meet with in fairy tales. Even if your pen or pencil could

[2] 8,100 and 13,000 feet respectively above the sea.

depict it faithfully, no one would believe you. In the lower part stand the counting-houses. There business is brisk and fever is prevalent. The general character of the place is that of an old Dutch town. The management of the river is left to the crocodiles which swarm in it. The ground rises gently towards the interior, and we find ourselves in a suburb inhabited exclusively by Chinese: we could fancy ourselves at Canton. Then comes a forest of cocoa-nut trees, banyans, gigantic cactuses, and immense bananas. Other trees, some covered with purple flowers, blend with and harmonise the varied green tints of their velvety, prickly, or indented foliage. But where is the town? We are actually in it. In fact, through this thick forest wind broad and narrow roads, and these are the streets. As to the houses, you scarcely notice them, as they are hidden among the trees, surrounded by gardens and wrapped in shade. They are all alike. A large verandah protects the front of the house, which consists merely of a ground-floor; there is seldom an upper story. At each of the two front angles a 'pavillon' juts out into the garden, which is usually a simple plot with flower-beds, surrounded by a balustrade and ornamented with statuettes and vases. You are reminded of Haarlem, or rather of Japan, whence the old Dutch

seem to have acquired the taste for small stone pedestals and porcelain pots.

Two causes contribute to the strange, almost magical effect of Batavia: the trees, whose magnificence surpasses anything I have seen in the tropics, and the men who walk under the shade of these trees. I am not speaking of the Dutch, who, moreover, never go about except in their carriages or on horseback, but of the crowd of natives. Your eye is attracted by the brilliancy of their dress and charmed by the harmony of its colours. The red, pink, and white, which predominate, blend admirably with the foliage and its infinite shades of green.

I am enjoying the simple, tasteful, and refined hospitality of Mr. P. Pels, the head of one of the great mercantile firms of Batavia, and the Austrian Consul. His house is a good specimen of the Indo-Dutch residences. Everything is contrived to counteract the influences of an unhealthy climate. The air is cooled before being let into the house; it is renewed and made to circulate freely, and currents are established, giving the illusion of freshness. Arrangements such as these succeed in producing agreeable sensations, but they do not suffice to render this fiery atmosphere uninjurious.

The proof of this is the extreme pallor of nearly all the whites; everybody appears afflicted with anæmia.

It is Sunday. The sun is close to the horizon. The fashionable world is assembled in the large square, at this hour entirely filled with smart carriages. The women, with flowers in their hair, are remarkable for the simplicity and elegance of their attire; the men, including officers, for the absence of hats, which they have left at home. Indeed, under this sky after sunset, a covering for the head would be merely an incumbrance. A military band is playing; you alight and go up to the carriages and talk with the ladies as if you were on the Pincio or the Lung' Arno. But the whole scene is exotic.

In the Museum, which contains a rich collection of Indian objects from Java, Sumatra, and Borneo, you find India as she was before the invasion of Islamism.[3] But what Islamism? and why did it there take such prompt hold of the rajahs, and consequently of the people, on whom, elsewhere, it seems to have made hardly a skin-deep impression? I am told that the masses are worked

[3] In the fifteenth century.

on in the most unworthy manner by the *hadjis*, or pilgrims of Mecca, who are a regular scourge to the country.

In the matter of religion, the Dutch Government, which exercises in these colonies an absolute and paternal authority, treats with equal kindness or indifference all confessions, whether Christian or others. Certain traditional practices are, however, adhered to; thus, the missionaries, though free to convert, if they can, the Chinese and Hindoos, never venture to proselytise among the Mahometan natives. The reason given for this prohibition is the consideration due to the Arab element, composed of rich merchants and large landed proprietors, who came originally from Muscat and Hadramaut, and have settled here from father to son. These are said to be very fanatical, and to enjoy great prestige among the Malay and Mussulman populations.

Excursion to Buitenzorg, Tjandjur, Bandong, and the volcano of Tánkuban Prahu. From December 24 *to* 31.—I leave at sunrise by the railway. The country is beautiful beyond description; clusters of trees, predominant among them the cocoa-nut tree, the banana, and the bamboo, which here attains colossal dimensions, alternate with

rice-fields, the young plants of which are reflected in the water of the trenches. These fields, laid out in terraces of brilliant green, slope up gradually towards the mountains we are approaching. The whole population, men and women, work here together alongside of the buffaloes which are led by the children. The villages, wrapped in shade and foliage, seem to hide themselves coyly from our view. In the background of the picture, the cone-shaped tops of Mount Gedé on one hand and Mount Salak on the other, saffron-grey at the base and opal blue aloft, stand out against a silver sky.

Buitenzorg, as Petropolis to Rio de Janeiro, as Cintra to Lisbon, as Simla to India, is the usual residence of the Governor-General and the resort of the leading officials and merchants. If the Batavian *sans-souci* does not preserve you from the cares of official life and business, it certainly protects you from fever, which, I am told, never penetrates hither. The surrounding neighbourhood resembles the most beautiful parts of Ceylon on a large scale.

The Governor-General's palace, a large building in the style of the beginning of this century, presents a very fine appearance, but I prefer the park with its venerable trees. A colossal elephant is moving about it with a melancholy air, and some deer or roebucks scarcely stir as our carriage passes by.

There is nothing so poetical as the first hours of night. The darkness is not yet complete, black veils surround us, but shades of black vary with the distances. The eye mounts up, stage by stage, till it reaches the summit of Mount Salak. Behind this giant are the bright orange colours of the sky, and overhead the heavy clouds, deep black and fringed with yellow.

We are in the midst of the Christmas holidays, and the Hôtel de Bellevue is full of visitors. Men and women, all belonging to the upper ranks of society in Batavia, appear at breakfast and lunch in costumes adapted to the climate. The ladies wear a short camisole which takes the place of a bodice and falls over a cotton petticoat of various colours, called a *sarong*. The men have simply kept on the *pyjamas* they wear at night, consisting of a white jacket and loose coloured trousers. All have bare feet, with only slippers upon them. This free-and-easy dress, which suits young and pretty women very well, but is less becoming in ladies of a certain age and corpulence, surprised me at first and well-nigh astounded me. But the eye soon grows accustomed to it. I hasten to add that the young unmarried women always appear in full dress.

I have made some agreeable acquaintances, and all show the greatest readiness to answer my inquiries. 'Dutch rule in the Indies,' they tell me, 'is founded on monopoly and forced labour. This is contrary to modern ideas, but the system suits governors and governed. Take, for example, the coffee monopoly. In some places the Government cultivate it at their own expense, in others the townships are bound to plant it and to sell the produce to the Government at a fixed price of fourteen florins the *pickel*, which is sold again by the administrator on the Government's account at the rate of thirty-five or forty florins. No one is entitled to keep for his own consumption a stock of more than three kilogrammes, or about $6\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. The consequence of this is that sometimes, when the supply of coffee of the finest quality stored in the State warehouses is exhausted, coffee has to be sent for from Holland. This is not pleasant, but, as the advantages of the system outweigh the inconveniences, nobody finds fault with it.'

'The Government,' said one of my new friends to me, 'make use of the former princes, more or less sovereigns in the old days, to keep in check and govern the native populations, who are still attached to their old masters, and take care to

secure the fidelity of these "Sultans," transformed into Dutch officials, by means of high salaries. The ex-Sultan now regent of a district represents the Government in the eyes of the natives; he has the charge of the local police, and is to some extent a judge. But the *summa rerum* rests in the hands of the Resident, or Dutch agent for each district, who is, so to speak, the eye and the arm of the Governor-General. He abstains, however, unless absolutely compelled, from trenching on the regent's prerogative.

'The Javanese, gentle and tractable by nature, feel a passive sympathy with Dutch rule. The same cannot be said of the population of Sumatra and other parts of the Indo-Netherland Empire. Here in Java the people are contented. A little rice daily, and as little work as possible throughout the year, make up their ideal of supreme happiness in this world. They were less happy under their princes, who crushed them with taxes.

'The natives, whatever their social position, are obliged to wear the silk handkerchief of the country round their heads and the *sarong* round their waist; they are strictly forbidden to wear boots or shoes like Europeans. The whites, in speaking to the natives, even to those who understand Dutch, always make use of the Malay language, and the natives would never venture to address a white in

any European tongue whatever. The strictness of Asiatic etiquette which still prevails in the interior has been somewhat relaxed of late years in Batavia; but the maintenance of prestige, and the recognition by the native of the superiority of the white race, form, together with monopoly and forced labour, the fundamental principles of our government. It is the old system of colonial rule, the efficiency of which has been proved. Now for nearly three centuries a handful of Dutch have been governing millions of Asiatics. In British India these customs were abandoned fifty years ago, and an epoch of humanitarianism inaugurated instead. Will this new system stand the test of experience?'

Those who were present during this conversation, all Dutchmen, unanimously agreed with my friend, but not without expressing their fear of seeing the spirit of innovation invade the Indo-Dutch Empire.

Tjandjur, a thoroughly Indian town, is the residence of a regent, and consequently that of his guardian angel, the Resident. A most exalted personage resides here as a State prisoner, the deposed Sultan of Borneo. He inhabits a palace composed of several small houses. The entrance is guarded by a colossal puppet with the head of a fish which

acts the part of a Genius, to drive away evil spirits. It was night, and we could hear the illustrious State prisoner engaged in evening prayer with his attendants in the little mosque belonging to the palace. 'Ille Mallah! Ille Mallah!' and again 'Ille Mallah!' And we heard, too, the banana-trees accompany the chorus of the faithful with the rustling of their fans, and saw the Genius, like a faithful guardian, moving his fish's head with the evening breeze.

What a night it is!—how dark, how warm, how delicious! Seated in the verandah of our small hotel, which is kept by a retired Austrian officer, we look on at an open-air performance of marionettes. They are the gods and goddesses of the Hindoo Olympus. The puppet-shows of the Champs-Elysées at Paris or of our Prater at Vienna are nothing compared with this strange spectacle of desperate combats between gods not yet completely shorn of their glory in the midst of a people who have become Mahometans.

A short way off, a nautch-girl was going through her steps with two youths, whose grotesque leaps, resembling at times the bounds of a panther, formed a striking contrast to her modest attitudes and movements. She advanced and retired by turns, always screening her face with the sleeve of her tunic, and accompanying herself from time to time with a monotonous and melancholy chant.

I found in this small hotel some Bohemian newspapers, and on the walls of the dining-room the portraits of Marshal Radetzky and General Haynau, together with reminiscences of those warlike days, so rich in memories both sad and glorious, but more glorious than sad, and already so far removed from ours.

The journey from Tjandjur to Bandong, accomplished partly by railway, on a line not yet open to public traffic, and partly by post-cart, takes us through an extremely picturesque country. The road, which has been laid by skilful engineers and admirably constructed by native forced labourers, winds up over the top of the lofty mountain of Missigit. This district is infested by tigers, leopards, and panthers. Wild buffaloes and boars are there also, and at certain spots you run a risk of meeting rhinoceroses. But chance spared us these excitements. We saw only two respectably sized boars, who scampered at full speed across our road. A few years ago the people in the *kampongs*, or villages, in the environs would never venture out at night, except in large bands, and with arms and torches. The arrival of the railway labourers has driven a good many of these ugly customers away. The numerous watercourses

swarm with crocodiles, which here enjoy the privilege of being held sacred, and run no risk of being interfered with until they have devoured a fair number of the villagers and their cattle. Even then the intervention of the local priest is necessary before they can be destroyed. Arrayed in his white robes, the holy man takes his seat on the river-bank, intones a hymn, and inspects the monster when it appears, in order to see if it is really the culprit. No one dares to kill a crocodile without his consent. The tigers, who have not this halo of sanctity, owe their prestige to the fear with which they inspire the villagers, who never dream of hunting them till serious depredations have been committed in the village.

The 'pals'[4] are marked along the road, which is bordered with quickset hedges, continued even through the villages. You seem to be in a park. The landscape retains its varied, strange, and fantastic but always smiling character. Small conical hillocks and limestone or volcanic rocks, each with thickets topped by a dome of foliage or a clump of colossal bamboos, stand out in sharp relief against the sky, which is opal blue in the morning, overcast with dark heavy clouds in the afternoon, and golden at sunset.

At the end of each stage, or every five pals,

[4] About 1,320 English yards in length.

is a posting-station; a large shed roofed with thick tiles is built across the road. Here the traveller who is duly furnished with a Government pass changes horses under shelter from the sun and the deluging rains of the monsoon. Here, too (in the coffee districts), stand the Government storehouses for the reception of the coffee grown by the people.

No other country, except China or Japan, can give any idea of the animation prevailing in these villages and along the entire road. Coolies singly or in gangs, with the *sarong*, a kind of short petticoat folded round the loins, and worn over their short drawers, but naked above the waist, and with huge hats like a shield or the lid of a vase, are striding along in file, carrying enormous weights hung at each end of long bamboo rods, bent like a crescent. Others are laden with immense canes, intended for building their huts. There are many women about; they wear the *sarong* also, either red, blue, or white, but generally crimson. The brilliant colours harmonise admirably with the bronze hue of their half-naked bodies and with the infinite shades of green spread by a prodigal nature. Young mothers, while working in the rice-fields, suckle their babies perched astride on one of their hips, and, like the Japanese, hide their breasts with the

sleeves of their gown if they meet a European. Amidst the crowd that keeps perpetually passing we see some 'gentlemen,' attired with more care and in less offhand fashion. They are probably nobles, perhaps the sons of some ex-Sultan converted into a Regent. As these grandees keep in their harems a host of female slaves, in addition to their five legitimate wives, who are entitled to pensions from the Government, the number of their children is legion.

The houses, all built of bamboo, with steep-pitched, high, and heavy roofs, are more or less hidden among the foliage, and so we have passed through more than one village without seeing it. Along the road are numerous sheds for the sale of provisions. The people salute the whites with a nimble readiness of deference acquired by habit. At your approach, the men on each side face about with their backs to you, and then kneel down and touch the ground with their foreheads. Poor fellows! In order to be polite they show themselves in the most unfavourable attitude. I wish I knew how to keep my countenance while passing through this double row of upturned caryatides!

Bandong, where we arrived at noon, is the capital of the province of Preanger, and stands on

a plateau [5] surrounded by lofty mountains. In the excellent hotel, which is kept by a Dutchman, we found a large party—high officials, Government servants, and wealthy planters, but no Malays. The latter are not admitted into hotels frequented by Europeans, but the Chinese, if their purses are well stocked, are allowed to associate with the whites.

It is the monsoon or rainy season, the healthiest time of year in the Dutch Indies. The mornings are brilliant, but at noon the sky begins to be overcast, and at about three o'clock the rain, accompanied by lightning and fearful peals of thunder, comes down in torrents, and never ceases till nearly sunset. Visiting time is between six and eight o'clock, after which everyone goes to dinner. In the 'society,' that is, at the club, the burning question now discussed is the future of the cinchona. The production of quinine is the rage of the day here, in Ceylon, and in some of the islands of the Pacific, and cinchona culture is universal. Coffee-planting does not pay, the price of sugar has fallen low, aud over-production in Europe has made business stagnant throughout the world. Everybody, therefore, is for cinchona and intermittent fevers.

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[5] 800 feet high. The neighbouring mountains are from 6,000 to 8,000 feet above the level of the sea.

Ascent of Tánkuban Prahu, December 28.—I have spent a day which I shall never forget. We had to climb a volcano in active eruption, 7,000 feet in height, and situated twenty 'pals,' or more than fifteen miles, north of the town. The country is like that we have been passing through for the last few days, but the lofty mountains near us give it an Alpine character. The higher we ascend the more silent it becomes. We have left behind us the *rasthaus* (rest-house), near a rustic hamlet, called Lèmbang. Before us rises the volcano, with its cone shaped like a boat (*prahu*) turned upside down: whence the name it bears. The crater is invisible. The path is in many places very steep, penetrates a virgin forest, and crosses some clearings made by the planters, who have felled a number of trees in order to replace them with the cinchona. Higher up we re-enter, nor do we again quit it, another portion of the forest, which is as yet untouched by the axe. At certain spots the road, only two or three feet wide, follows the windings of a steep ridge between two gaping abysses. Looking downwards one sees nothing but the tops of trees. All around are lofty mountains, except on the side facing the town, which is still visible, though dwarfed by the distance. The plateau of Bandong looks like a carpet of green and black—the green being the rice-fields, the black the

villages buried among the groves. The giant trees which clothe the mountain to its summit seem to me of endless varieties. Deep silence reigns in the air, in the forest, and in the abysses beneath us. Not a bird is singing; I am told there are scarcely any in Java. Gradually the smell of sulphur takes the place of the delicious scents exhaled from the resinous timber. We have reached the edge of the crater. The lava disputes the ground with the vegetation, but the latter carries the day, by concealing the furnace beneath you from the view. We had begun to descend thither by an execrable path, when the heavens, which for the last hour had been slightly overcast, suddenly opened their flood-gates; and, much to my regret, I was compelled to beat a retreat. But in this climate you cannot get wet with impunity, and the consequence is fever. I seemed to be standing under a pump, and fervently prayed that my waterproof might deserve its name. However, the sky took pity on us. Contrary to its wont, the sun suddenly reappeared and cleared the atmosphere again. But what a descent!—by footpaths now changed into torrents, where the horses stumble at every step! My young companions dismount and walk, but I dare not trust my strength enough to follow their example. My pony scrambles along the precipice, loses his balance, and rolls right over, fortunately

not into the abyss but into a kind of trench. By the laws of gravitation I slip from the saddle on to the animal's neck, and thence on to the shoulders of my little Indian, who is completely upset by the shock, and makes a vain attempt to get on his tiny legs again. Luckily a tuft of bamboos offers me a timely aid. I clutch at it, and gripping the guide's head between my knees, without touching the ground myself, succeed in pulling him up. I had merely changed my mount. At length, at nightfall, famished and worn out by fatigue, but charmed with our excursion, we got back to the hotel, to find there a good dinner and comfortable quarters.

Bandong is a garden, a park, and a wood. The streets are avenues bordered with quickset hedges and shaded by gigantic trees. Do not ask me the names of the various kinds. Bananas, cocoa-nut trees, and other palms predominate; but the bamboo is the most conspicuous. The houses are scarcely perceptible, but here and there the folds of the green curtain that hides the town are parted sufficiently to give a glimpse of the neighbouring high mountains.

In the evening some nautch-girls are brought in to dance in the courtyard of the hotel. The rain has fallen heavily during the afternoon, and a white

mist rises from the sodden ground. The atmosphere is that of a furnace. The dancing, the music and singing, all tend to produce a feeling of melancholy.

I paid a visit to the Regent, popularly known as the Sultan. Toe-Mengong-Koissema-Delaga, still a young man, is very polite, but only speaks Malay. With the inevitable silk handkerchief on his head, and dressed after the fashion of the country, he exercises his privilege as Regent to wear boots and stockings. Beside him is his 'chief' wife, who, the Regent tells me, is a princess and bears the title of one. Though neither young nor pretty, she has an attractive manner. Her husband himself showed me the Kraton or 'King's residence,' consisting of two houses furnished in European style; one of which contains the reception-rooms, while the other is used as a dwelling. The Regent's musicians were squatting in the garden, and while they played, a man and woman were making some marionettes, gods and goddesses of the Hindoo Olympus, fight mimic battles. I am told that even the upper classes are very fond of these performances, which serve vaguely to remind them of their native mythology, and with it of the independence of bygone times.

This Kraton has somehow an air of nobility

about it. I wonder why this is so. There is nothing special in its Indo-European architecture; the gardens are badly kept; dead leaves and rank weeds overrun the paths, and hide the large piece of water in the middle. Even the magnificent avenue leading to the street has an air of neglect. And yet the whole appeals to the imagination.

From the flight of steps before the palace you see, through an opening in a belt of trees, and across a glade beyond, one of the windows of the Resident's house. That opening enables this grand personage, while comfortably seated in his cane armchair and smoking his *chibouque*, to keep an eye upon his colleague the Regent.

We are back again in Batavia. It is New Year's Eve, and in a few more hours the old year will have passed away. The night is dark and warm. Through the windows of the Dutch houses, which are all wide open, we can see without hindrance into the rooms. Men and women, dressed this evening with particular care, are lounging in their armchairs, and talking, smoking, and drinking tea. One might be in Holland itself. Outside, in the forest, which is, in fact, the town, all is pitch darkness, though lit up every now and then by the rockets which the natives are amusing themselves

by letting off. It is their way of greeting the new year.

Java was not originally on the programme of my tour. I owe to the accident of there being no vessel bound for India the good luck of passing a week in this island. I could not have spent it more pleasantly; but I arrived here unprepared for the visit, and even had I been prepared, eight days would not have sufficed for more than a superficial study of the place. It was like a glimpse, caught in passing through a gallery, of a picture that arrests your attention. You cannot stop, but as you pass away the bright vision takes hold of you, follows you, haunts you, and remains.

An old and rickety little steamer of the Messageries Maritimes, which does nothing but ply between the capital of the Dutch Indies and Singapore, takes me on January 3 from Batavia. My heart is Austrian, but my palate and stomach are French. Such, at least, was my reflection after my first meal on board the 'Emirne,' which is more remarkable for her cooking than for her speed or the power of her engines.

We glide gently and slowly between the coast of the large island of Sumatra, which here is all

flat and covered with forests or brushwood, and the higher and partly cultivated shore of Banca Island, whose tin mines, worked by the Government, are a lucrative source of revenue to the Dutch treasury.[6] On the afternoon of the 5th the 'Emirne' comes alongside of the quay of Singapore, the capital of the Straits Settlements, 550 miles from Batavia.

Singapore, from January 5 to 7.—What changes since my first visit in December, 1871! The space which I then crossed upon the narrow dike, about two miles in length, which served as a road between the port and the town, was then an unhealthy swamp, but is now covered with a new quarter almost exclusively inhabited by people of the yellow race. Singapore has become a Chinese town. With the exception of the esplanade with its Courts of Justice, some other public buildings, the Governor's palace on a hill, the residences of some European merchants, the churches, and the hotels kept by Germans or Swiss, there is nothing to be seen but long rows of houses, each with a couple of windows and an upper story which, resting on pillars, projects into the street and forms an arcade. The

[6] I am assured that, next to Java, this little island of Banca is, comparatively speaking, the most profitable of all the Dutch possessions in the Indies.

ground-floors consist of open shops. These houses belong to the Chinese. The hotel where I am staying occupies a corner of the esplanade, the centre of the fashionable part of Singapore. But at this corner Europe ends and the *celestial* Empire begins. From my verandah I see nothing but Chinese shops, with their signboards hanging out over the street: 'Chong Fee and Gee Chong, tailors;' 'Loon Chong, tailor;' 'Puck Quay, tailor;' 'Nam Seng, tailor;' then the jeweller's stall kept by a Portuguese Jew, and then again the Chongs and Pucks and Sengs, as far as the eye can reach. In the streets the human stream flows on from morn till eve. Everyone seems to be busy. Walking briskly along, with head bent forward, and long, swinging arms lost in longer sleeves, and giving to their pigtails a pendulum-like motion, care on their brow and a sceptical sneer upon their lips, they pass by in unbroken succession—the Chinese gentleman, the rich Chinese merchant, the Chinese shopkeeper, the artisan and the coolie; the first very well dressed, the others tolerably so, the coolies, save for the waist-cloth, quite naked. There are comparatively few women to be seen, and those only of the lowest class, but plenty of children. The Chinese not long ago borrowed the *Jin-ri-ki-sha*, or 'Man-force-car,' from the Japanese, and you meet with it at every step. This, as is

well known, is a kind of two-wheeled perambulator, protected by a hood, and drawn by a coolie at a brisk trot. Anyone who wishes to make money has only to send to Japan for two or three hundred of these 'man-vehicles,' and let out a certain number of them to contractors, and in a few years he will be rich. No doubt this doing the duty of horses is severe work for the coolie. The most robust constitution succumbs in less than three years; the poor fellow dies of consumption. But no matter, the vehicle remains, and the man-horse is easily replaced; there are so many Chinese at Singapore! What would the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals say of this in England, where, if I am not mistaken, the law forbids harnessing dogs to carts and barrows?

Next to the Chinese, in point of numbers, come the native Malays—good, gentle, docile, honest fellows, but irritable, and terrible in their fits 'running amuck,' during which they are transformed into maniacs, and kill whatever crosses their path. As coachmen they are highly thought of. I have seen wealthy Chinese luxuriating in their handsome English carriages, driven by Malays. The fact is significant.

You meet also big coal-black fellows, powerfully built, and almost entirely naked. These are Glings, from the coast of Coromandel.

The white man does not appear in public; to find him, you must go to his office, his counting-house, or his club. All the Europeans speak Malay, which is the prevailing language. Walking alone about the streets, I found it impossible to ask my way, for I met none but Chinese, Malays, and Glings. Nearly all the Europeans belong to the upper or middle classes, and consist of civilians, military men, or merchants. Among the latter, the Germans and the Swiss take the lead. With the exception of some English grooms, you find no members of the lower classes, and since these have come out, the Government always finds means to send them back, even at the cost of paying for their passage. 'This precaution,' I am told, 'is explained by the necessity of maintaining the white man's prestige.' It is indispensable to do so in a town where a few hundreds of Europeans are lost in a crowd of eighty thousand Chinese and forty thousand men of colour. However, there is no law here forbidding Asiatics to dress like Europeans.

The Chinese labourers work splendidly under contract—that is to say, when they get their share of the proceeds; but they are downright idlers when paid by the day. Attempts are being made to organise a wholesale immigration of Lascars and other Hindoos, but those who know the superiority

of the Chinese are not sanguine as to the success of this enterprise.

This evening a performance by a German conjurer, has drawn together in the hall of the Courthouse the *élite* of the European society. The men are all dressed in white jackets and trousers; the ladies, also in white, are remarkable for their languid air, and men and women alike for the paleness of their features: Anæmia, that curse of tropical countries, is depicted on every face. Singapore, until lately a byword on account of its pestilential climate, has, thanks to the drainage of the swamp, become a populous place, and now enjoys the reputation of being the most healthy town in the far East.

The morning is delicious, almost fresh—at least comparatively so. I roam about the streets. Two Chinese houses, facing each other, strike me by the elaborate carvings on the doorway. I could fancy myself in Canton. How can I resist the temptation to peep inside? So I enter boldly through one of these imposing-looking doors into a little courtyard in front of the main building. A flock of servants rushes at the intruder to stop the way. But I gather wisdom from my recollections of China, and rely on the prestige of my white skin.

My passage is cleared by a gesture of the hand. Reaching a fine hall, I find the master of the house in the hands of his barber, who is shaving his head, but scrupulously avoiding the lock of hair at the back of the skull, to which his pigtail is to be fastened. Friends are standing in respectful attitudes around this grandee. All eye me from head to foot with apparent displeasure, but in silence. Luckily the great man knows a little English. I explain to him my wish to see his house, which, I tell him, seems to me a gem, comparable to the finest dwellings I have seen in Canton. His features relax, and he commissions some gentlemen to show me all the building, except, of course, the apartments of his wives. It is just like the residence of a rich native of Canton: little courts, little summer-houses, and little corridors covered with embroidered hangings, all of them crammed to overflowing with those thousand little gewgaws that charm the eye of the celestial. Birds of various kinds, in queer-looking cages, fill the rooms with their shrill or hoarse cries, but not one of them is singing. I learned afterwards that my friend and his neighbour opposite are rich pepper merchants.

The Governor, Sir Frederick Weld, being away, Mr. Irving, the Colonial Secretary, kindly did for

me the honours of the town, which has been his official residence for nearly a quarter of a century. No one could have been kinder. The Austrian consul, Mr. Brandt, together with some merchants, help to make my visit agreeable. Everyone speaks of the steady and continuous growth of the Chinese element.

The big peninsula is an almost uninhabited territory. It consists, not including the English possessions, of states administratively independent, but more or less under the influence and supervision of English Residents. In Perak, thanks to the wholesale immigration of Chinese, cultivation is rapidly spreading. The official number of Chinese who landed at Singapore in 1882 was 100,000.[7] In

[7] The population of the town and small districts of Singapore is made up as follows:—

Europeans (about 300) and half-bloods	1,283
Chinese	86,245
Malays	22,114
Tamils and Glings from the coast of Coromandel	10,475
Javanese	5,881
Eurasians (Christian half-bloods)	3,091
Bornese	2,111
Bugis	2,053
Bengalees	1,550
Arabs	836
Dyaks (savages of Borneo)	43
Burmese	51
Armenians	80
Jews	172

1883 the number rose to 150,000, and this year (1884), to judge from all signs, it will reach a total of 200,000. Some of these Celestials settle at Singapore, but the majority overrun the peninsula, which they are rapidly transforming into a Chinese country.

The 'Yang Tsé,' one of the fine large steamers of the Messageries Maritimes, combines every imaginable comfort; there are very few passengers on board, but among these few some interesting and pleasant men; an excellent *cuisine*, with service to match; and, not to forget essentials, a first-class vessel and a captain worthy to command her.

Among the passengers is a Japanese official, who has been sent abroad to study the maritime defences of the various European States. This young man, in speaking of the death of the great reformer and prime minister Iwakura, whom I saw at work after his first public appearance in 1871, added, 'My Government are beginning to understand that they have gone too fast, and that the people have some difficulty in following them in the reforms inaugurated by the illustrious Iwakura.' This is just what I have always thought.

The 'Yang Tsé,' which makes from thirteen to fifteen knots an hour pretty steadily, has covered

the 1,570 miles in less than five days. On January 10 the sunrise rends asunder the veil of gauze, and Adam's Peak appears as if suspended in the air. Beneath it is the mist from the sea. Almost level with the water, a white ribbon striped with green unrolls itself as far as the eye can reach—the waves that beat against the cliffs covered with cocoa-nut palms. It is the island of Ceylon. At ten o'clock in the morning I step ashore at Colombo. Before evening, in response to an invitation from Sir Arthur Gordon, who is unfortunately on an official tour, I have travelled by rail across an exquisite country, ascending all the time. At nightfall I alight at the 'Pavilion' at Kandy, where Lady Gordon kindly welcomes me. Kandy, situated in the middle of the island, is the old capital of the kings, and the Pavilion is the summer residence of the English Governor. At Colombo I nearly succumbed to the heat; here, at Kandy, it is almost cold.

Island of Ceylon, January 12 *to* 15.—It is Sunday, and I attend service in the Roman Catholic church, built entirely of stone, and dating from 1877. The bishop preaches in English, with the pleasant intonation of the

lingua Romana and the gestures of a Southerner. Some officers, and a good number of English soldiers and Eurasians, are among the congregation. The centre of the nave is filled with groups of Singhalese women sitting on their heels and beautifully draped in their cotton garments of a simple colour—crimson, white or brown. Here and there an arm, adorned with a bracelet of massive silver or copper, peeps out from the folds of their dress. There is something artistic in this scene, but the artist is Nature, and what enhances its charm is that the actors show not the slightest intention to attract notice. The women, with their tiny feet and tapering fingers, though not handsome, are remarkable for their noble features, attitudes, and movements. The colour of the Singhalese varies from a light Florentine bronze to dark brown and ebony black. The half light which prevails in the church tones down the contrast between the soft hues of the groups of natives and the brilliancy of the English uniforms.

Kandy is a small town with an Indian character about it. The Singhalese predominate, but Malays also are to be seen, and Tamils from the coast of Coromandel. There are no European houses, except Government buildings and the Post Office, which would do credit to a provincial prefecture on the Continent. The charming Pavilion

buried in the trees of the surrounding park is hidden from view. The few English residents, all of them Government officials, occupy bungalows outside the town, which is essentially Indian. The narrow streets, lined with low houses, are alive from daybreak: men, women, children, and bullocks form a moving mass; the young men, with their long hair fastened back from the forehead with combs, look rather effeminate. The whole of this crowd glides along without jostling. Everyone exhibits an air of self-respect. I saw, as we came out of church, an old man with noble features, dark complexion, and a silvery beard, salute a woman who was carrying a child. They were but common people who stopped, bowed, and, after exchanging a few words, separated with the ease and simple dignity of people in good society.

The Hon. J. F. Dickson, the Government Agent of the central province, took me to his residence, the old palace of the kings,[8] which stands upon a hill. Good taste has been shown in allowing nothing to be changed here, beyond simply surrounding the building with a verandah, which shuts off the sky and the heights about the town, but does not prevent the eye from looking down, over the

[8] The last king of Ceylon was deposed in 1815 on the arrival of the English.

tops of the trees, into the depth beyond, which has the appearance of a vast green carpet.

A few steps from this palace stands a temple, famous for the worship of a tooth of Buddha. This relic is kept in a golden lotus, which in turn is enclosed in a number of other cases, all set with precious stones and adorned with jewelled chains, the pious offerings of former kings. Sapphires and rubies sparkle in the dim twilight of the sanctuary. Huge bowls, filled with rose-leaves gathered in the morning, diffuse delicious perfumes. We were received by two 'bonzes' or priests, with closely shaven heads and clothed in yellow robes, leaving the right arm and shoulder exposed. One of them is remarkable for his keen, malicious-looking eye, the other for his besotted appearance; both of them remind me of their brethren in Japan and the Lamasseries of Mongolia. These holy men have all a family likeness.

One of the walls of the temple forms a sort of balustrade along part of the lake of Kandy, which is famous not for its size, for it is only two miles in circumference, but for the charm of the surrounding landscape.

We make an excursion with a very pleasant party to the mountain, by the railway which is to connect Kandy with the highest portion of the island. The train, a long one, is filled with

natives. They are very fond of travelling by rail, and whenever they can scrape together a couple of annas they give themselves this treat.

At one of the stations, Mr. Dickson, who is on an official tour, leaves us. One of the head men of the district, a native surrounded by his subordinates, receives him with proper ceremony. Some men carry banners, others are making fearful music on queer-looking instruments, and a crowd of people fills the approaches to the station. The sun shoots down its rays upon them all. This chief, a fat young man, has a modest air, but there is nothing servile in his demonstrations of deference; we are no longer in Java. He speaks a little English. I am told that many of the British officials prefer that their native subordinates should not be conversant with English, as their knowledge of that language, by facilitating contact with Europeans, leads too often to corruption.

The district of Anibaya, through which we are passing, once celebrated for its coffee, so highly prized in Europe, presents the sad sight of an important industry now abandoned. Signs of devastation are visible all around—pretty cottages now deserted, fields strewn with the *débris* of coffee-plants; in short, real desolation. Efforts are being made, however, to replace the coffee by tea, cocoa, and cinchona.

The railway, continually on the ascent, winds alongside of a splendidly kept carriage-road leading over the top of the mountains to a place called Nuwara Eliya, which the English have changed into New Aurelia. There is a cottage belonging to the Government, and serving as a retreat for the Governor and his family during the seasons of extreme heat. The higher we go the more the vegetation loses its tropical character. The air is pure, fresh, and buoyant; we forget that we are now at the sixth parallel.

The common people seem to me prosperous; though I am told they are poor, in so far as they have no money. But they have enough to live on from day to day. It is only bad harvests and epidemics that leave them without resources. Then comes distress, if not actual famine. They are indifferent about their English masters, but not in the least hostile. Their material condition has never been better than at present. What irritates the Singhalese is the inexorable strictness of official proceedings, and especially the rigorous collection of taxes. Their former kings would fleece them unmercifully whenever they wanted money, but in ordinary times they were easy-going enough, and in bad years were accommodating in matters of

taxation. In this respect the native regrets the good old times. I have heard the same complaints in every part of the world, where barbarous or half-civilised races are subjects of a modern State.

Strolling along the streets of Kandy I saw, to my great surprise, some Kaffirs—Kaffirs in Ceylon! The cause of the anomaly is this: there used to be a regiment here, 1,400 strong, composed entirely of men of colour, and divided into companies according to their nationalities—Singhalese, Tamils, Malays, negroes of the Antilles, and even Kaffirs, officered by Englishmen. This regiment, which did good service, and gained great credit for its discipline, was disbanded for administrative reasons about five years ago. Most of the disbanded privates remained in the country, and many of them, among others the Kaffirs, passed into the native police. It was a fairly successful attempt to unite in the service of the same cause the barbarous or semi-barbarous representatives of the scattered portions of the British Empire.

The dawn that precedes the day is flooding the Pavilion and park with its amber coloured tints.

The air at this hour is delicious—cool, soft, and perfumed by the flowers on the terraces around the house. Inside, the Singhalese servants, clothed in white tunics, and already at work, are going noiselessly about the rooms, which are always open; gliding barefooted along the matting, and disappearing and reappearing in the twilight of the passages. In strange contrast with these slight and lissom figures are seen the powerful frame, square shoulders, and Ethiopian features of a black Hercules brought by Sir Arthur Gordon from the Fiji Islands. In the houses of Anglo-Indians everything is open, and everything is shrouded in mystery. It is a continual struggle between the light, which is regarded as a foe, and the shade, which is greeted as a friend. A silk-cotton tree, gently ruffled by a breath of air, strews the lawn before the Pavilion with its large crimson flowers. The flapping wings of some songless birds, nestling among the branches, and the softened sound of the 'tom-tom' in the Buddhist pagoda, mingle with the distant and confused hum which tells that the population is astir.

At length, or rather too soon, the carriage which is to take me away is announced. I arrived here not ill, but somewhat fatigued. It is impossible to face the damp heat of Northern Australia and Java with impunity. Three days

in this mountain air, and under the hospitable roof of Lady Gordon, had made me feel quite well again. And now *en route* for India.[9]

[9] Although Ceylon, in regard to its ethnology, geography, and history, belongs to India, this Crown colony is not, administratively speaking, a portion of the Indian Empire. The rivalries between the various departments and the old East India Company explain this anomaly. When England took forcible possession of this island in 1815, stress was laid in London on the fact that the conquest was due to the royal troops, and not to the Company's army.

CHAPTER II.

MADRAS.

FROM JANUARY 15 TO FEBRUARY 7.

Arrival at Madras—Visit to Guindy Park—St. Thomas's Mount—The Mysore State—Tigers at a railway station—The Mahárajah of Mysore—Review at Bangalore—The Indian army—The Maharajah's ball—British residents—Mgr. Coadou—Assault of arms at the camp—Temples of Conjeveram—Arrival of the Viceroy at Madras—Journey to Hyderabad—Bolaram—The Nizam's State—Sir Salar Jung—The feudatory princes—The Nizam's army—The Viceroy's durbar—The Nizam's durbar—Fêtes at Hyderabad—A villa of Salar Jung—A morning walk—City of Hyderabad.

THE s.s. 'Tibre,' of the Messageries Maritimes, left Colombo harbour on the evening of January 15, and, after rounding the island of Ceylon and lying to for a day off Pondicherry, cast anchor in the roadstead of Madras on the morning of the 19th.

Guindy Park, from January 19 *to* 22; *and from January* 26 *to February* 1.—The bar, of evil repute, is in a better state than usual. The peculiar build of the surf-boats and the strength of

their timbers testify to the strain which is put upon them in foul weather.

The town stretches along the shore on low land covered with trees. Nothing can be seen of the fronts of the houses save verandahs and colonnades, like people with their mouths open to draw in the sea-breeze. The historical Fort St. George, some public buildings on the shore, and, farther inland, and half hidden by the trees of the park, the huge Government House, give to Madras, as seen from the sea, a military and official character.

Here I am, making my *début* in a country which is altogether new to me. How shall I set to work? While indulging in these reflections, the appearance of a fine boat, with oarsmen dressed in white, relieves me of my embarrassment. It is Captain Bagot, aide-de-camp to Mr. Grant Duff, Governor of the Madras Presidency, who is coming in search of me to take me to Guindy Park, the usual residence of the representative of the Queen. We drive rapidly, often under overarching branches, across a flat green wooded country—a regular park intersected in every direction by magnificent long avenues. The roads swarm with wayfarers in tunics of white, pink, orange, and brown, and with others whose bronze or black bodies are almost entirely naked. The women are very

prettily draped in their *sarees* or scarves, and have large bangles on their arms and ankles. Grouped together in twos, or threes, or fours, they all seem immersed in talk, but not one is in a hurry. It is a flood of human beings in brilliant colours, now lit up by a ray of sunshine as it pierces through the leaves, and now wrapped in shade. In three-quarters of an hour we reach our journey's end, and I renew with lively pleasure my acquaintance with Mr. Grant Duff.

Guindy Park, faced with white chunam outside and in, is a huge palace in the Italian style, showing the taste of the time when it was built. Each room has its *punkah*, the name given to a large fan suspended at mid-height of the apartment, and swung with ropes pulled by invisible hands as soon as you show any intention of stopping there. Venetian shutters take the place of window and door hangings. The air comes in freely everywhere, and, thanks to the punkahs, gives you a feeling of unspeakable comfort, not unmixed, however, with a vague presentiment of rheumatism. Servants, whose name apparently is legion, move barefooted, light, and silent as ghosts, about the corridors. They wear a white tunic with a cloth *cummerbund* or belt. This Eastern luxury offers a pleasing con-

trast to the aristocratic simplicity of their masters and the quiet elegance of the furniture.

In front of one of the façades of the palace a large lawn, which, thanks to the recent rains, has kept its emerald green, extends to a terrace, bordered on one side by a stone balustrade. Beyond, the view is lost in verdure—groves of giant trees, seemingly boundless meadows, and farther still, draperies of foliage the pale tints of which give a notion of their distance. The absence of an horizon produces a more striking impression of infinity than even those vast panoramas which the eye commands from mountain-tops. The garden, park, and buildings are kept in perfect order; but to remind us that we are in India, now and then, at nightfall, the discordant howl of a jackal chimes in with the sounds of the piano that reach us through the open windows, as we linger strolling on the terrace.

I shall never forget these evening walks before dinner, on dark warm evenings, in the company of my kind host. The great questions of the day, past events, the names of friends in common who have taken or are taking part in them, Europe and India—all constantly recurred in these talks, which were interrupted by the first sound of the dinner-bell, and continued afterwards, sometimes well into the night. It was not without a certain qualm—I confess my cowardice—that I followed

Mr. Grant Duff across the lawn to regain the house on account of the snakes—those terrible snakes! Every new-comer dreads these reptiles at first, but gradually he gets accustomed to them, and never thinks of them except when, perhaps, he hears that some poor Indian has died from their bite. However, a letter has come only to-day from an officer at a neighbouring station, saying that, while busy writing, he saw stretched out upon the paper, a couple of feet from his head, and at the very tips of his fingers, a cobra erect and ready to dart at him. For a second or two he felt as though paralysed, but then sprang to his feet and killed the animal. And yet, during seven years of military service in India, this, he tells us, is only the second cobra he has ever seen near, or rather too near, him.

Before daylight we start for St. Thomas's Mount. This is a small church built to commemorate the pursuit of the Apostle by the pagans. A short way off stands another chapel, upon the site where, according to the legend, St. Thomas suffered martyrdom. In the southern part of the Presidency the Roman Catholic natives, descendants of those whom St. Francis Xavier converted, are very numerous. No spot is more cheerful,

more smiling, and more idyllic than the scene of that sacred tragedy.

I meet in my excursions a number of small oxen yoked to carts. Their horns are curved gracefully backward and are prettily painted; they have small eyes full of tender melancholy, and a modest, almost bashful expression. But these gentle-looking creatures are in reality nasty-tempered brutes, and woe to anyone who should venture to fondle them. Knowing well that their horns are merely ornaments, and not weapons of offence, they resort to their hoofs and kick at you most savagely.

I spent this morning at Madras. It requires courage, even in a close carriage, to drive, under the fierce rays of this sun, reflected by a sandy soil, along the interminable esplanade that stretches in front of Fort St. George and along the shore and the streets of the English quarter. The pagoda, though far less famous than those of Madura or Conjeveram, is reckoned, nevertheless, among the fine Dravidian temples. No sooner have you entered it than the sanctity of the place imposes on the eye, irritates the sense of smell, and fills you with secret terrors. But I fancy that

such is not the case with those who are used to it. The Brahmans had a sleepy look, and the sacred elephant seemed profoundly disgusted with the part he had to play.

We had an excellent lunch at the Club, which has the reputation of being the best in India.

Bangalore, from January 22 to 27.—The Governor is going to the camp at Bangalore, and I have the honour of accompanying him.

Bangalore, one of the great military cantonments of India, forms part of the feudatory Hindoo State of Mysore, or rather is a district which has remained under English administration. This principality, founded at the beginning of the fifteenth century, fell, about the middle of the last century, into the hands of a Mussulman soldier, the famous Hyder Ali. The exactions and cruelties of the usurper, and of his son Tippoo Sahib, and their persecutions of the Hindoos, have survived in the traditions of the people. We are all familiar with the victorious campaign of 1799, in which the Duke of Wellington (then Colonel Wellesley) gained his first distinction in arms—the siege and capture of Seringapatam, and the heroic end of Tippoo Sahib. In all this there is nothing extraordinary, for the history of India is rich in similar exploits. The

novelty lies in the determination of the English Government to resuscitate the ancient Hindoo dynasty by restoring to one of its descendants the kingdom conquered by British arms. This was an infant of three years of age who, on attaining his majority and being placed in possession of his dominions, governed them so badly that Lord William Bentinck, then Governor-General, judged it necessary to depose him (1831) and to undertake the administration of the country. The same prince, having become a pensioner and prisoner of State, was already far advanced in years when he adopted (1865) a young child of Rajpoot blood. The English Government recognised the adoption, enthroned the infant Maharajah on the death of his predecessor in 1868, caused him to be carefully educated, and on his attaining the lawful age entrusted to him (1882) the administration of his State.[1]

We leave Madras in the afternoon. The country is dull, level, undulating, and dotted with small rice plantations and with numberless tanks—

[1] The State of Mysore has an area of 27,078 square miles. The population, which in 1871 amounted to 5,055,412, was reduced by the famine of 1876–78, and amounted in 1881 to 4,186,400. The State revenue, which has doubled under English administration, is about 1,000,000*l.*, of which a fourth part, which is to be raised to a third, has to go, as a military tribute and for political expenses, to the coffers of the Indian Government.

ancient tanks, tanks recently dug, tanks natural and artificial. I am assured that in the parts of the peninsula through which we are passing there are more than eighty thousand of them. The water they hold is unwholesome. At Bangalore it is boiled for the soldiers' use.

The ground gradually rises. During the night we gain the high tableland that stretches towards Central India. Tigers, which abound in the jungle, infest the railway occasionally, and show themselves sometimes at the stations. Only lately the station-master at a place some hundreds of miles from Madras telegraphed to the Company's manager, who lives in the capital of the Presidency: 'Tigers on platform. Staff frightened. Pray arrange.'

The night has been cold, and my overcoat and plaid are not a bit too much. About seven o'clock we arrived at Bangalore, 212 miles from Madras.

A detachment of the Maharajah's sepoys and cavalry formed the Governor's guard of honour. We alight at the house of Mr. Lyall, the English Resident, a pretty building in the Anglo-Indian style, and surrounded by a fine park. The sun is hot but the air cool, almost cold, reminding one of Nice or Cannes on a fine winter's day. Bangalore stands 3,000 feet above the level of the sea,

and the climate is considered healthy. I am told, however, that intermittent fever is rather prevalent in the camp. It is attributed to the north-easterly monsoon, which brings hither and disperses over the tableland of Mysore the miasmas of the coast of Coromandel.

I paid a visit to the Maharajah in the company of the Governor and the Resident. He received these high officials on the steps of his new palace. This edifice, built quite recently by an English architect in the Elizabethan style, and furnished in English fashion but oriental in its arrangements, is symbolical of the hybrid condition of this young Hindoo State: a branch grafted by an English gardener on the trunk of an old tree which lightning had blasted more than a century ago.

In the city of Mysore, his usual residence, the Maharajah leads a purely oriental life. At certain festivals he shows himself in public, covered with precious stones, and seated motionless in his verandah for five consecutive hours. Here he adopts, to a certain extent, the dress and manners of a European.

Chama Rajendra Wodeyar is a handsome young man of dignified demeanour, regular features, a soft and almost melancholy expression, and a slightly bronzed complexion, approaching pale black. He bears on his brow a black mark, which

at times he changes for a pink one. This is a way of humouring the susceptibilities of the hostile worshippers of Vishnu and Siva. His dress, which is very simple, is a compromise between the costume of an oriental and the toilette of an English gentleman. He talks English slowly but correctly, with a slight foreign accent which is not unpleasing; he seemed to me to have a slight stammer. He is a sensible man, I am told; somewhat slow in making up his mind, but to be trusted, when once his resolution is taken and his word is given. However, it is not the Maharajah who governs, but his *Diwan*.[2]

This stay at Bangalore, where just now ten thousand troops are concentrated, is a succession of military displays and fêtes. The three great chiefs—Sir Donald Stewart, Commander-in-Chief of India; Sir Frederick Roberts, Commander of the Madras army; and General Hardinge, Commander of the army of Bombay—are here assembled for the first time.

To-day there was a grand review in camp. Eight thousand men were drawn up in echelon on a large plain dotted with small hillocks and thickets: Horse Artillery, the Royal Artillery, and British cavalry and infantry; a total of 2,800 English

[2] This word is synonymous in India with Prime Minister.

troops, not including officers. The rest consisted of native cavalry and infantry, and of a regiment of the Maharajah. The bearing of the English troops was magnificent, and that of the native Madras regiments thoroughly soldierly, notwithstanding that the races they belong to are reckoned less warlike than the populations of the North. The Maharajah's regiment of cavalry gave the impression of irregular but comparatively well-trained troops.

By the large British standard, side by side with Sir Frederick Roberts, who commands the camp, were the Governor, in ordinary morning dress, Sir Donald Stewart, and General Hardinge; the latter wore, as did all the officers, a scarlet tunic and white helmet with gold mountings. The Maharajah had mingled with the Staff, but by the invitation of Sir Frederick Roberts placed himself beside him. He wore round his head a crimson scarf striped with gold. With the exception of this handsome headdress, which was not a turban, the young prince had chosen for this great occasion European attire, consisting of a short coat of black velvet, light leather breeches, and riding-boots. He rode a superb white Arab. Behind the group of generals and their retinue, among whom some intrepid Amazons had managed to get themselves admitted, were a throng of carriages filled with ladies, and a

multitude of Europeans on foot and on horseback. Nothing could be finer than the march past, especially that in brigade. But it is the scene as a whole that baffles all description: an immense and slightly broken plain; the long line of troops, partly red, partly dark, with arms glittering in the sun; the neighing of the horses; the hollow rumbling of the ammunition wagons; and all framed in by a countless crowd of natives who have flocked hither on foot, on horseback, or in carts drawn by small oxen with their horns curved back and painted red, blue, or yellow. Conspicuous in this confused mass are the white and crimson hues of the costumes of the natives, relieved by the bronze or black tint of the wearers. Farther off, elephants laden with forage intended for the camp, and camels, fastened one by one to long ropes, stand out in bold relief against this Indian sky, which just now is brilliant overhead, pale lower down, and veiled in light mist on the horizon. Thanks to the north-easterly monsoon, the air is fresh, but the sun is pitiless. We had come hither by rail; we return to Bangalore by carriage. The country is nothing but a series of small stony hillocks, gardens, orchards, and isolated groups of enormous trees. People are seen everywhere, and here and there a village with its crowded bazaar. We pass by a pagoda flanked with cocoa-nut trees. The wind is stirring

their branches, and the rustic temple is crowned with a flickering halo of light and shade.

I confess I was moved by this morning's military display. No one can help being moved when he himself sees, in actual tangible form, some grand idea of which his only previous conception was derived from reading or hearsay. I saw troops, composed of the representatives of two widely different races, assembled together and manœuvring on the same ground, arrayed under the same standard, and summoned to serve the same cause, which is certainly the cause of order and civilisation, but which is also, and cannot but be above all, that of maintaining the English rule. And certainly to enlist the conquered in the service of the conquerors, when the latter, in point of numbers, form a scarcely perceptible minority, is one of the boldest ideas ever yet conceived in the mind of man. To those who doubt the permanent stability of the Indian Empire it seems like foolhardiness. For my own part, I think that two arguments, one of which appears to me unanswerable, tell in favour of the system. In the first place, a long and brilliant experience, confirmed rather than falsified by the Mutiny of 1857, which was crushed in a short time by the aid of native troops; the second, and what I call the

unanswerable argument, is the physical impossibility on the part of the mother-country of supplying, by means of British soldiers, the place of the native troops, who in India form the bulk of her army. The fact is self-evident. There is no choice in the matter, or rather the only choice would be between maintaining the present system and giving up India altogether.

Necessity, therefore, points to following the beaten track. '*Paucâ sapientiâ regitur mundus*,' said Oxenstiern. Here a world is governed, guided, and kept in check by a wand. But behind the material force, which, if compared with the task it is expected to accomplish, is as nothing, lies the moral force, which is boundless and incalculable; behind the wand is prestige.

But what is prestige? Everyone I meet speaks of it, and no one has yet been able satisfactorily to define it. I shall not attempt to find a definition; I shall simply explain what I understand by the term. To my mind, if you succeed in inspiring me with the idea that you are stronger than I am, you exercise prestige over me. The less this conviction on my part is founded on reason, the deeper it is. If once it rises to the height of an article of faith, the prestige will be complete. Dictionaries call 'prestige' an 'illusion;' but this definition seems to me erroneous. So long as it is based on real superi-

ority, prestige has nothing illusory about it. It becomes an illusion when reality ceases to correspond with appearance. There are two enemies to fear: failure, no matter where, or when, or against whom, and discussion. Faith does not admit of discussion. Failure destroys prestige rapidly, though not always completely; discussion destroys it secretly, slowly, and effectually. Inasmuch as the sun never sets on the British Empire, the Imperial authorities of the peninsula of the Ganges are not alone sufficient to maintain English prestige in India. It can be upheld, impaired, or lost at every point of the globe.

Lunches and dinners come one upon the other; everyone is full of spirits. The camp is about to break up, and the high military authorities consider the assembly a success. I meet daily, and more than once in the day, Sir Donald Stewart, the Commander-in-Chief. He is a fine specimen of a gentleman and a soldier, with a kindly but determined expression and a frank but commanding countenance, and with moustaches and whiskers blanched by forty years' service under an Indian sky. Sir Frederick Roberts, who commands the Madras army, and therefore the camp, does the honours with the utmost geniality. The hero of

Afghanistan, famous in particular for the march from Cabul to Kandahar, he resembles in figure and bearing our Austrian officers of hussars. His quick and lively glance, and the expression of courage and firmness that ennobles his features, reveal the secret of his brilliant career and of the hopes attaching to his name.

One evening, towards sunset, which is not dreaded here as in some fever-haunted countries of Europe, we took a charming walk to Lal Bagh. This is a public garden laid out by the Indian Government during the English administration of what was then the 'province' of Mysore. This attractive resort, as also the 'public buildings,' which contain the Government offices, have become the property of the Maharajah. Lal Bagh resembles the Villa Borghese at Rome and certain portions of the Villa Pamfili, not indeed in the vegetation, which is here Indian and tropical, but in design and general aspect. There are, however, some fine cypresses, which are very common in the Northern provinces but rare in these parts. Night overtakes us under the shade of these long avenues of exotic trees.

The series of festivities was wound up with a fancy-dress ball, given to the English by the Maharajah in the 'public buildings.' The prince did the honours with dignity and grace. The magnificent diamonds of his numerous necklaces, of the value of some 30,000*l.*, sparkled brightly on his dark and richly broidered tunic, which resembled the full dress of Turkish ambassadors. The taste for jewels is often the ruling passion in natives of high caste, and to gratify it the princes spend fabulous sums in buying pearls, diamonds, and other precious stones, of which the jewellers of Madras, Calcutta, and Bombay have always a large supply.

The ladies appeared in every variety of fancy dress—rich, elegant, and whimsical; and most of the wearers outshone their costumes. The atmosphere of the ball-room was distinctly military. Seated by the side of a charming lady, dressed like a *begum*, I asked her, 'Who is that pretty fair girl?' 'Miss ——,' was the reply, 'of the English cavalry brigade.' 'And that other lady with light auburn hair?' 'Mrs. ——, of the Royal Artillery.' 'And the one on the left in a white burnous?' 'Lady ——, of the Hyderabad Contingent;' and so on. My fair neighbour herself belonged to the 'Subsidiary Force;' she introduced me to a young lady dressed as a deaconess, who, in consequence of having killed a tiger, is now a lioness of the day

Fancy-dress balls usually grow flat when once the first cūriosity is satisfied, but not so here. Quadrilles, waltzes, and lancers followed each other in unbroken succession. With the exception of the host, who remained standing upright at the door, saluting politely, but without a smile, the coming and the parting guests, everyone joined in the dancing, and side by side with youth and beauty staff-officers with white moustaches dashed bravely into the *mêlée*. Except the Maharajah and his brother, his aide-de-camp, his ministers and the servants, I did not see a single native in this crowd of Europeans, and yet the entertainment was thoroughly oriental in character. I was driven away sooner than I could have wished by the cold draughts of air, and wrapped in my winter overcoat I finished up this day, so full of new impressions, with a solitary stroll in such a moonlight as is only seen in Southern India.

The powers of the Residents in respect of the once independent princes—now called feudatories, to avoid the term 'mediatised'—are ill defined, and vary according to the extent, which is not everywhere the same, of the sovereign rights left to the former masters of the territory. The Maharajah of Mysore, in accepting his throne from the

Indian Government, was obliged to accept also the conditions they imposed. He can neither make new laws nor modify those existing without the Viceroy's consent; and this consent is also indispensable for appointing to public posts and even for simple increases of salary. The business is conducted in the first instance by word of mouth, and afterwards by correspondence between the Diwan and the Resident. The latter never addresses himself to the Maharajah except in cases of exceptional gravity. The present Diwan is a comparatively learned man. It is he who, under the Resident's control, governs Mysore.

This morning the Maharajah honoured me with a visit. His simple and dignified demeanour, and the melancholy expression of his features, give him an interesting appearance. He brought me his photograph, which, I am told, I must regard as a special favour. Such portraits are not given to everyone, still less to evil-disposed persons, who, by magic arts, might make a bad use of them. I am therefore clearly, in the prince's eyes, an inoffensive being.

Mgr. Coadou, the vicar-apostolic in the State of Mysore, a venerable old priest who was born

in Brittany, has lived here for many years. His co-religionists in this State amount to 26,000, of whom 15,000 are at Bangalore. Converts are for the most part made among the common people, and are extremely rare among high-caste natives. This is the case wherever there are missionaries, whether Roman Catholic or Protestant, and is owing, I am told, to the hostility of the Brahmans, who possess great influence, especially over the rural populations. Mgr. Coadou and his fellow-workers do justice to the benevolent neutrality of the British authorities, who offer no hindrance whatever to the exercise of their ministry.

The camp is broken up, and the regiments are all astir, in preparation for the return to their cantonments. As a wind-up, there is an assault of arms this afternoon. Lancers, both officers and privates, well mounted, and excellent horsemen, are going through a *carrousel* in the style of the old Spanish school, a performance which, with troop-horses and troopers, is not an easy one. After this follow some single combats on horseback between English and native soldiers. A Sikh horseman comes off victorious in all the encounters. The scarf that forms his turban gets unrolled, and the long hair flows loosely about his face; he gathers it in,

ties it up again, and readjusts his turban—all at full gallop. These men are very proud of their locks: a general told me he once saw a wounded Sikh, whose head had to be shaved, refuse the doctor's aid, saying, 'Let me die; I have lost my hair.'

The native spectators looked on at this performance with evident interest, but silently and without applause. I am told that it is not their habit to applaud, and that they are naturally very undemonstrative. The plain was covered with white and pink tunics. The old tamarind-trees were speckled with these two colours—bunches of men hanging from the branches. English soldiers were mingled with the crowd of natives. The setting sun and the peculiar after-glow which here, as in the Southern Hemisphere, has appeared this year for the first time, blend their tints of purple and violet-yellow with the red and white of the crowd and the dusty ochre of the plain. It was like the final scene of a ballet illumined by the changing splendours of the electric light.

Conjeveram, January 29.—To Conjeveram and back is a long day's railway journey; but as the great temples of Madura are inaccessible, on account of the cholera which is now ravaging the

more southern part of the peninsula, I have to content myself with a visit to the shrines of Conjevèram, which are less spacious but more ancient, and held in equal veneration by the faithful; at least so a Brahman of the place assured me, though perhaps he was merely praising his own saint. Accompanied by two Hindoo servants, I left Guindy Park before daybreak. The country is flat; innumerable tanks, many of them artificial, supply the necessary water for the rice-fields, which stretch along each side of the railway as far as the eye can see. Farther on, some low hills give a slight variety to the dull and monotonous landscape. Goats are browsing all around us. They are formidable enemies of the young plantations, and to them is partly attributable the want of trees, which has become a public calamity. To obviate this, the Governor of Madras conceived the plan of planting the hills with timber and reserving certain feeding-places for the goats. Young men have been sent from England to the celebrated 'École forestière' at Nancy, and after completing their studies there they are to come out here to begin the work of reafforesting.

At Chingleput I was received by the Collector. He tells me the people are happy and contented when the rice harvest is good; moreover, profound tranquillity is now reigning in those districts where,

under the tyrannical government of Hyder Ali and Tippoo Sahib, exactions, pillages, rebellions, and massacres were the order of the day. The benefits of the *pax Britannica* have succeeded an internecine war.

I reached Conjeveram at ten o'clock in the morning. The Collector, or Magistrate, advised beforehand of my visit, thought it his duty to give me a formal reception. This official, a native of the country, belongs to the Sudra caste; he has studied at the college at Madras, and speaks English with tolerable correctness, but with an accent that renders him almost unintelligible. He is a married man, the father of a child, and wears Indian dress. By his side are the head man of the town and the collector of a neighbouring *talook*. The latter, a Brahman who speaks English remarkably well, has a cunning and self-satisfied air. The two white streaks running vertically from the roots of his hair to his nose, between the eyes, show, if I understand aright, that he belongs to a sect of the worshippers of Vishnu.

The scene at the railway station is full of life. Brahmans, attached to the two great pagodas, hang garlands of yellow and violet-coloured flowers round my neck, and put into my hand a pasteboard parrot, ornamented with little yellow flowers. Others present me with fruits, which, as custom

prescribes, I simply touch with my finger. All these civilities are exchanged under a broiling sun. Conjeveram, which lies on low ground, is considered one of the hottest places in Southern India, and not wishing to pass the night there, I was forced to devote the middle of the day to it. At times I felt ready to faint. At length we began to move. A man on horseback, beating a big drum, and accompanied by flute-players, heads the procession. Nautch-girls, singing and dancing, go before the vehicle drawn by oxen, in which I take my seat with the collector. The civic authorities follow in similar cars. Amongst the crowd which presses behind us, I see a vast number of Brahmans, all with foreheads marked with three white streaks, either vertical or horizontal, according to their sect. Many of them are nearly naked, and others are dressed in rags, but all have a proud or rather spiteful look. The procession advances very slowly, and we take twenty minutes to reach the temple of Siva. This sanctuary, which possesses greater wealth of precious stones than of money, is in a very dilapidated condition, and looks, indeed, as though it were on the point of tumbling down.

Hence I went to Little Conjeveram, where stands the large and famous pagoda of Vishnu. The distance is considerable, and we do it at our

bullock's pace. Horribly jolted in an old springless 'gharry,' overpowered by the heat, deafened by the music, and stifled by the dust through which I can scarcely see the heads of the nautch-girls, who keep dancing and singing all the time, I reach at length, thanks to Vishnu, the threshold of his sanctuary. This god, who is richer than his rival, himself provides for the wants of his house; or, to speak in less mythological language, the temple possesses landed property and receives a subvention from government, to which must be added the gifts of the villages, the whole amounting to 18,000 rupees. The two decorated gopurams, or gate pyramids, are 100 and 130 feet in height. The architecture as well as the sculpture bears some vague resemblance to the temples in Egypt, but has also some features which seem to belong to the Cinquecento style. It is said, but proofs are wanting, that these temples were built in the thirteenth century. I was assured by one who is well versed in South Indian art, that there were still standing, in the neighbourhood of this town, pagodas dating back to the seventh century. An inscription recently discovered near Bombay records the conquest of Conjeveram by a king of Satara, who reigned at that time over a part of Southern India. The beauty of the pagodas disarmed the conqueror, who at first had decided to raze the town to the

ground. Not only did he spare the city, but he had one of these sacred buildings covered with gold. Hyder Ali, less amenable to the seductions of art, like a true Mussulman, ordered his followers to mutilate the sculptures on the walls and pillars, only the upper part of which has remained intact, these Vandals having been unable to reach it. With the aid of my Brahman, a bitter enemy of Hyder Ali, I examined in detail the bas-reliefs which represent the incarnations of Vishnu. The workmanship is coarse, but striking for the very grotesqueness of the composition and the keen and animated expression of the god's face.

Here, as in all the temples of Southern India, which are very different from those in the north of the peninsula, three distinct elements are to be observed — the gopura, the hall containing the idol's cell, and, lastly, the sacred tank. First, the gopura: there are generally two large gate-pyramids, forming part of the wall of enclosure, and always raised to a great height, thus attracting the visitor's eye from afar. In the courts there also are sometimes small isolated gopuras—gates leading to nothing—and the use of which I do not know. The gopuras are always covered with bas-reliefs and statuettes, arranged in stages one above the other.

The hall, the roof of which is supported by rows of sculptured pillars intersecting each other at right angles, surrounds the sanctuary, where no European is allowed to enter. I was taken as far as the threshold, which, as my Brahman told me, the Governor himself would never venture to cross. The door was open, but, in spite of the lighted torches, the darkness prevented me from distinguishing the features of Vishnu, who was seated at the end of the cell or shrine. Along the hall were ranged colossal effigies of lions, birds, snails, and other animals, all of gilt copper. Their aspect is calculated to inspire the faithful with wholesome awe. I confess they fascinated me, and I could scarcely turn away my eyes from these idols, which make you at once tremble and laugh. Outside the temple are the cars used by the gods in their solemn processions through the town. The treasure, which is rich in huge uncut rubies, emeralds, sapphires, diamonds, and pearls, is being constantly augmented by the gifts of the faithful. From time immemorial these stones have been set at Conjeveram, but on comparing the ancient with the modern jewels, it is impossible not to perceive a great deterioration in the workmanship of the goldsmith and jeweller.

The sacred tank is sometimes encircled by balustrades. Stone steps assist the faithful down

to the sacred water, where they perform their ablutions. Magnificent trees are seldom wanting to spread their luxuriant shade over the bathers. The tank is the most poetical, the temple and pillared hall the most mysterious, and the gopuras the most imposing, part of these Dravidian temples.

While the treasures were being spread out before my armchair, and the indefatigable nautch-girls continued, in spite of my protestations, to dance and sing around me, I was able to study leisurely the faces of the crowd. I was seated in front of some steps leading to a small gopura filled with Brahmans of every age. The common people, huddled back to the centre, were exposed to the sun, whilst the Brahmans, the privileged ones, luxuriating upon the steps in the shade of the gateway, scanned the stranger unceasingly with a cold, proud, and malevolent gaze. Most of them wore nothing but a strip of white cloth tied round their loins. The silence and immobility of this group of Brahmans in the gopura and of the crowd in the courtyard; the weird aspect of the huge idols, half veiled in the dimness of the colonnades; the play of shadow and of light, direct and reflected; the sun's rays splintered on the bas-reliefs upon the walls—all combined to form a scene of indescribable charm.

The Brahmans, most of whom are very poor, are here either cultivators of the soil or temple servants. The town is full of them. Separated into two great divisions—the followers of Vishnu and of Siva, who are again subdivided into sects—these holy men are constantly assaulting each other, even in the precincts of the temple, which frequently becomes in consequence the scene of bloody frays.

On leaving, the chief priest of the temple distributed among the nautch-girls the handful of rupees I had given him. *Finita la commedia*, everyone retires. The Brahmans disappear as if by magic; I am once more hoisted into the collector's carriage, and the Vestals, overcome with fatigue and covered with dust and perspiration, return with drooping heads to their huts, situated near the temple of which they are the priestesses.

The carriage—that is to say, the 'gharry,' with its two bullocks—toils back to the official residence of the collector. This time I shall to a certainty succumb to the heat, the dust, and the jolting of the vehicle. At length, however, still alive, I enter a walled-in courtyard in front of a gloomy-looking house, the ground-floor of which is used as a prison. The upper story contains the offices of the collector, who offers me oranges and some lukewarm and insipid cocoa-nut milk. A couple of Brahmans are not above sharing company with a Sudra and a

European, but both they and my host take care not to touch the refreshment which is offered me.

I learn from these gentlemen that the town contains 35,000 inhabitants, all natives, as there is not a single European resident in the sacred city. The collector himself, who represents the Government, is also, as I have said, a Hindoo. This fact seemed to me curious and significant, especially when the number of pilgrims is considered, which amounts sometimes to 50,000 at certain festivals of the year.

The collector, whose frank manner pleases me, tells me all about his domestic life, his official duties, and the difficulties and worries that the Brahmans occasion him. His salary is 2,000 rupees, a sum amply sufficient for his wants, as living is extremely cheap. When the rice crops fail, however, food is sometimes four times its usual price, and then the hardships suffered here are well-nigh those of famine. The snakes also are a terrible scourge. Few weeks pass without one or more natives dying of a bite from these reptiles.

The conversation becomes more and more lively. I ask the only one of the two Brahmans who knows English, and who is able, therefore, to answer my questions freely, 'Do you believe in Vishnu?' 'No,' said he, 'I have lost my faith.' 'Where and when?' 'In the college at Madras, while learn-

ing English.' 'You don't then believe in anything?' 'Yes, I believe that there is perhaps a God, who will reward or punish me in another world, according to my merits or demerits. But I must conceal my opinions from my family and friends, and keep on going to the temple; otherwise I should lose my caste. The Brahmans who have not studied at the English colleges are all believers. They make idols, and then believe sincerely in the divinity of their handiwork.' All this was said with perfect simplicity, in the presence of a member of his own caste who could not understand what he was saying, as well as of the collector, a former pupil of the same college, who understood well enough, but took care to say nothing.

Guindy Park, January 31.—My charming visit, with the two intervening trips to Bangalore and Conjeveram, is drawing to its close. This morning Sir Donald Stewart arrived, and in the afternoon we go to Madras to the Viceroy's and Lady Ripon's reception. The town is *en fête*. The natives, a compact crowd—black, white, and red, the colours of their skins and dresses—throng the streets, roofs, trees, and the scaffolding of unfinished houses. The sight of a Viceroy is a rare event in Southern India. This is the first, and in

all probability the last, visit of Lord Ripon, who is extremely popular with the natives.

Among the English officials assembled under a pavilion erected near the jetty were some Indians of high rank. I was introduced here to a dethroned Mahometan prince, the scion of one of the most ancient dynasties in India. He was dressed in white, and had an aigrette of superb diamonds in his hair. But even had he been in rags, his dignified bearing would have made him conspicuous. In reply to a remark made to him in my presence by an officer, that England a hundred years ago possessed only a few acres of the country, he observed: 'The world is round,' or something of the kind.

The weather is magnificent, and the sea, for a wonder, is like glass. The Viceroy, accompanied by Lady Ripon and her suite, leaves his yacht, and under a salute from the guns of Fort St. George disembarks and steps to the pavilion, where he is received by the Governor and the heads of the various departments. In reply to an address from the mayor of the town, Lord Ripon delivers a long but appropriate and eloquent speech, but avoids touching on the burning questions which are just now dividing the Anglo-Indian world. This ceremony over, a move is made to Guindy Park, where the supreme representative of

the Queen is going to stay during his visit to the Presidency.

The route traversed by the procession was more than six miles long. The natives formed an unbroken hedge along the whole road, which was adorned by triumphal arches. To-night Guindy displays all its splendours: a grand banquet, fireworks, and a concert conducted by the Governor's bandmaster, the great Stradiote, who is worthy of a smile of approbation from the immortal Strauss. The orchestra, by the way, is composed of natives, who are his pupils. But what astonishes me most is to see the Viceroy with his suite, the Commander-in-Chief of the Indian army with his aides-de-camp, and so many other guests of distinction all put up at Guindy Park. This miracle is achieved by means of a number of very comfortable tents which have been erected in the park, as is always done on such occasions. An Anglo-Indian's walls are as expansive as his hospitality; there is always room for friends.

The Viceroy is going to Hyderabad to instal the young Nizam, the most powerful of the feudatory princes, or, as the official phrase runs, to give him 'investiture with administrative powers.' He is graciously pleased to invite me to accompany him on the journey. I shall, therefore, have the good

fortune to be present at a ceremony without precedent in the history of India.[3]

Hyderabad, from February 1 *to* 7.—The Viceroy's train leaves Madras at noon. The country at first is flat, then undulating; farther on, we see the outlying spurs of the plateau. At one of the

[3] After the extinction of the ancient dynasty of Golconda, which took place in the reign of the Emperor Aurungzebe, a Mussulman soldier of fortune took possession of the territories of the former reigning family, and became, under the title of Nizam, the founder of the Hyderabad State. The present Nizam is his ninth descendant. The princes of this line have always been friends of the English.

In 1818, the principality, torn by factions and ravaged by the Pindarris, a horde of freebooters, only escaped certain destruction by the intervention of the Company's Indian army. With a view to strengthen the Nizam's authority, a corps of British troops, which still exists, and is called the Hyderabad Contingent, was placed at his disposal on condition of his providing their pay.

The Hyderabad Contingent and another body of troops called the 'Subsidiary Force,' which are concentrated in cantonments at Sikanderabad and Bolaram, nine and twelve miles respectively from the city of Hyderabad, form a military nucleus in the centre of the Deccan the importance of which is manifest.

The Nizam enjoys a revenue of 3,000,000*l.*, and maintains, besides 5,000 'Reformed troops,' an irregular army of more than 40,000 men. He has also a guard of Abyssinian mercenaries.

The principal nobles, Umaras, Emirs, or Nabobs, are surrounded by armed bands wholly independent of the Nizam's army. The reigning dynasty and the great majority of the nobles have embraced Islamism. Hyderabad State, including Berar, comprises the greater part of the central Deccan, and covers an area more than equal to that of Great Britain, and containing a population of 11,000,000.

stations, two great zemindars, richly dressed, are in waiting. Lord Ripon steps out of the carriage and, seated under a canopy, receives their homage.

At Ballipalli station, which is situated in the midst of a jungle, and has a bad name from the frequent visits of tigers, we are made to alight in order to see two cages of solid masonry, provided with a strong grating, and built at the extremities of the station, not for wild beasts, but to serve as cabins for the pointsmen.

At nightfall a grand reception awaited us at Cuddapah station, which was profusely decorated in accordance with the taste of the country. A band was playing, nautch-girls were dancing, and there was a large crowd of people. Mixing among them, I soon perceived that I was the only European of the party there, when a warning was brought to me that I must avoid contact with crowds on account of the diseases then prevalent in the country, such as cholera and especially small-pox. I lost no time in getting back into the train.

This morning, at Wadi station, the first on Hyderabad territory, the Viceroy was received by two great personages who had been sent to meet him—the 'Peshkar,' uncle and brother-in-law of the Nizam, a decrepit old man, who was lost in his uniform laced in Turkish fashion, and a young man, a big fat youth of nineteen, with a supercilious

air, who also wore the costume of an Ottoman diplomat and spoke English fluently. This was the eldest son of Sir Salar Jung, the Nizam's prime minister, who for many years was the real ruler of the country, and who befriended the English at the time of the Mutiny. He died last year. His son, notwithstanding his youth, is a candidate for his father's post. This great question of the appointment of the Diwan is to be settled during the Viceroy's visit.

We are now fairly on the tableland of the Deccan, a vast plain, as far as the eye can reach. There are a few tanks and rice-fields; some herds of cattle whose leanness is in keeping with the parched and arid character of the soil; people in tatters, and huts to match. What a difference between this and British India! The country, almost entirely destitute of trees, reminds me of certain parts of the Karst in Austria, but the nearer we approach the capital the more broken it becomes, and ends by being really picturesque. The blocks of basalt that crown some isolated mounds have the appearance of fortified castles, and the same resemblance is repeated, as far as the eye can reach, over the vast open expanse.

About five o'clock in the afternoon we reach the station. The Nizam receives the Viceroy under a magnificent tent and accompanies him to the

carriage. On the way we see, standing upright and motionless, some young men who represent the idols of Hindoo mythology. Their faces are either gilt or varnished blue, green, or red. They are like so many statues. The deception would be complete were it not for the rolling of their big black eyes. These divinities in flesh and bone impressed me much. I am told that this spectacle is only seen on the most solemn occasions. Lately one of these gilt idols fell down dead; the action of his skin had been stopped by the coating on his face and body. Poor fellow! he had been too richly gilt.

Some of the Nizam's carriages convey Lord and Lady Ripon and their party to Bolaram, where stands the country house of the Resident. His usual dwelling is an imposing palace, built in the Italian style, and copied from the Viceroy's palace at Calcutta. It is situated in the suburb of Chaddargat, outside the walls of the capital. From Bolaram to Hyderabad is a distance of twelve miles.

This stay at Bolaram has an essentially military character. Here are gathered together with the troops Sir Donald Stewart, Commander-in-Chief of the Indian army; Sir Frederick Roberts,

commander of the army of Madras; Colonel Rey, Commandant of the 'Subsidiary Force;' and General Gough, commanding the Hyderabad Contingent; all with their wives and staff. I hail with lively pleasure the arrival of the Governor of Madras and Mrs. Grant Duff. There is an unbroken succession of lunches, dinners, fireworks, and reviews. Under two magnificent tents lent by the Nizam, the Peshkar, who, however, never appears, keeps open table; and in the sumptuous mess-room of the Contingent the Resident gave a banquet to the Viceroy and the young prince. The morning is given up to visiting; all is perpetual movement. Next to the military, the ladies, of course, are most conspicuous. There are, indeed, some cases of cholera in the cantonments and many in Hyderabad, but they excite no attention. The culinary part of the entertainments is entrusted to the great Signor Pelliti, an Italian confectioner at Calcutta and Simla. This extraordinary man arrived in India a few years ago with a minimum of luggage, but happily he did not forget to bring with him his fertile mind and his skill and energy, and he is now very wealthy. To supply day after day, in the heart of the Deccan, an unknown number of guests with repasts worthy of a Chevet is certainly a proof of genius of the first order. I was about to introduce myself to

this great Vatel, who is too clever and too sensible ever to throw himself upon his sword, when he graciously forestalled me and revealed the ingenious arrangement which enabled him to procure, at the right moment, from Calcutta, Bombay, and England, the provisions required to satisfy so distinguished a company.

Nothing can be prettier and more animated than Main Street, the principal thoroughfare of the temporary camp near Bolaram: a multitude of splendid tents which accommodate the guests of the Nizam. I am most comfortably lodged in a bungalow occupied by the Commander-in-Chief of the Indian army. Almost everyone is cheerful and in good spirits. However, there are serious and anxious faces there too. Along with all this military pomp and worldly pleasure a little drama is being enacted in earnest.

The Viceroy's visit to Hyderabad, where none of his predecessors have ever set foot, is considered a great event. And, indeed, from the extent of his territory and the number of his subjects, as well as from his financial and military resources, the Nizam ranks first among the feudatory princes of India. The geographical situation of his States, in the centre of the peninsula, adds to his import-

ance. According to the highest military authorities, he could at any moment become the arbiter of the destinies of the Indian Empire. The history of the Mutiny in 1857 supplies a negative proof of this. The great State of Hyderabad never took any part in that revolt, and thus in Central India tranquillity was never for a moment disturbed. Had this not been the case, it is the general opinion that the rising would have spread over all the Deccan, the former Mahratta States, the Carnatic and Mysore, and have extended to the southernmost point of the peninsula. The English troops would have been forced to evacuate the interior and concentrate in the capitals of the Presidencies. India would have had to be reconquered.

The merit of this abstention of the Nizam during the crisis of 1857 was due to Mir Turab Ali Muktar Ool Moolk, the virtual ruler of the State, who is better known in Europe under the name of Sir Salar Jung.

These almost contemporary events are more or less present to everyone's memory, and are to be found, if looked for, in all history books. Nevertheless, I like to hear events narrated by eye-witnesses—especially when these eye-witnesses add to the weight of their experience a profound knowledge of the country and its leading men.

'The Nizam's State,' I am told, 'is very ex-

tensive; it occupies a large part of the central regions of the Deccan. West of the city of Hyderabad the country is flat and far from fertile; eastward, some hundred miles from the capital, begin magnificent forests of immense extent. The population is still little more than eleven millions, and the country, considering its great area, seems scantily peopled. At the beginning of this century Hyderabad was a prey to anarchy. The predatory hordes of the Pindarris had invaded the territory. They massacred the people, burned the crops, and devastated the land. The Nizam being powerless to defend himself, three English armies advanced into his dominions and restored order and tranquillity. It was then, in 1818, that a treaty was concluded with that prince, which regulated his future relations with the English Government; in other terms, the former, in return for the services rendered by England, relinquished part of his sovereign rights. The Nizam and most of the nabobs, or great nobles, many of whom were allied by blood to the reigning family, are Mussulmans, but the immense majority of the people have remained Hindoo.

'For thirty years the government was directed by the prime minister, Sir Salar Jung. The nabobs endeavoured to get the power in their hands, but Salar always managed to keep them at

a distance. These nobles have never received any education, and are incapable of governing—a matter which, in the public interest, is to be regretted, if only for the reason that the large estates in their possession would serve, if necessary, as pledges for their fidelity. Corruption, arbitrary rule, and the utter absence of justice were formerly the characteristic features of the government. Salar Jung, himself a man of integrity, did much to better this state of things, but was unable to effect any serious reforms. The court of Hyderabad was, and still is, a hotbed of intrigue. During the last year or two the spirit of innovation or imitation of things European has begun to show itself, and some of the nabobs are giving their sons an English education.

'Sir Salar Jung instinctively foresaw, from the moment of the outbreak of the Mutiny, the final triumph of the English arms. For that reason he declared himself on our side, and by preserving, not without difficulty and danger, this friendly attitude, rendered signal service to England. But he never liked us. His conduct in the Berar business plainly showed this. The Indian Government, more than thirty years ago, judged it necessary to take over the management of this province of the Nizam, but without proclaiming its formal annexation, and since then have administered it as

if it formed part of the British dominions. Berar, which under our rule is tranquil, prosperous, and contented, offers a striking contrast, by the comparative wealth of its inhabitants, to the miserable condition of the subjects of the Nizam.

'The cause or pretext of the disguised but none the less real annexation is as follows: The Nizam had been saved in 1818 by our armed intervention. After our three divisions had evacuated his territory he saw himself menaced again, and it was then, at his request, and on the condition, which he never fulfilled, of his providing their pay, that a corps of British troops, called the Hyderabad Contingent, was placed at his disposal. The Nizam failing to keep his engagement, Berar was ceded to British management in 1853. The revenue of this province serves to cover the expenses of the Contingent and of administration, and the surplus balance is given back to the Nizam. Sir Salar Jung, throughout his long career as prime minister, or rather during the thirty years of his supreme and absolute power, was engrossed with one idea—the recovery of Berar. For this purpose he came to England in 1876. He was received, fêted, and treated with the honours usually conferred on none but Princes of the Blood; but in regard to the business which had brought him, he was referred back to the decision of the Viceroy. Returning to India with an over-

weening opinion of his importance, his demands as to Berar became more exacting than ever, and his relations with Calcutta perceptibly strained. However, thanks to Lord Ripon's intervention, a favourable change seemed to be working in his mind when, last year, the cholera carried him off after a few hours' illness.

'Sir Salar Jung was a nabob in the highest sense of the term. He was open-handed, more than a spendthrift in fact, was constantly building, and though his revenue amounted to 120,000*l.*, he left about a million pounds of debts.

'After the death of this statesman a Council of Regency was instituted, consisting of four great nabobs, one of whom is young Salar Jung, his eldest son. He has spent some years in England, is very popular here with the young natives, and, what is more, enjoys the friendship of the Nizam. It is supposed to have been at the advice of the regents that last winter, at the time of the Exhibition, the prince came with his high officials to Calcutta and requested the Viceroy to grant him his investiture at Hyderabad and choose for him a prime minister.'

It is to satisfy this double request that Lord Ripon is now here.

The prime minister has the whole of the administrative power in his hands. The Nizam reigns

but does not govern, and his chief officer is therefore an extremely important personage. Lord Ripon had to choose among four candidates, all of them unsuitable—one from his infirmity, another on account of his incapacity, the third from his too notorious reputation, and the fourth from his youth. But as youth is a failing which every day corrects, and as the Nizám supported the candidateship of this embryo statesman, the Viceroy decided in his favour, and Salar Jung, junior, nineteen years of age, the late prime minister's son, was appointed to succeed his father. It is said that, in order to give this young man time to become qualified for the post, the Nizam was advised to postpone for some years the appointment, and that he replied, 'But what shall I do in the interval?' He evidently understands his mission, namely, to enjoy himself, and not to govern.

I continue to note down the information which I gathered here, and which, as showing the estimates formed of facts familiar to everyone, seems to possess some interest, not indeed for those who know India, but for those who do not.

The feudatory princes rule over sixty million souls out of the 255 millions composing the total

population of British India.[4] The position of these princes as regards the British Government is this: They have renounced the right of holding diplomatic relations with each other and with foreign powers, and also that of making war. Before 1818, that is to say, at the time of the dissolution of the Mahratta Empire and the dethronement of the Peshwa, whose States were incorporated in British India, and before the pacification of the Hyderabad State by English arms, the East India Company was in the habit of negotiating and concluding

[4] The most important feudatory States, next to that of the Nizam, are Mysore, with 5,000,000 inhabitants and a revenue of 1,000,000*l.*; Baroda, with a population of more than 2,000,000 and a revenue of 1,125,000*l.*, the prince of which bears the title of Gaekwar, and is a Hindoo; and Gwalior, the Maharajah of which, named Sindhia, is a Mahratta, and consequently a Hindoo. He rules a population of Indian Mussulmans. Throughout his long reign, and particularly during the Mutiny, he has always been a staunch friend of the English. The estimated population in 1875 was 2,500,000, and the revenue 1,200,000*l.* The taxes are moderate, but the Maharajah's agents, being imperfectly controlled, commit great extortion with impunity. Holkar, also a Mahratta, is the ruler of Indore, and, like Sindhia, is not a native of the country he governs. He takes care to see that the taxes are heavy, but has the officials strictly watched. The population of Indore in 1878 was 635,000 and the revenue in 1875 459,800*l.* The Rajpoot Maharajahs, who are very numerous, belong to the same race as their subjects, whom they treat as members of their family; hence the great attachment of the people to their princes. Eighteen of the latter are placed under the control of the Agent-general residing at Mount Aboo. In addition to the above, there are a large number of other feudatories scattered throughout India. But the foregoing will suffice to show the importance of this element.

treaties with these princes on a footing of perfect equality. This period, however, is a thing of the past. Since the events of which I have just reminded the reader, the princes have become the vassals of the English crown, and this fact was tacitly recognised by them when, in 1877, Queen Victoria took the title of Empress of India. But though no conventions are now signed with the feudatories, the treaties formerly concluded still remain in force. However, the occasions on which the Indian Government or the princes have to appeal to them have become extremely rare. When the Viceroy and his Council deem it necessary, they exercise their authority over the feudatory princes by enforcing obligations or restrictions which are not found in existing treaties. These, for instance, are some of their restrictions. The princes are forbidden to import arms of certain kinds; they are forbidden to employ European officers or Civil servants in their army or their government without the Viceroy's permission, which is seldom granted; they are obliged to submit to the regulations in force in British India with respect to railways and the postal service.

The restrictions thus imposed on the sovereign rights of the feudatories are not everywhere the same. More or less liberty is left them, according to the circumstances that have brought about the

transformation of independent princes into disguised vassals.

As a compensation for the sacrifices thus demanded, her Majesty's Government have undertaken to defend them against all aggression from without, and, in case of rebellion, against their own subjects.

Residents, appointed by the Viceroy and subject to the direction of the Secretary of State for India, are accredited to the courts of these princes. Their duty is to see that the feudatories fulfil the obligations entered into with the Indian Government, and to exercise a certain amount of control over the administration of their States. They are supervisors and councillors, and fulfil, I am told, a regular diplomatic mission.

There are persons who think that the chiefs of the great States, with one solitary exception, entertain but little genuine and heartfelt sympathy for England, because the Indian Government prevents them from seizing the territories of the petty feudatories. The latter, on the contrary, look to the Indian Government as their natural protector against their powerful neighbours.

In regard to their mutual relations, the Viceroy, the feudatories, and the Residents—especially the last named—are occasionally placed in a difficult, not to say a false position. It would be easy

enough to cut the knot by resorting to annexation. This would be to revert to the policy of Lord Dalhousie, which, according to my informant (though his opinion is strongly contested by other authorities), was the indirect but the real cause of the Mutiny of 1857. The Indian Government has succeeded in convincing the princes of its formal disavowal of all ulterior designs of dispossessing them of their thrones, and has thus obtained indirectly a guarantee for the maintenance of the *status quo* and of the peace of India. If the great princes could reasonably suspect the Indian Government of harbouring fresh projects of annexation, they would again begin to conspire among each other, and the weakest of them, now attached by motives of interest to England, would endeavour to save themselves by passing over in season to the camp of their stronger brethren. The contingency of a European war, in which England was involved, might in that case, but only on the supposition that a policy of annexation had been once more adopted, become the signal for a new rebellion.

The Nizam keeps up a numerous army, but the great 'Umaras' also have troops of their own. No link or general command connects these small forces with those of the prince. Each of these

nabobs has his infantry, cavalry, and artillery, and, notwithstanding the prohibition, a good number of European *condottieri*, for the most part low-class adventurers, serve under the different standards of the grandees of the State. It is plainly an organisation for civil war at any moment. The Nizam's cantonments swarm with women and children. Every soldier is entitled to lodge there his wife, mother, grandmother, if alive, and his sisters-in-law. Among these troops are some European officers, English and others, who serve with the Viceroy's consent, and a large number of 'Eurasians.' This is the term applied in India to the descendants of a European father and a native mother. They have intermarried for generations, and form an element of some importance. Their disposition is admittedly fickle, but people are perhaps wrong in ascribing to them the defects, without the good qualities, of the two races. They are all Christians, and mostly Roman Catholics. The Goa element is strongly represented among them.

I have already spoken of the Subsidiary Force and the Hyderabad Contingent, cantoned at Bolaram and Sikanderabad, and forming a total of from five to six thousand men. These cantonments, with those at Bangalore and Poona, are the most important and the best constructed in India. In

the centre stands a small fort, the 'Zwing Uri' of Hyderabad.

This morning the Nizam came to Bolaram to pay a visit to the Viceroy. The durbar was held in a hall of the Residency, opening on to a flight of steps before which the carriages drew up. At the appointed hour the prince arrived in a yellow English carriage drawn by four horses, with harness of the same colour, which is that of the reigning family. His suite was composed of several nobles, among them the members of the Council of Regency, all four of whom are candidates for the place of prime minister. They wore embroidered uniforms, their head-dress alone was oriental.

The Viceroy, who was in morning dress but decorated with his Order, received his guest at the entrance of the hall, took his seat on a silver chair with gold ornaments, and placed the Nizam on his right upon a seat lower than his own, and also of silver but without gold. The nobles took their place on the right of their prince. Mr. Durand, the Secretary of the Foreign Department at Calcutta, the commandants of the Subsidiary Force and the Hyderabad Contingent, together with the officers and other secretaries, on the left of Lord Ripon.

The Nizam is only seventeen and a half years old, and is already the father of a son and two

daughters. He has a dark complexion, regular features, and a vacant, meaningless expression. His long black hair falls down over the nape of his neck with a natural curl at the end. A conversation between the Viceroy and prince, consisting of a few commonplaces exchanged in an audible tone, lasted only a few minutes. To whatever Lord Ripon said, the Nizam replied with a simple 'yes.' This is a good beginning for both parties, and it will be well if all continues so. The nobles and gentlemen of his suite were then presented. They passed one by one before the Viceroy's chair, bowing as they went by, the old ones profoundly, the young ones slightly, and all of them offering to him the hilt of their sword, which, according to the custom of the country, he touched with his fingers. *Attar* and *pawn*[5] were then served to them, and the ceremony closed.

At length the great day, February 5, arrived. It was a hard task for Lord William Beresford, the military secretary, and during this journey the Master of the Ceremonies to the Viceroy, to organise the *cortège* which was to go in solemn state to the

[5] The word *pawn* (the betel leaf) is generally used for the combination of betel, areca nut, lime, &c., which is politely offered (along with otto of roses) to visitors, and which intimates the termination of the visit. (Colonel Yule's *Glossary*.)

city of Hyderabad. In the eyes of Easterns the slightest breach of the rules of etiquette is considered a want of respect, if not an insult; but everything passed off to perfection.

At nine o'clock in the morning the Viceroy, with all his suite, left Bolaram. The generals and the Governor of Madras preceded him in state-coaches, followed by the carriages of their secretaries and aides-de-camp.

The grand durbar was held at the palace in an immense hall with a double transverse nave. The Nizam's troops, drawn up in echelon in the garden, and visible through the numerous semicircular gateways that led to it, were a really magnificent sight. Behind the garden, a large mosque and other Moorish buildings formed the background of the picture. I had been told that Hyderabad was the type of an Indian city, but it looked to me just like another Cairo; hence, in spite of the splendour of the spectacle, I experienced a slight disappointment. There were not even any elephants! And yet the prince possesses a large number of them; but in Europe they are only seen in menageries, and not at fêtes and reviews, and here Europe, though not liked, is copied. In fact, it was not India at all; it was rather Egypt and the Khedive in process of assimilation to imperfectly understood European models. I must say the

same of the appearance of the nobles. At the end of the hall, in front of a kind of alcove, were seen seated side by side the Viceroy in full uniform and the Nizam bedizened with jewels. Among the high dignitaries, the young Salar Jung already occupied the place of honour, and his rival candidates were unable to disguise their chagrin. The Viceroy rose with the prince and the whole assembly, and, amid deep silence, read a long statement which seemed to me remarkable from more than one point of view. It was the sovereign speaking to his vassal, the father to his son. The Nizam looked nervous; he was probably thinking less about the words he heard than about those he himself would have to say. He spoke in a low voice, and the paper shook in his hands, but gradually he recovered his self-possession, and seemed thoroughly happy when he came to the end of his maiden speech. Mr. Durand then read a Persian translation of Lord Ripon's address, which the nabobs listened to with evident attention.

When the reading was finished, the Viceroy handed a sword of honour to the prince, and buckled it on with his own hands; he then gave others to the young premier, to the Peshkar, and to Shamsu'l Umara respectively. After this the 'attar' and 'pawn' were served, and the durbar,

which had been conducted with grandeur, was over. It had lasted about an hour.

In the evening I paid a second visit to Hyderabad. This time it was to be present at the banquet given by the Nizam, and to see the grand illumination, which costs I know not how many lacs of rupees; the sum named to me seemed fabulous. I shall not attempt to give an account of this fête. The Duke of Wellington once replied to a person who asked him for materials to describe one of his battles, 'A battle cannot be described, any more than a ball;' and I will add, no more can an illumination which extends over an area of some ten square miles. The spectacle displayed before us when our carriage had cleared the last houses of Sikanderabad, on the side towards the capital, transported us into fairyland. Along the road, on the river Musi, and on the tanks—in front, on each side, and all around—were large lamps like Venetian lanterns. The full moon strove in vain to compete with this dazzling sea of fire. Outside the town the crowd formed a compact mass. Inside it, with the exception of the people at the windows and on the house-tops, the streets were completely empty. In the squares and near the Char Minar, whose four graceful and slender minarets shot

up like jets of flame in the night sky, the spectators were crowded back behind barriers. This precaution had been judged necessary by the police of the Nizam, whose capital attracts criminals from all parts of India. In many places it was therefore a popular fête, without the people. All these lamps had been lighted at the will of the ruler, and at his will his subjects were forbidden to see them. Truly an incident worthy of the Arabian Nights!

None but Aladdin could have decorated the palace, and it is not out of mere empty compliment to him that I honestly avow I have never seen anything like it. The Stuwers at Vienna, the managers of the fêtes of the Trocadero at Paris, and of the Crystal Palace at London, would bow respectfully before his Wonderful Lamp. Such a wealth of invention, and combined with such perfect simplicity! What taste and what exquisite perception of colouring! Look at that piece of water surrounded with marble balustrades and borders of flowers, those grand trees in the garden, and that façade of the palace, with its Moorish arcades! Aladdin has there displayed tints of pearly whiteness. Trees, flowers, all—even the motley crowd of Europeans, nabobs, and the officers and servants of the prince, look as if they were sculptured in silver. The vault of heaven, by way of con-

trast, is black, notwithstanding the light of the full moon. Ascend the steps leading to the hall of the durbar, and you will see this magic design, in silver and black, reflected in the water of the tank. In another courtyard, in the centre of the palace, you are dazzled by a blaze of many-coloured fires. In a third, you can go into raptures over a display of rockets and other fireworks which, if anything, are too suggestive of Europe. But the whole seemed to me like a dream. I heard even old Anglo-Indians, who are sated with such-like marvels, give vent to murmurs of admiration at the scene.

The banquet was held in a long gallery of the palace. Three hundred persons sat down round three long tables. Among the guests were several English ladies and a large number of nabobs and high dignitaries of Hyderabad. I should have preferred to see these magnates, in true Mussulman style, eating with their fingers from large dishes of solid silver, instead of using plates of English china and handling, as they did very skilfully however, their electro-plated knives and forks. But they have begun quite recently to initiate their *chefs* into our mysteries of cooking, and give each other dinners quite in European style. It is through the medium of cookery that they intend to enter the great caravansary known as the civilised

world. Those among them who hold titles in virtue of their relationship to the prince wore, like him, on their caps a golden diadem set with diamonds. As the banquet was prolonged far into the night, I was able to study at leisure the face of the Nizam. He has an interesting look, and notwithstanding his extreme youth and a certain air of embarrassment, which cannot be timidity, and in spite also of a taciturnity that seems to be innate, he appeared to me what in fact he is, a great potentate.[6]

I breakfasted with Mr. and Mrs. Grant Duff, who occupy a country house near Bolaram, built by the late Sir Salar Jung. It is a pretty Italian villa with some fine rooms, containing copies of famous pictures by Raphael and Titian and other great Italian masters, a portrait of Garibaldi, and in the garden some marble copies of ancient statues! I am at a loss to account for the psychological meaning of this strange fact: here are men who dislike Europeans, and who nevertheless imitate them! It is certainly not the taste for nor the appreciation of art that induces them to pay large sums of gold for such commonplace daubs.

[6] A short time after his installation he had an attack of cholera which endangered his life.

Imitation is a confession of inferiority of persons who wish to rise to the level of their superiors. This is a natural, nay, a praiseworthy feeling, and it is, under the circumstances, a very favourable symptom for the masters of India. But, then, what is the object of for ever repeating to them and teaching them in your colleges, that they are your equals? They feel that they are not so, but you will end perhaps by persuading them that they are.

Here, in India, the half-hour just before and just after the dawn has an indescribable charm. I stroll by myself about the environs of Bolaram. A red ball is rising above the horizon. Elephants loaded with provisions pass by, throwing their huge long shadows on the plain. The morning breeze brings to me, with the scent of the thickets, the sounds, mellowed by the distance, of military music which is saluting the rising sun.

I climb an eminence, whence the eye commands an immense tract. It is all part of the undulating, rock-strewn plain of the Deccan. Westward you see the heights of Golconda. Elsewhere, in all directions, the horizon stretches far away, blends with the sky, and vanishes. The same leading features are repeated: low rocks, bordering ravines

or crowning isolated mounds. You would take them for strongholds, columns, menhirs, or dolmens. The dark lines and dots which you see are trees—tamarinds, banyans, the peepuls or sacred fig-trees of the Hindoos, grouped in quincunces or planted in rows along the macadamised roads that traverse the steppe, which at this early morning hour is light brown; but which will resume its dust-coloured tints as the sun draws near the zenith. Far away some white lines are seen, the tents of the temporary camp and the enclosure-walls of the bungalows occupied by the officers of the two auxiliary corps.

The unhealthiness of the climate and the scantiness of water led, about the end of the sixteenth century, to the abandonment of the ancient capital of Golconda. It was replaced by Hyderabad, built in 1589 at a distance of eight miles farther east. Golconda, which is now a heap of ruins, presents no object of interest except a few tombs. The same cannot be said of the new capital of the Nizam, to which, however, it is not easy to obtain admission. A pass is required for this purpose from the British Resident, and an elephant, or at least a carriage with an escort. This regulation is explained and justified by the unfriendly disposition of the popu-

lation, especially of the numerous adventurers of every kind who infest the town, and by the trouble which any untoward incident might occasion the Indian Government. It was the eve of our departure from Bolaram, and one of my new friends and myself burned with curiosity to see this inaccessible city, of which we knew nothing but the palace and the neighbouring streets. Not having had time to ask for a pass and an elephant, we determined to dispense with both, and, piloted by a Eurasian, got within the city walls in a small carriage and without escort. During our drive, which lasted two hours, not a soul molested us.

Hyderabad, as a whole, strikes me by its modern Indo-Moorish character, and, like the Nizam's palace, resembles certain quarters of Cairo. Nothing can be more graceful and also imposing than the four minarets of the Char Minar, connected by a magnificent arched roof which covers a platform surrounded by balustrades, at the spot where the two principal thoroughfares of the city intersect each other. Along these streets, past the two-storied houses, all built after the same pattern, with red-plastered walls and windows with green blinds, comes streaming, struggling, and jostling a crowd of Hindoos, Mussulmans, Afghans, Abyssinians, slovenly-looking soldiers, dervishes and fakirs whose fanaticism, whether real or pretended, is

depicted on their hideous faces. Far off, above the rabble, a black object, followed by others of the same kind, excites our curiosity. It resembles the swaying head, magnified to colossal proportions, of a Mandarin, with his black skull-cap crowned by a pink button. Or can it be the hood of a Venetian gondola, adorned with a red plume in defiance of the laws of La Serenissima Signoria, or perhaps the shell of a boat which is being roughly tossed about by these human billows? No; these objects are elephants, ridden by nabobs who are going to the palace. Long files of camels, attached to a single rope, and with outstretched necks and noses in the air, knock against bullock-cars, or rather kiosks, set on two huge wheels and filled with Mahometan ladies on their round of visiting. The gaudy-coloured curtains, though apparently shut close, do not prevent the inmates from seeing outside, but screen them from the inquisitive gaze of passers-by. Gentlemen, attired with care, are being carried in palanquins, stretched out in a nonchalant manner, or sitting on their heels. They seem absorbed in contemplating the white wreaths of smoke that curl from their *chibouques*. Everyone is armed, even the shopkeepers. We are stopped on the threshold of the graceful Mecca mosque. Impossible to gain admittance and pray at the tombs of the Nizams.

In the quarters remote from the centre the appearance of the town changes. There, instead of animation, is silence and solitude. The inhabitants are in rags, the dwellings poor and squalid, the shops are like caverns, and the palaces of some grandees more or less dilapidated; and in the midst of dirt and ruins stands a large brand-new house, built in debased Moorish style. This does not surprise me. From what I have heard and been able to see throughout India, both Hindoo and Mussulman taste and art are in full decline.

The sun was setting behind the heights of Golconda when we beat a retreat, having to hurry back to the Resident's banquet at Bolaram; the time for saying good-bye had come, and, in my case, for thanking those who had shown me so much kindness. To-morrow morning there is a general break-up, and next day all these fine tents will have disappeared. Nothing will then remain of this brilliant assemblage and of all these fêtes, except the recollections of a fairy tale, and as living realities the Nizam with his prime minister, and the Resident with the Subsidiary Force and the Hyderabad Contingent. But no: something more will remain; there will remain the fact, worthy to be engraven in the annals of this immense Empire, and which will mark, moreover, in history the

administration of Lord Ripon—the unprecedented and significant fact of the investiture granted to the most powerful of the native princes by the hands of the representative of the Empress of India.

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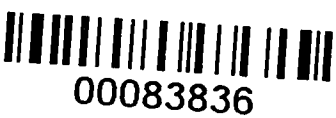
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